Outdoor America

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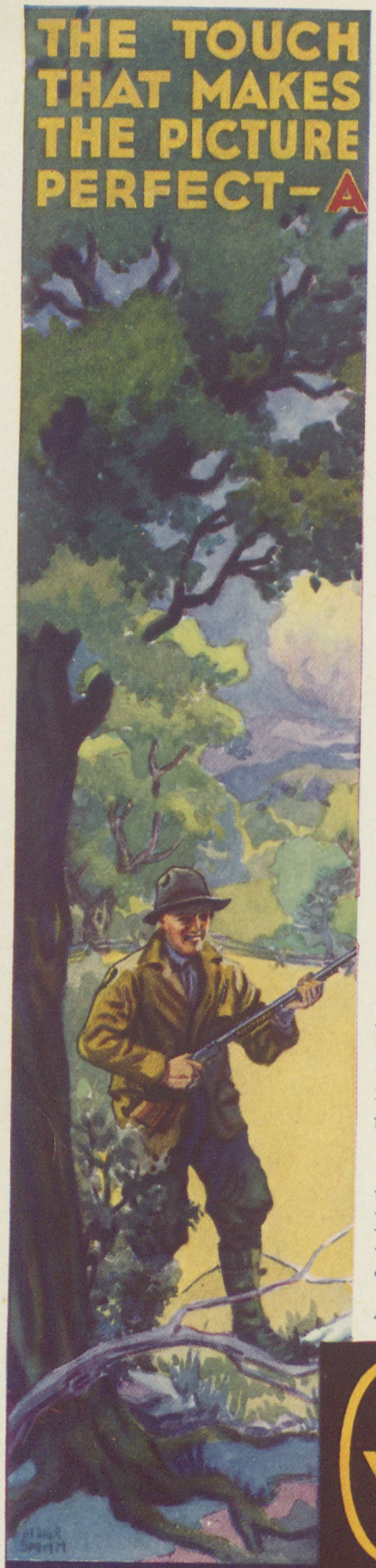

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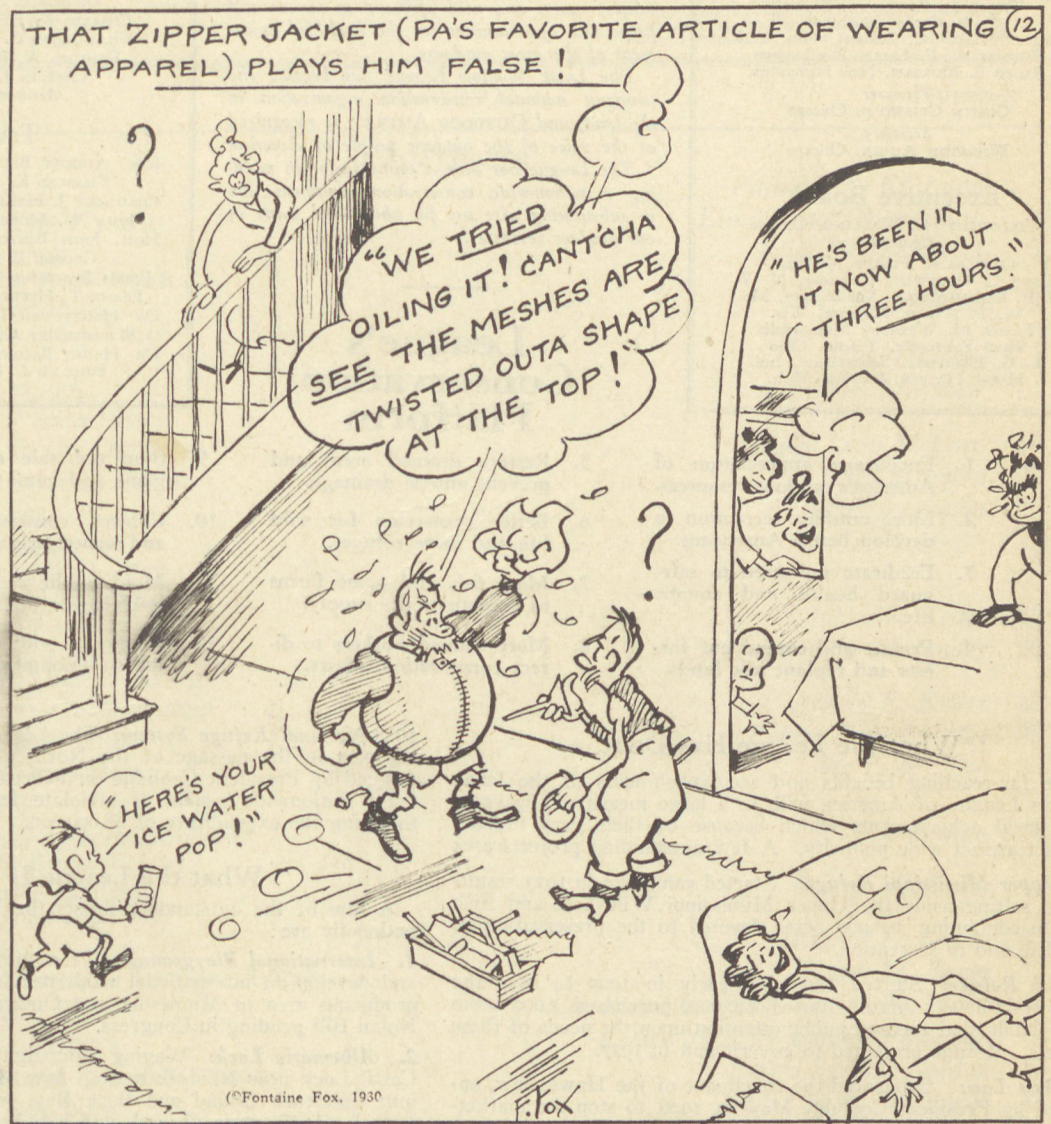
THAT ZIPPER JACKET (PA'S FAVORITE ARTICLE OF WEARING APPAREL) PLAYS HIM FALSE!
12
"WE TRIED OILING IT! CAN'TCHA SEE THE MESHES ARE TWISTED OUTA SHAPE AT THE TOP!"
"HE'S BEEN IN IT NOW ABOUT THREE HOURS."
"HERE'S YOUR ICE WATER POP!"
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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The Izaak Walton League has become the strongest national conservation organization in the land, and OUTDOOR AMERICA *is recognized as the voice of the outdoor people of America.*

The League has been a prime factor in molding a nation-wide conservation sentiment and in substituting wise use for abuse and waste of our outdoor resources.

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League's Conservation Platform

1. **Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.**
2. **More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.**
3. **Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.**
4. **Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.**
5. **Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.**
6. **Better protection for wild life and more refuges.**
7. **More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.**
8. **More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.**
9. **Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.**
10. **Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.**
11. **Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.**
12. **Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.**

What the League Has Done

The far-reaching benefits and accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League of America will, in a large measure, always be those local achievements which because of their very number will not attract wide publicity. A few outstanding projects are:

*1. **Upper Mississippi Refuge:*** Started campaign in 1923 resulting in setting aside the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge containing 300,000 acres devoted to the preservation of wild life and to recreation.

*2. **Elk Refuge:*** Started campaign early in 1925 to save the Jackson Hole elk herd. Raised $40,000, purchased 2,000 acres of haylands, and focused public attention upon the needs of these animals. Refuge presented to government in 1927.

*3. **Bass Law:*** Sponsored the enactment of the Hawes law, approved by President Coolidge May 20, 1926, to stop the marketing of black bass throughout the United States.

*4. **Superior Forest:*** Saved the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota as a wilderness area.

*5. **Pollution Campaign:*** In 1927 inaugurated the first real nationwide anti-pollution campaign, resulting in a program of water purification far greater than ever before attempted.

*6. **Horicon Marsh:*** In 1924 started a campaign to restore the Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, containing approximately 40,000 acres, as a wild-life and fish refuge. Set aside as a wild-life refuge in 1928.

*7. **Western Ducks:*** Promoted a "Save the Western Ducks Campaign" in 1927. Legislation approved by President Coolidge, April 24, 1928, to appropriate $350,000 for flooding almost 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes.

*8. **National Forests:*** Took a prominent part in securing legislation in 1928 establishing a definite program of national forest purchases in the Lake States, the South and the East.

*9. **Royal Gorge:*** Through the efforts of the League, and cooperating groups, the destruction of the beauty of the Royal Gorge in Colorado by power interests was averted in 1928.

*10. **National Refuge System:*** The League played an outstanding part in the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill (signed by President Coolidge on February 18, 1929), establishing a nationwide system of inviolate federal refuges, and authorizing the expenditure of $8,000,000.

What the League Is Doing

A few of the outstanding things the League has under way nationally are:

*1. **International Playground:*** Promoting a campaign to create and develop an international wilderness recreational and timber producing area in Minnesota and Ontario. Shipstead-Newton-Nolan Bill pending in Congress.

*2. **Albemarle Lock:*** Waging campaign to rebuild Albemarle Canal Lock near Norfolk to stop flow of salt water and wastes into Currituck Sound and Back Bay, restoring 300 sq. mi. of waterfowl wintering grounds and bass breeding waters.

*3. **Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge:*** Promoting a plan to establish a permanent lake and wild-life refuge of 20,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms, central Kansas.

*4. **Fisheries Program:*** Urging Congress to enact the White Five-Year Fisheries Bill to establish a definite, comprehensive program of expansion and development of fish rearing and research activities. Affects thirty-three states.

*5. **Forest Protection:*** Supporting legislation to establish a program to protect National Forests against fires instead of spending several times the sum now appropriated to extinguish them. Englebright-Cutting Bill now before Congress.

*6. **Bass Law Enforcement:*** Sponsoring legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states, and endeavoring to secure funds from Congress for the enforcement of the Hawes Act. Hawes-Hudson Enforcement Bill pending in Congress.

*7. **Scenic Assets:*** Vigorously opposing the destruction of such outstanding scenic assets as the Great Falls of the Potomac near our National Capitol and the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

*8. **Pollution:*** Continuing a nationwide campaign to clean up all inland and coastal waters.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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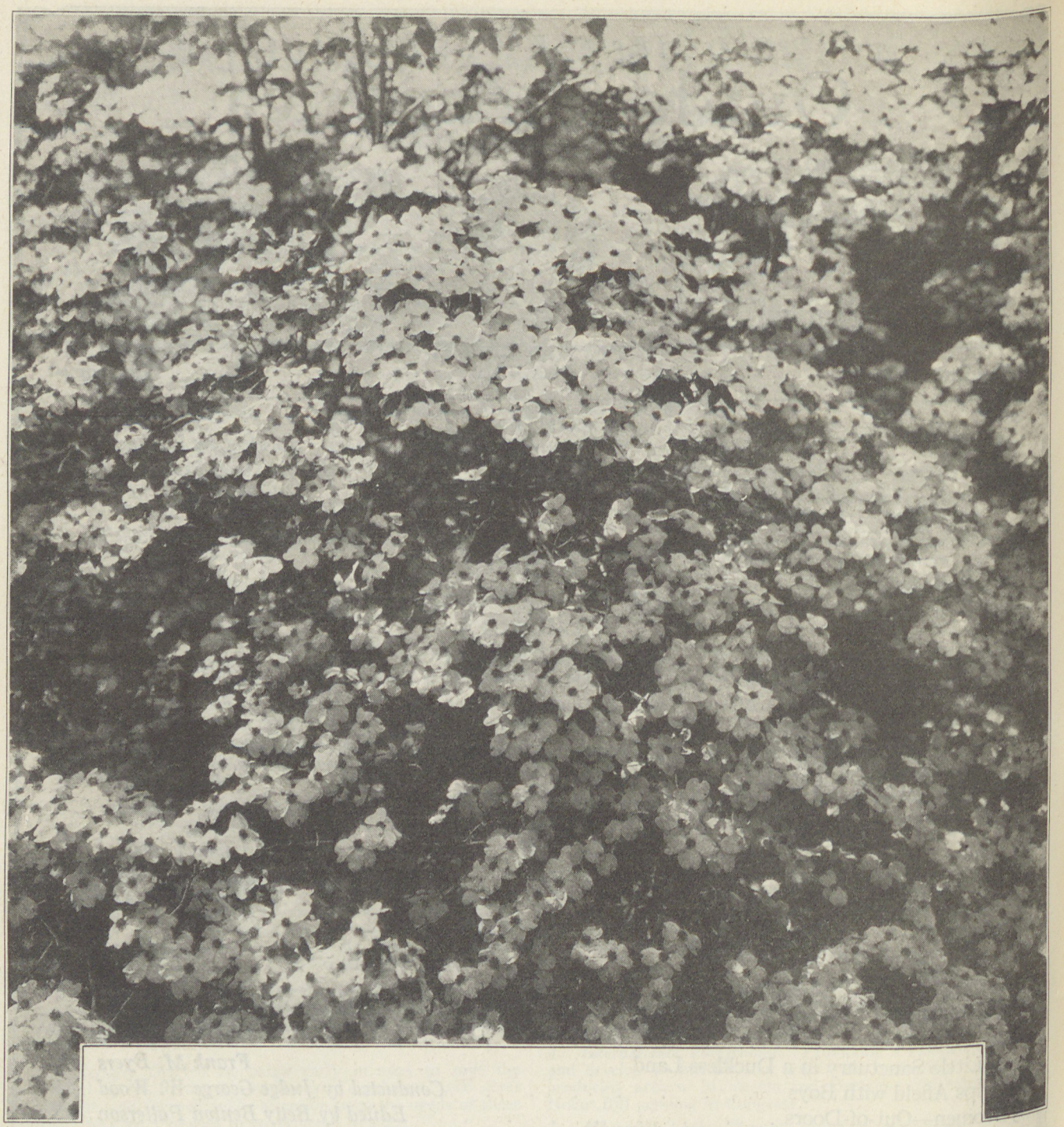


THE NYMPH

By Eunice Scott Richardson

LAST night I think I saw a nymph
Down by the woodland glade.
All sweet and white I saw her stand
Half in moonlight—half in shade—
Her milk-white garments shown a mist,
Her slender feet were bare.
And all the moonlight's mystery
Lay tangled in her hair.

SO still she stood, so April fair,
So poised on listening feet,
I heard the midnight mocking bird
Hush his calling sweet.
And yet, this morning, as I passed
Lover-wise to see—
I only found beside the path
A blossomed dogwood tree!

Something Unusual

In Which an English Duke Lands a Rainbow Trout in an Extraordinary Manner and Observes American Fishing Customs

By Ellis Parker Butler

DRAWINGS BY DONALD HOUGH

YEAR before last, when my friend Hetter was in England, the Duke of Mersey took him up into Scotland for some salmon fishing, so this year, when the Duke came to the United States, Hetter asked him up to his place to have some trout fishing. The Duke had been curious about rainbow trout, which he had never seen, and Hetter had bragged considerably about them, saying they broke water oftener and leaped higher out of water than any other trout, and the Duke had scoffed at that.

"You just come up to my place," Hetter said when he met the Duke in New York, "and I'll show you something unusual in trout fishing, or I'm a Hottentot," which, of course, he wasn't. So it was arranged that the Duke and the Duchess, and Lady Eleanor, their daughter, should go up, and Mrs. Hetter would be there. The Duchess was much interested in ferns, so Mrs. Hetter invited Professor Hinch, because he was the greatest fernist in the world, and young Clarence Hetter would be there to keep young Lady Eleanor amused.

Between you and me, young Clarry Hetter would amuse anyone. He is one of those useless sons of wealth, about thirty-six, and when he is going especially strong and just brimming over with intellectuality, he can actually say, "Ah, but I say, old chap!" without stuttering, but he usually says, "Ah, but I—ah—say—ah—old chap!" I never heard him say anything else—not much else.

Hetter has a fair piece of brook—Stone Brook—and he has it posted so thoroughly that it looks as if it had been snowing white muslin warning signs all over the place, but most of the brook is not much good. It is too shallow; no place for good-sized trout to hide. The one really good pool he has—and it is a dandy—is one he calls the Fall Pool. There is a waterfall of some eight feet, and under that is one of the most beautiful pools you ever saw. There are usually some good trout in that pool; they come up to it from below and down to it from above; but they are mostly natives and browns. Hetter had promised the Duke some rainbows.

So Hetter telephoned up to his caretaker and asked how the rainbows were in the Fall Pool.

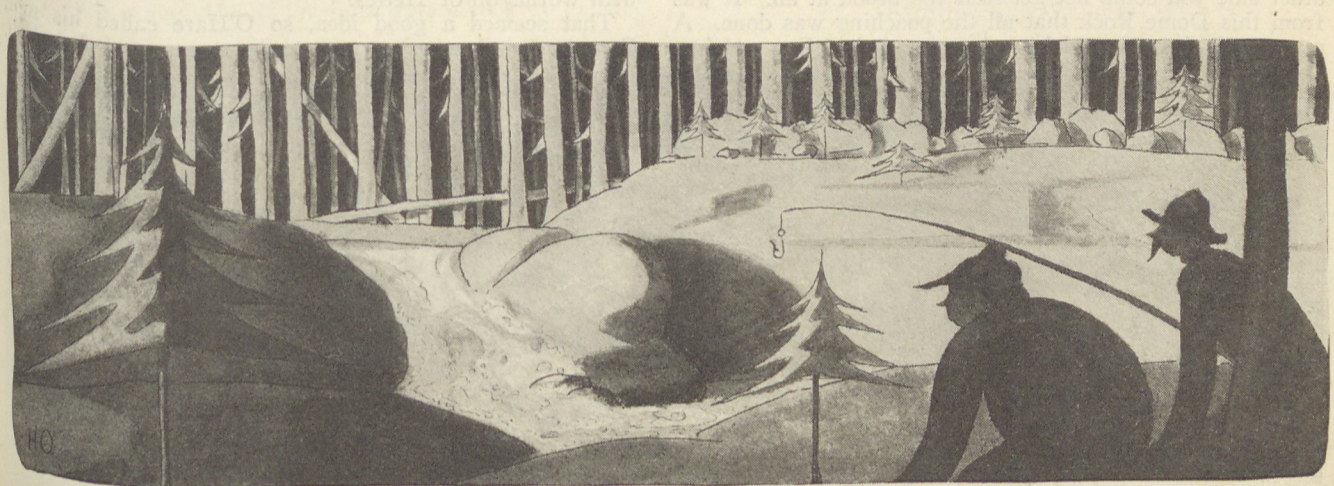
"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Hetter," old Enos said, "the' just ain't any. I been watchin' that pool like a hawk, but a man can't be everywhere, and them miserable poachin' Gallups has been and ketched out the fish. Them Gallups or somebody has near cleaned out that pool."

"Help!" exclaimed Mr. Hetter, or something of nearly the same sound. "Say, listen, Enos—i've got a duke coming up with me— No, not a dude, a duke, and I promised him something unusual in trout fishing, and I've got to have some good rainbows in that pool. I'll telegraph right now to the hatchery for one hundred twelve-inch rainbows, and I'll be up to see them put in."

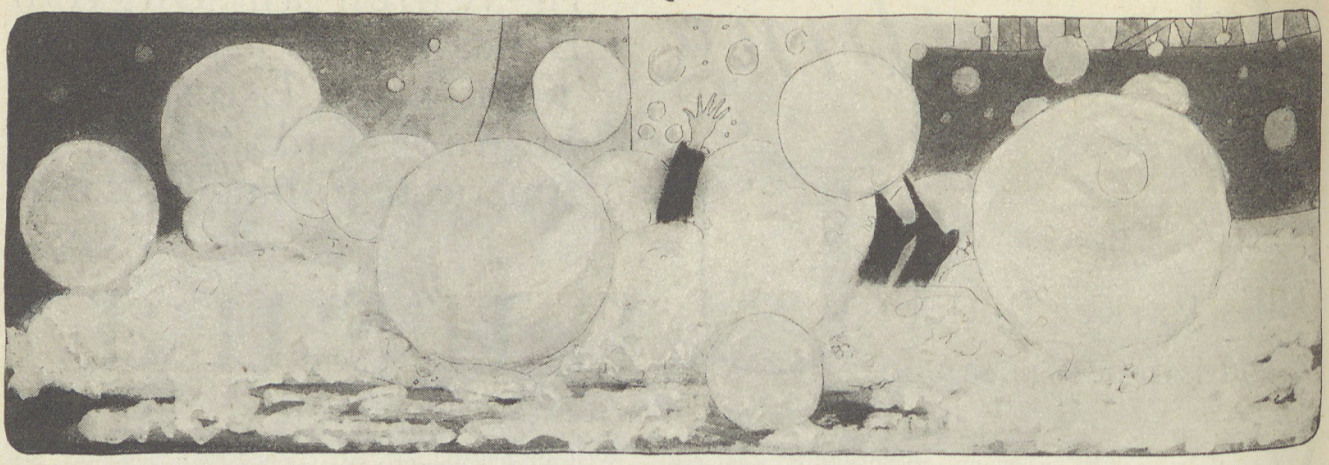
The time was mighty short, and he had to telegraph three hatcheries before he found the big rainbows, but the Gleason Hatchery promised him one hundred fine fat peppy fish, to be delivered right on the dot, and Hetter went up to see them put in. He had them all put in the pool. They were good fish and came in good condition.

There were just the three good estates along the brook—Hetter's and those of his two neighbors, the Consolidated Building man Ruggles, and O'Hare, but the fellows in the village were the pests. In Hetter's opinion they were all poachers, and most of them were, especially the Gallup father and son. They were the ring-leaders, and Hetter was about right in saying that they considered the warning "No Trespass" signs mere advertisements and requests to come and fish. Quite a few people think as Hetter did; sometimes you can leave a brook alone and, maybe, two or three will come and fish it, but a "No Fishing" signs reminds everyone that he has not had a day's fishing in a wad of years, and presently the poachers are so thick on the stream they step on each other. They've been reminded and dared, and they take the dare.

However that may be, the time the poachers up Hetter's way got in their meanest work was just after a good lot of hatchery trout had been put in the brook. The hatchery trucks had to drive through the village, and that was all the notice Ed Gallup and his son needed; they went right out and dug bait, and that night they sat on the Dome Rock and fished Hetter's Fall Pool like pups eating noodles. It



"A man could sit on Dome Rock and lower a worm-baited line and just pull out the trout by the dozen"—



—"he came down 'bump' on the seat of his pants and skidded into the pool. He went in with a big splash—"

was fish-murder, no less. I have heard old Enos estimate that if you put one hundred trout in that pool in the afternoon, eighty-five would be in Ed and Joe Gallup's baskets before morning.

This is all an ancient tale to anybody who has posted water and stocks fish into it, and it was an old tale to Hetter, but he had to have rainbows in that pool for the Duke to catch. Old Enos swore he would be vigilant, but Hetter had to go down to New York to come up with the Duke's party, and he had not too much faith in a rheumatic old codger like Enos. He might sit up to guard the pool and he might not; he might try to drive the two husky Gallups away if they appeared, and he might not.

So Hetter studied the thing out and he hit on a plan.

"Enos," he asked, "did your wife make a barrel of soft-soap this spring?"

"Yes, Mr. Hetter, she did so, like always," Enos told him.

"Well, I want some of it; three or four pails of it, anyway. And have you got a white-wash brush?"

"A sort of one; 'tain't so good as it was once—"

"It'll do. You go up to the house and get two pails of soft-soap and that brush, and you bring them down through the woods, and don't you say anything about it to anybody."

So Enos went up to the house.

The Fall Pool, where Hetter had put all the big rainbows, was in a sort of gorge. On the far side the wall of the gorge was high and perpendicular, but at the base of the wall was a good gravel beach, and that was the only place where the pool could be fished with a fly. The water eddied there—a big circular eddy—but you could cast beyond the eddy into the part of the pool where the fish lay. Above the pool were the falls; below it the stream dropped so rapidly down the rocks that a man stood too low to cast.

On the near side of the pool there was this Dome Rock. It sloped up from the pool to a rounded top. On one side the perpendicular wall of the gorge was repeated; on the other side you could not get near the brook at all. It was from this Dome Rock that all the poaching was done. A man could sit on it and lower a worm-baited line and just pull out the trout by the dozen; from below or above or across the pool worm-fishing was impossible. Below Dome Rock the pool was five feet deep—good water, with the current running through it, just the place for trout to lie.

Hetter went out to the edge of Dome Rock and spilled soft-soap down it. Then, with the brush—backing away as he sloshed on the soap—he covered the top of the rock. Old Enos watched him and, when Hetter straightened up, stepped onto the rock and said, "Here's one place you didn't—" and that was as far as he got. When he stepped onto the soapy rock his feet went up, and he came down "bump" on the seat of his pants and skidded down the rock into the pool. He went in with a big splash, and gave one yell and waded across to the beach on the other side, and the last Hetter saw of him just then he was going back to the house as fast as he could lope.

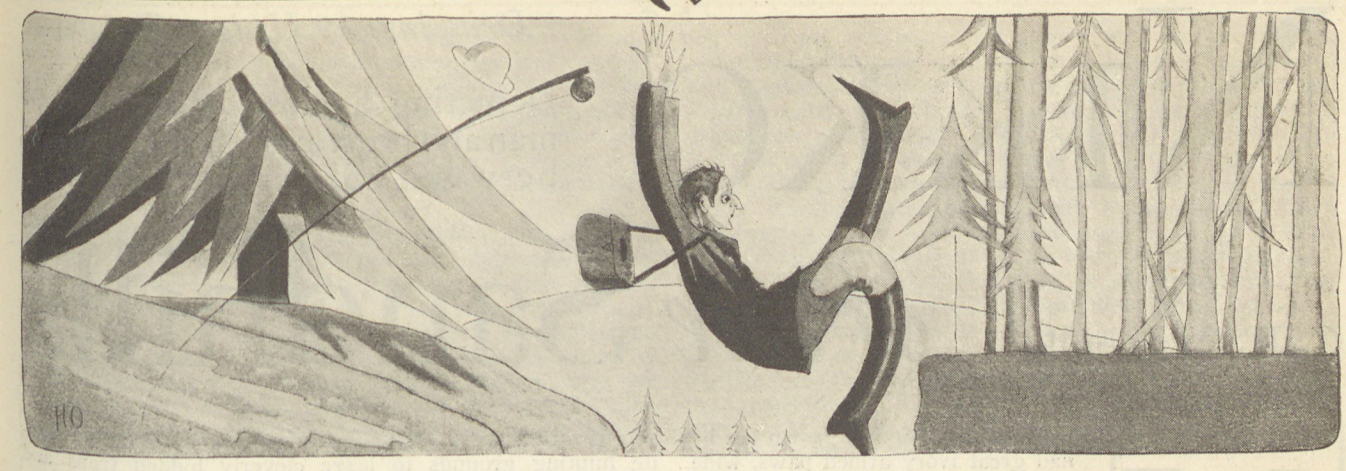
That pleased Hetter mightily; he knew that nobody would remain on that rock very long, and he was right. He went back to the city and that night old Gallup and his son sneaked up to poach the Fall Pool. They sneaked through the bushes to Dome Rock, and old Ed Gallup stepped onto the rock and his feet went up, and he skidded down the rock on his back, into the pool. Joe Gallup was right behind him. He landed with his legs a-straddle of the old skeesick's neck, and when they got untangled they clawed their way across to the beach and scooted for home as fast as they could scoot.

That was about midnight, and it seems that toward one o'clock in the morning Hetter's neighbor O'Hare and his party were just getting warmed up. O'Hare had three or four friends up to fish his brook, but they were amateurs and had had no luck at all, and Ruggles was with them, and they were destroying highballs by the dozen and singing "Sweet Adeline," when Ruggles had an idea.

"I tell you, fellows," he said. "Lesh go fish'n'. Lesh go gesh some worms an' poash on ol' Hetter. Kesh losh fish with worms on ol' Hetter."

That seemed a good idea, so O'Hare called his man Carney, and Carney went out to dig worms, and the whole

—"he waded across to the beach and the last seen of him he was loping back to the house at top speed."



"—he had just called out 'I say!' when his feet went up and he too skidded into the pool"—

gang struggled into boots and coats, and about two o'clock in the morning Ruggles was leading the way to Dome Rock, saying "Kawshush, fellers; got to be kawshush! Jush foller me, but be kawshush!" It was a great lark, poaching on good old Hetter, with worms.

"Thish way, fellers!" Ruggles said, and he stepped on the soaped rock and disappeared. O'Hare pushed the bushes aside and stepped on the soaped rock and said something in Gaelic, and disappeared. As nearly as I have been able to get the names, the others who pushed through the bushes, threw up their feet, yelped with surprise, and skidded down the rock on their backs and into the pool went Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Pelky, General Yountz, Mr. Gale, Mr. Connors and Mr. Gaspari. They went home sober—wet and sober—and when O'Hare's man Carney arrived with the worms he heard no one, so he stepped out onto Dome Rock, and *his* feet went up, and *he* bumped on the rock, and *he* skidded into the pool, and *he* went home wet. He did not need the ducking to sober him; he was sober to begin with.

The next day Hetter drove up with the Duke and the rest of the party, and they reached Hetter's place about luncheon time. After lunch Hetter and the Duke got into their fishing togs and took their rods and creels and landing-nets, and Hetter led the Duke to the brook. They started in just in front of the house.

"We'll fish down to my pool," Hetter told the Duke, "I don't get much out of the brook along here; I just want you to see it, but when we get down to my pool I can promise you, I think, something unusual."

So they fished along down and, up at the house, Mrs. Hetter and the Duchess and Lady Eleanor put on walking shoes, and with Professor Hinch, they started out to see what ferns could be seen. On the way Mrs. Hetter mentioned what a pretty falls they had on the brook, and the Duchess said, "Aw, railly! Ah'd quaite laike t' see it, ya knaw!" and so Mrs. Hetter led the way.

"There's a fine view of the falls from a rock we call the Dome Rock," she said. "If you will just come this way—"

So she led the way through the bushes, following the wandering path, and before she pushed the bushes aside to step onto Dome Rock she said she would just look to see if Mr. Hetter and the Duke were fishing the pool. She went through the bushes and stepped on the rock, and you can imagine what happened to *her*. As she went down she uttered one scream, and the gallant Professor pushed the bushes aside and up went his feet and down he went, and the Duchess said to Lady Eleanor:

"Railly! How peculiah! Ah do not fawncy bein' left here aloane, El'noh!" and she and Lady Eleanor pushed aside the bushes and instantly threw their arms around each other, and chucked their four feet into the air and went into the pool, if we may say so, on their aristocratic necks.

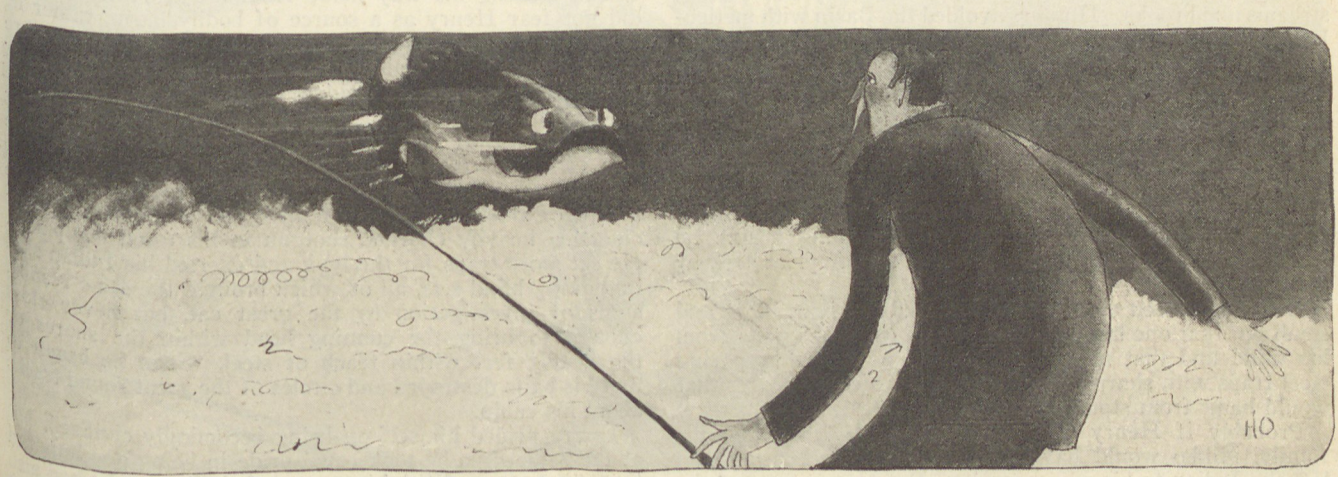
Now what I have thus far told you may doubt to be the exact truth, because I have told it so hastily, but what follows will be recognized as absolute truth by any fisherman, because we fishermen know the truth when it is told plainly and simply. It seems that young Clarence Hetter had not started out with Mrs. Hetter and the Duchess and Lady Eleanor because he was not ready. He told his mother he would meet the ferning party at Dome Rock.

However that may be, the Duchess and Lady Eleanor and Mrs. Hetter and the Professor struggled out of the pool and across to the beach, and hurried for home, and the Duchess certainly did look ruined. Generally speaking, it does a Duchess no good to souse her around in a pool.

So, presently, all being quiet on Stone Brook, Mr. Hetter and the Duke worked down, not having much fortune, and Mr. Hetter led the way to the descent into the gorge, and up to the pool on the beach side of the pool, with the Duke close at his heels, and there Mr. Hetter stopped short and simply stared with his mouth open. At first he could not believe his eyes.

You have, of course, guessed what had happened. From

(Continued on page 60)



"A twelve inch rainbow leaped out of the pool and slammed against the Duke's chest with a hollow thump"

NIKKO *of the* Sandhills

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

Depicting a close encounter of man and beast and a stirring battle between wild cat and moose.

By C. R. Mitchell

NIKKO was still not full grown but he had great ivory armed paws, wide muscular jaws with terrible rending power and a coat of steel grey outer fur and black silky under fur.

Nasche the young female lynx squatted atop a houselike boulder and watched Nikko as he slipped from rock to thicket and from thicket to log, testing the wind for the faulty scent that came to him only in the faintest of puffs due to her high position on the rock. Yet on he came with unerring directness until his questing orange eyes caught sight of her as she arose to her full height. With mincing steps Nasche moved across the broad surface of the rock to meet her mate. Eyes fixed in alert watchfulness the two circled about for a full minute, then with a playful cuff of acceptance Nasche bounded from the boulder and led the way into the deep and roomy nest beneath the huge granite. Something electric inside Nikko caused him to rumble a broken purr as he crowded against Nasche at the narrow entrance of the den.

The first snows of the following winter found the round imprints of two pairs of smaller feet blending with those of Nikko and Nasche. Nikko was now at his full strength and stature, nearly one hundred pounds of heavy bone and lightning-swift muscle. The driest of leaves turned to noiseless feathers beneath the hairy tufts of his four inch pads that sheathed great razor-sharp claws, his ears and jowls were tufted with well kept blobs of jet black fur that accentuated the almost comical ugliness of his wide flat face. His deep sides were streaked in even patterns with tiger stripes of jet black that were still further a part of nature's color scheme in aiding his dark grey body to blend in perfect harmony with any kind of cover. The cozy den under the granite boulder still served as a home for the entire family and unlike the mouths of the dens of many other predatory animals there was hardly a sign to tell the tale of residence.

RABBITS and numerous other small game abounded in great numbers in its thickets and swamps of the Basin, while grouse thrived in great flocks along its intersecting streams and brooks. Hunters avoided the Basin with meticulous care not wishing to become entangled in its almost impassable thickets. Yet this very wildness was what first attracted Henry Red Cloud, the Indian trapper, to build his cabin at the headwaters of one of the Basin's many streams and spot his trails and traplines along the shores of brooks and beneath the jungle of great boulders that sheltered families of mink, marten and weasels. True, Henry never ventured further than the outer edge of the Basin proper but one day during midwinter while running a line he stopped to stare in wonder at the round imprint left by Nikko's great pad.

Henry had seen and trapped hundreds of lynx large and small but that one huge track drove all other thoughts from his mind and that night he worked long hours preparing steel traps with sharp bristling teeth and slender snares that would hang from stout neck-snapping spring poles.

Probably if Henry had never bothered Nikko and his family, Nikko would have kept on with his hunting and left the Indian to his own pursuits. But Henry coveted the pelt of this monster lynx and trespassed into Nikko's favorite hunting grounds to leave cleverly hidden traps and snares before which dangled tempting lures and baits.

The first year of his life in the Basin, Nikko had been content to hunt beside Nasche and to explore the enticing caves and crannies which were a part of the jumbled masses of boulders with which the Basin was littered. Rabbits and grouse and all small game were abundant, even in such numbers as to satisfy the tremendous appetite of Nikko and his family. Very seldom did Nikko ever hunt beyond the borders of the Basin onto the great steep ridges that formed a rim sheltering it from the outer world, and only upon several occasions had he shown any interest in the soft eyed deer that browsed along their well trod paths in the sheltering thickets. On these occasions he had merely played the part of silent watcher unsuspected by the deer.

But this winter things seemed changed to the great cat. The simple task of snatching small game with his lightning quick claws and fangs or exploring in well known caves was becoming dreadfully stale and his natural bump of cat-destructiveness refused to be satisfied by such tame sport.

THE advent of Henry Red Cloud furnished one welcome diversion from the growing monotony and the yarded deer another. Nikko paid Henry very little attention at first otherwise than to follow parallel to his snowshoe trails for a short distance. His first awakening to the real importance of Henry was brought about when one day the two younger lynx were found with one of each of their legs caught fast in a strong steel trap.

The next day as Nikko was playfully chasing a rabbit along its run, which also bore the tracks of Red Cloud, he suddenly turned a half somersault in mid stride and slunk carefully away from the run as the rabbit was silently whisked into the air to hang vainly struggling from the same kind of thing in which the young lynx had been found hanging. From then on Nikko's craftiness warned him against following rabbit runs or against entering the crude bough houses that the Indian had erected. But despite this his great curiosity was ever drawing him to investigate the exterior of the houses and to follow the trails left by Red Cloud.

Thus it was that one day just at dusk he came upon the Indian making his way home from the traplines. Nikko did not fear Henry as a source of bodily harm, rather he regarded him as some strange animal whose actions were worth investigating—at a distance. The game of following Henry soon became an incident of almost daily occurrence and within a short time Nikko was in the habit of slinking along abreast of the Indian and only a few rods to one side.

Seasoned woodsman that he was, Henry soon became aware of this shadowing of his trails and thereafter included a heavily charged shotgun in his usual equipment. He set more traps for the lynx and exerted his Indian skill in making blind sets, all of which brought the same results, signs of investigation by the great cat, but never close enough to bring the cunning head within the snares or the deadly feet within reach of steel. Soon he began to find his baits destroyed and circles of the great round tracks about his cabin.

Henry prided himself on being becomingly civilized, but at the same time he took equal pride in being one hundred per cent Indian. With his veneer of civilization he had also

acquired a large amount of the white man's "horse sense," but because of the Indian in him he was not without a goodly amount of superstition, and when one day he emptied both barrels of buck shot at almost point blank range, seemingly into the very face of his tormentor, the Indian rose uppermost and a disturbing spectre began to haunt him. Nikko was a Bansche, meaning charmed or "Indian devil."

PERHAPS it was due to this worry that Henry failed to mark the absence of Nikko from his daily haunts for some time after the shooting. Nikko was absent for the simple reason that several of the heavy buck shot had entered his thickly muscled breast very nearly accomplishing their leaden purpose. A lesser animal would never have withstood the agony of dragging itself the long miles to the welcome den and Nasche. It took Nikko all the night, and Nasche brought food to him for nearly two weeks before he could hunt again.

Also, any other animal would have given Henry a wide berth thereafter, but not so Nikko. True he followed the trapper less frequently and with greater caution yet all too often did the haunted Indian hear the far reaching scream of the lynx rend the deep shadows of the Basin as he attended his trap lines.

Between times Nikko was forming a closer acquaintance with the seemingly stupid deer. As yet his actions were confined to stalking and quiet watching but when one day he came upon what was left of a kill made by Red Cloud, and dared to devour his fill of the delicious meat, led on by the rich, fresh blood scent, his attentions became of a more intimate nature.

Rendered careless by the apparent defenselessness of his intended victims he made a front attack on a large grey buck whom he surprised browsing along a narrow path, with the surprising result that he was knocked reeling into the soft snow and received another slashing blow from the buck's razorlike rear hoofs before he could recover his footing. The deer was away in a bound and Nikko spent some time in licking his wounds and meditating on the source of the unexpected thunderbolt that had struck him.

Probably the same stubborn perseverance that had led him to again take up the trapper's trail after the unpleasant experience of the buck shot, coupled with the lingering remembrance of the feast from Henry's kill, tempted Nikko to again attack the deer in the big yard. This time he lay hidden beside a path for over two hours, letting several larger deer pass unchallenged, until at last a small fawn still bearing traces of white fawn-spots through the thick winter coat came slowly along the run. As it paused opposite the hiding place of the big cat he slipped silently from concealment and with one elastic bound was upon the fawn's back, his mighty jaws clamped in a deadly throat hold, his four inch claws ripping long, red lines across the soft flank. Nasche was at hand this time and also had her fangs in the fawn's throat. The struggle was short and horribly one sided. The two big lynx feasted well and went their way leaving the larger part of their kill for the foxes and moose birds.

After this Nikko very seldom bothered the smaller game. He soon learned that with one clever twist of his great forelegs he could render his victims helpless, often snapping their necks like frozen reeds. Henry found the signs of his kills and ringed them with rows of steel traps, but as Nikko never thought of returning a second time to a cold kill and never visited any left by the Indian, the cleverly laid traps remained unsprung.

NIKKO continued his curious stalking of the Indian, often venturing to the very walls of his cabin. The many different odors there were a temptation beyond his powers to resist. Then one night after the Indian was fast asleep the big cat ventured to leap upon the roof. The thin cedar "splits" creaked noisily beneath his weight. Henry sprang from his bunk and seizing a flaming ember from the fire in one hand and his light revolver in the other he opened the door and peered into the darkness. Nikko was just in the act of leaping from the roof. As the red light struck his eyes he paused with muscles bunched.

"Nikko became a disturbing spectre to Red Cloud, haunting his waking and sleeping hours."

He seemed unable to tear his eyes from the flame, the hollow orbs shining like great green balls. With a cry of fear Henry swung his gun upward and pressed the trigger. The red tongues of searing flame blinded the lynx and with a terrified scream of hate and fear he sprang from the roof, clearing the Indian's head and speeding blindly into the soothing darkness.

Henry Red Cloud spent the remainder of the night sitting in the center of the cabin with a loaded rifle across his lap. The next morning he hurriedly cached his store of pelts and putting together a light pack of food turned his face away from the Basin toward the distant settlement.

NIKKO was King. No other animal in all the miles of forest that he surveyed dared match his deadly fangs and claws. With Nasche he roamed at will and killed as the whim might take him. No longer was he the mildly curious young lynx that killed only to quell the pangs of hunger and to while away the silent nights exploring caves or smoothing his heavy fur at the mouth of the den beneath the big rock. His weird call meant death to all that heard and rooted them in their tracks, hearts frozen in the chilly grip of deadly fear.

Even Rusk, the great bull moose who had his solitary yard at one end of the Basin in a small mossy swamp near a ridge of moose wood and roundwood trees, was wont to pause in his browsing and listen, great brown-black ruff erect. Rusk also considered himself King, for in all his long years of ranging the forests none had accepted his challenge and escaped without due punishment.

Although as yet their paths had never crossed, it was inevitable that these two monarchs should meet and the same hand of fate that had made them what they were now seemed to consider that this time was at hand.

The deer in the first yard were now thinned down to a scant half dozen who were careful to keep in the open spaces and Nikko followed by the faithful Nasche ranged to the northward in search of other yards. And so it happened that just at dawn the two grey shadows lay in wait beside the trail of Rusk as he wandered slowly toward his bedding grounds. The giant moose came forward, testing the air with grunting whoofs in an endeavor to trace the strange scent that caused him to feel uneasy. He stopped quickly as he came abreast a clump of thick balsams. Two streaks of grey death hurtled at his shaggy throat, one from the side and one from above. More by instinct than design his heavily antlered head came down and blindly he struck out with crushing forefeet. As he stamped one object of his wrath at his throat another fastened itself on his back ripping ribbons of fire to his very heart.

HENRY RED CLOUD was not a coward at heart and after the first day in the company of other humans at the settlement he forgot the trying solitudes and silence of the Basin and began to regret his haste in leaving his trapline. Yet in all honesty with himself he knew that he could never face the long silent days and nights again with the fear of the Bansche lynx haunting him. After long hours of silent debate he hunted out Arnold Chase, game warden, and reported the marauding of the big lynx.

The next day found the two woodsmen, red and white, facing the snowy trail toward the Basin. At their heels struggled two great, gaunt hounds with scarred muzzles.

The morning after their arrival at the cabin the hounds were led into the Basin and unleashed. For nearly an hour they circled between boulders and through thickets before they gave tongue to the bay that meant a warm trail. The hunters quickened their stride and followed the now clamorous baying of both dogs as they trailed northward.

With a rush the hunters burst from the brush into a small muskeg through which wandered the erratic trails of a moose yard. A few yards further and they came upon the hounds worrying the stiffening bodies of three animals.

At the feet of Rusk lay Nikko, the great gray body crushed and torn, the fangs of his jaws frozen to a foreleg of the moose. At the big brown throat was the crushed body of Nasche, the faithful.

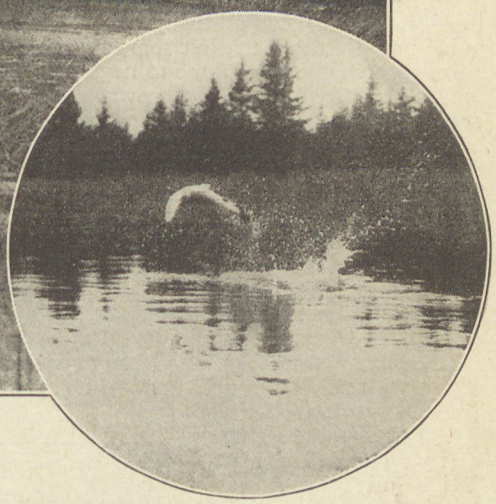
Chase uttered a strong oath and called off the dogs.

"Wal, I reckon that's that. Yu want the ears fer bounty, Red?"

"Thanks, pard. I'll come back for them after I show you my lines." Yet deep in his heart Henry knew that the ears of Nasche and Nikko would never be presented for reward. Gone was his fear of Bansche, and in its place was a dream of two great gray-black fur rugs, always side by side as their lives had left them and on the rugs no part should be missing. Perhaps it was foolish sentimentality like the Bansche fear, but then Henry was Indian and deep in his heart was a great love for all the strong wild children of the forests whether wicked or good, gentle or cruel.

"Rusk, the giant moose, wandered slowly toward his bedding ground."

Tiger! Tiger!



Muskie reeds up in the land of the whispering pines where the mighty tiger 'lunge holds forth. What a worthy foe he is on any angler's rod.

By Cal Johnson

Recounting the adventures of a muskie fisherman in a land where muskie *ARE* muskie.

WITH a mighty sweep of the paddle, my guide sent the bow of the canoe deep into the rushes that bordered the shores of Cedar lake. The bottom of the craft scraped over the soft vegetation as the canoe glided to a stop, with its nose finally resting against a thick growth of moss.

In another few minutes we were several yards up the bank in quest of a favorable spot for cooking our noonday lunch. The guide toted the catch of the morning, a magnificent muskie of about twelve pounds in weight, in view of broiling a few slices in the open. As we set down our grub-bag and duffel, my tanned partner looked at me and smiled, then eyed the beautiful specimen of northern piscatorial life most seriously.

"Look at those sharp teeth—see that wicked gleam in his dark eyes—notice the stripes on his glistening body! Just like a tiger—and every bit as wily."

He held up the 'lunge so that I could distinguish each point of his reference more clearly. I looked the fish over from snout to tail, then nodded in accordance with his remarks.

"You never hooked a fish with more spunk and better fighting qualities than these tiger muskies of Canada," continued the guide. "I've fished hundreds of waters, but never have I discovered a 'lunge that possessed the knowledge of how to perform acrobatics any better than these babies."

My mind automatically drifted back to the early morn, with a slowly rising sun just peeping over the tops of the distant pines, set in silhouette against the eastern horizon. Faint rays of gold and purple sprinkled over the blue-green waters as signs of the new day bore evidence. I could see a burst of silver crystals and pearly foam, with the glistening body of a mighty 'lunge leaping heaven-ward, to finally fall again with a splash and disappear in the mysterious depth of darkened liquid. The feel of my quivering rod still lived within me and the thrill of the battle remained ineffaceable.

"Yes—the muskies in these waters deserve a lot of respect," I finally answered. "Seems queer that more anglers have not discovered this place before. The unspoiled condition that prevails throughout this territory proves clearly that man has frequented this region but rarely."

"Up to two years ago I doubt very much whether the 'lunge in these waters ever saw an artificial lure," said my guide. "The trail we followed in here was used ages ago by the original Hudson Bay trappers and they traveled through this territory with their furs in the winter, but I don't believe many of them wandered into this wilderness during the warm weather period. Fact is, there was really nothing to come for. They had all the fishing they wanted around Hudson and Lac Seul, and it also kept them close to the railroad in the event they wanted to take a trip to Winnipeg or back east to Toronto and Montreal."

I looked out over the limpid waters and admired the heavy growth of evergreen timber that surrounded the lake on all sides. How much it reminded me of a certain lake I had loved as a boy back home in Wisconsin. I wondered whether the time would ever come when this great country would be crucified by commercial hands, such as had been the case with the lake of my boyhood dreams. It is difficult to believe that man could be so reckless, still the evidence of the past proved clearly that our natural heritage had been placed secondary in the minds of many.

In my meditation I had sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree where I could absorb the grandeur of my surroundings and just rest, permitting my thoughts to run at random through the pages of life. I believe that every nature lover does the same thing, and who can deny that this close contact with the forest and waters does not turn another

page of appreciation in man's heart for the things that God has created for us. Solitude stimulates thought. To think seriously awakens in us the real meaning and purpose of the outdoors, especially when surrounded by an atmosphere of virgin wilderness.

Cedar lake possessed everything that the country had ever known. No commercial resorts, no railroads, no cabins—nothing save the silent woodlands and clear, crystal waters marked the region for miles around. Just to enjoy living there amidst the pioneer atmosphere was reward enough for me. The tiger muskies that inhabited the waters, of course, added materially when the urge of rod and reel grasped my desire, but in these days of progress and industry, virgin country is so extremely rare that an opportunity to enjoy it is reward enough for any one.

The aroma of boiling coffee awakened me to the realization that I was not alone. My guide had prepared our lunch as I sat and meditated. Rather sheepishly, I arose from my rustic seat and walked over to where the camp fire smouldered. It has always been my custom to help the guide prepare the meal, but somehow the impression of my surroundings had caused me to neglect such duties this day.

"How's this for golden-brown muskie?" inquired my genial companion, as he held up a piece of 'lunge that had been rolled in corn meal and broiled to a queen's taste. "Grab a plate and dig in."

It was unnecessary for him to urge further, for the inner man had been exceedingly anxious to begin commissary activities for several hours past.

"Well, what's on for this afternoon?" I asked, as we finished our chores and carried the equipment back to the canoe. "I'd like to have it out with another 'lunge before going back to camp."

"I know a swell bay at the southwest end of the lake where we usually get a big one—better go there," he suggested.

"All right—that sounds very good," I agreed. "Might just as well keep using this surface lure with the spinners at each end. It sure had them breaking their necks this morning."

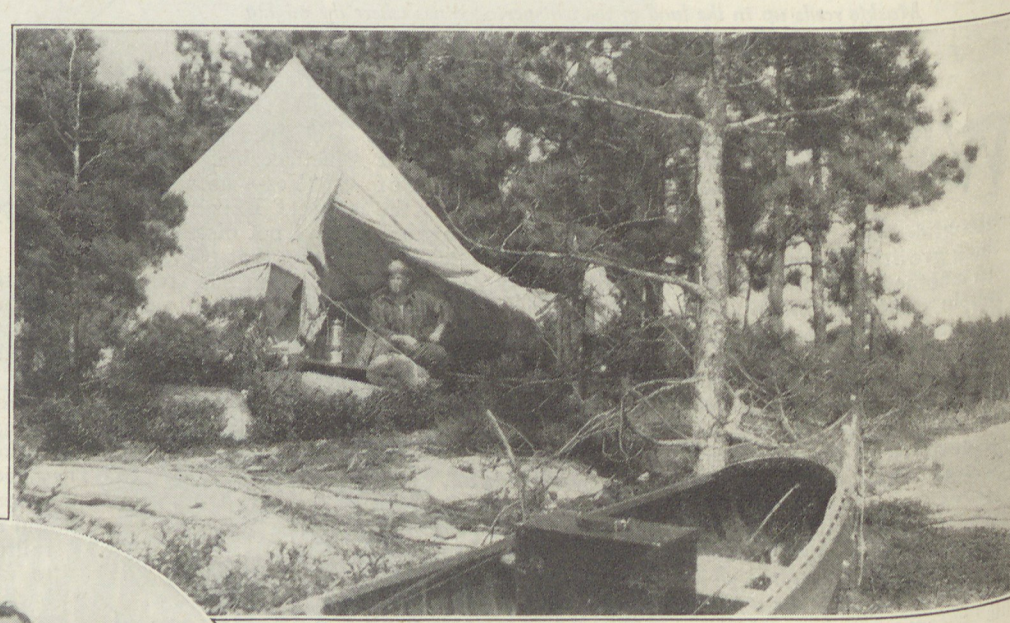
"Sure—it's just as good as any. Really don't make much difference up here, though, because these 'lunge are still unaccustomed to fishermen and will strike almost anything out of curiosity. You are the only bait caster I know of who has fished these waters so far this summer. The Indians and a few natives who come back here always troll or still fish."

That his statement was true, I was positive. No evidence of any other fishing party had been encountered all day and the long portage from Virmillion lake naturally discouraged many anglers from toting their equipment through the heavy woods, especially just for fishing, as all the muskies anyone wanted could be taken from the waters located close to camp.

A small resort has since been established on Little Virmillion lake where a few outside anglers can secure accommodations, but the shores of Cedar lake still possess their original appearance and human hands have not molested or destroyed a single twig or blade of grass. What a blessing and consolation to know of a lake where such conditions prevail.

Of course, we must consider that these waters are located in a territory that may never be opened. Outside of the gold that may be discovered in the vast rock formations of the region, I doubt very much if anything outside of fishing and camping will ever lure a native of Canada or tourist from the States to penetrate this region. It is a country that furnished much material and inspiration for the pen of the late James Oliver Curwood. One cannot wonder at the latter, for here we find nature in all its glory, unspoiled by man. If there was anything more dear to the heart of Curwood than virgin timber, clear waters and solitude, I have never learned of it.

The rhythmic dip of our paddles sent the canoe steadily over the waters, with the bow pointed towards the section of the lake where the guide felt sure a big 'lunge would be hooked. I am sure that it was unnecessary for us to go so far just to catch another fish, for the waters seemed to produce plenty of thrills wherever we fished.



Solitude in the wilderness is good for any man's soul. It stimulates thought.

"Just around that point," called the guide. "Last time I was over there I lost a big one—only two weeks ago. Came over alone one evening and had the sport of my life."

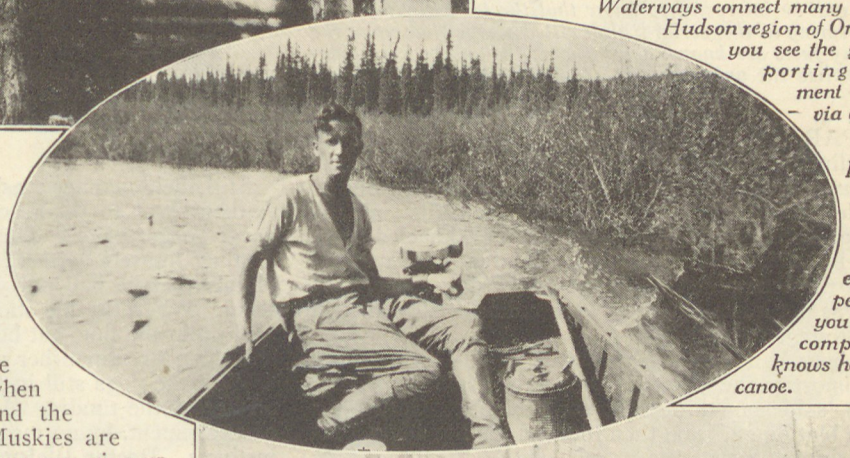
I peered in the direction he indicated and saw a wide bay with plenty of "muskie grass" all around. It certainly did look good and I also felt sure that we would be rewarded with a good sized muskie to tote back to camp. One is allowed four muskies each day in Ontario, but outside of the fish we ate for dinner, I had no desire to keep but one more. Ice was not available and to salt a fish for keeping several days does not always work out as anticipated, hence there was no material reason for taking more than one muskie out.

"Better slow up—let the canoe glide silently towards the bay," I suggested. "These waters are so clear that I am sure the muskies can detect us for quite a distance. Guess long casts will be more successful here."

"Don't make no difference. As I said before, these

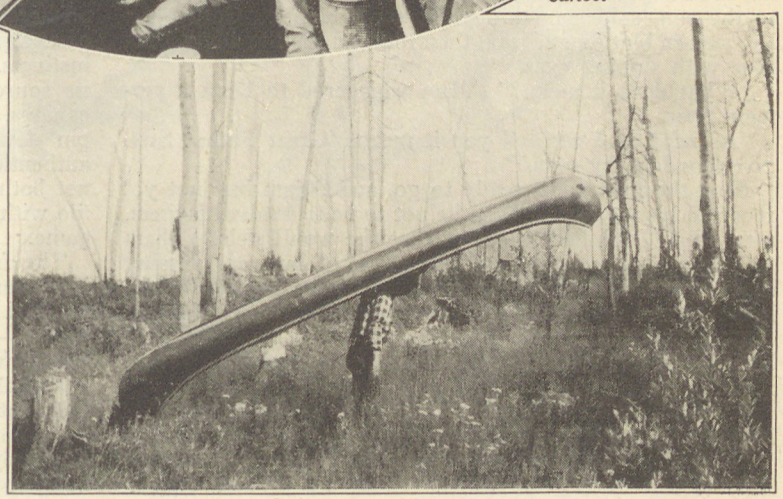
Here's a fine specimen of tiger muskie taken from the limpid waters of Cedar lake, Ontario, by the author.

What's more inviting than a cozy log cabin nestled deep in the heart of the northwoods?—surely no city apartment.



Waterways connect many lakes in the Hudson region of Ontario. Here you see the guide transporting our equipment into camp — via outboard.

It is necessary to portage into Cedar lake—but what's a few extra miles, especially when you have a husky companion who knows how to carry a canoe.



'lunge are still amateurs when it comes to eluding those kind of baits," replied my partner. "I've seen them strike a lure five feet from the canoe, and right when the sun was shining brightly and the surface of the lake like glass. Muskies are peculiar fish anyway—about the time you give up hopes of catching one—bang—and there he is, right up from no place."

"That's right," I agreed. "I've had them strike my lure when all odds were against raising one, also. Seems that's the way they always strike. These tiger muskies are just the same as the 'lunge further south—hit and run with the bases full."

"Better get ready to cast. You might pick up a good fish any place along these rushes. I raised the big one I was telling you about over by that small point. Maybe he is there yet—who knows."

Testing the line for several feet close to the leader, I satisfied myself that all was well for a big 'lunge. No line was going to be blamed for the loss of a fish—not if I could prevent it. Not so many months before I had witnessed a nice muskie dig his nose deep in the waters of a Wisconsin lake, taking lure, leader and several feet of my line with him. I don't mind having them get away by throwing the lure, but to swim off with a plug is none too good for their future welfare.

In most instances a fish is able to extract the lure over a period of time by rubbing his nose against the rocky bottom or by the wound becoming festered and the hooks dropping out. On the other hand it is not unlikely that a 'lunge might have considerable trouble in getting rid of the plug, with disastrous results. Therefore, it is reasonable to believe that a strong line will help prevent the latter occurrence, especially when fishing for muskies.

Casting well in shore, I allowed the lure to drop lightly among the rushes and weeds. A wide swirl greeted the first cast, but that was all. Apparently the fish was only startled and darted away from the bait as it struck the quiet waters.

"Well, that's quick action," I remarked, as I reeled in the lure and prepared to shoot it out over the surface again. "Hope this one brings something to the top."

"Don't worry," replied the guide. "You'll get one here —sure."

It was almost a half hour afterward before things commenced to happen. I dropped the lure close to the shore, where a small bush stretched its branches out over the waters. It was an ideal spot for a 'lunge to lay. With a loud splash he took the lure, swirled and then headed for deep water.

"Whoopee! You've got him," cried my partner. "It's a nice one, by Gar."

The fish darted several yards, then sulked in deep water. I brought the rod upwards with a quick jerk in an effort to start the 'lunge for the surface again. The prick of the hook apparently had its effects, for up he came and did not stop when the surface was reached. Clear of the water he leaped, shaking his mighty head in bull dog fashion, dancing on his tail and quivering his glossy body. The waters became a seething mass of commotion as the fish battled at the end of my line.

"Tiger! Tiger!" shrieked the guide. "Don't tell me those old battlers don't possess a fighting heart. Look at him leap—dash—tug—bore. Gosh, what's he going to do next?"

"Blamed if I know," I answered. "Hope this line lasts until I have an opportunity to sit on him in the bottom of this canoe."

My rod bent in a beautiful arch as the fish pointed his nose downward and made another dash for liberty. Again I managed to snub him and start another rumpus on the surface. This time the fish seemed a bit weaker. Foot by foot I retrieved the line, until the muskie was within ten feet of the boat. Had he been a smaller fish, I would have picked him from the waters with my bare hands, but a gaff hook seemed far the better in this particular instance.

As I drew the fish closer to the boat, the guide picked up the long handled gaff in readiness to put an end to the exciting battle. However, the 'lunge was merely playing possum, for no sooner had I reeled him within range, when away he went—livelier than ever.

"Can you beat that?" remarked the guide, as he sat wide-eyed looking in the direction in which the 'lunge had disappeared.

"Just a bit of their tiger cunning," I replied. "Muskies are never licked until they are dead."

Another ten minutes, however, told a different story. This time the fish was led smoothly to the side of the canoe, the gaff slipped carefully into his gill-cover and heaved into the canoe, where he lay with quivering fins—all the fight that was left in him.

(Continued on page 65)

Drawings by Frank Hoban

The Vanished People

By *Edison Marshall*

Those among our readers who have not made a study of anthropology will be interested to know that the tribes of men and animals appearing in this serial truly existed at one time upon the earth. Many facts are known about them; the author's imagination has supplied the unknown. —EDITOR.

PREPARATIONS for the hunt were made with a puzzling solemnity. Suppressed excitement ran through the crowd, as though the men were going to battle instead of to the game fields. When all the party had gathered, Stuld-Gavlo, acting chief, kneeled down to ask the blessing of the gods. (Dian later translated the two words that composed his name as "strong spear," but if Adam was not mistaken, they were unimaginably ancient roots of "stout javelin.")

Placing both hands on his forehead, Stuld-Gavlo bowed his head almost to the ground. Dian raised both her hands to the sun, said something that sounded like "Gort Pado Re, yeeben blut og zu," and then touched his shoulders. He rose with shining eyes.

"What does it mean?" Adam whispered to Dian a moment later.

"As near as I can tell you it means 'Great Father Sun, give blood to thy sons.'"

Now the men were ready to go, and Adam had not yet received his weapons. Was he not to be trusted with them, after all? Dian had promised that she would deliver them to him, but she still stood in the group of hunters, blessing them with the touch of her hand. But now Gort-Chil, who had returned from towing in the flying-boat, came through the crowd bringing the great bow of Tal-Eika. The men stared and grew silent as he turned the weapon over to Dian.

"Canst thou draw it, Gort-Chil?" she asked, in the Cro-Magnon tongue.

"Nay, Daughter of the Moon. It is the bow of Tal-Eika."

"There is one who would try his strength upon it. Dian will bless its fleet arrows, and put it in his hands."

She came up to Adam, looked at him with shining eyes and gave him the bow and quiver. "Tall One," she said in English, "bring your shoulder against the thong, when you see Zwei-Tag, and bring honor to yourself and to me."

This touch of drama impressed the crowd deeply. They had respected Adam from the first—with the respect due manliness and physical hardihood equal to their own—but now they looked at him with pleased, rather childlike admiration. They were not an envious people, but a remarkably open-hearted and friendly lot, and they were plainly championing him in his coming tussle with the big bow. A keen sense of sportsmanship—not in the least unlikely in a people of such intelligence and ideals—as well as a shrewd feeling that their beloved princess might thereby be pleased, made them want him to win. Perhaps, too, they wanted a new sensation to talk over.

Still their manner was in no way servile. Firmly loyal, faithful ever to their goddess, chiefs, and tribe, yet they never forgot pride. They appreciated Adam's boldness in arming himself with Tal-Eika's bow, but they showed plainly that he had not yet proved himself worthy to lead them. When the file started out, they made room for him well up in the line, but behind Strong Spear (Stuld-Gavlo) and three or four other minor chiefs.

With the dogs still in leash, the long line of men moved off across the tundra. Adam was aware of a keen feeling of excitement, by no means distasteful to one of his simple instincts. Doctor Weismann, the scientist, wondered as to its source. Was it merely an emanation from his companions, a mob-spirit which his trained intelligence should pin down and dispose of, or was it a true reaction to authentic stimuli? But Adam, the youth, the hunter, did not bother his head about it. He was content to walk in file with these Stone Age men, and keep his eyes open for game.

The fresh wind swept the tundra, chill and sharp, blowing from the solitudes unkenned by man. Far off, the snow-covered hills suggested hidden lairs of beasts—age-old silences—unfathomable mystery. The low sun made Adam's face glow. He too could almost worship that sun. Remembering that God-in-Nature is the basis of all religions—the bell that rings through the New Testament as well as the Old—he felt a warm kinship with his pagan companions. Certainly they were closer to the source of things than many of Adam's countrymen who worshipped only the works of man. His heart warmed to them as to comrades.

They climbed to the top of a range of hills, and pausing in a close group, looked out over the wild scene. Adam's untamed heart leaped up. Still he could see no game, but only lost rivers, nameless lakes, and the Moss Lands swept by the winds.

But the hunters' eyes were trained to these wastes. Their intent gaze to the eastward and their suppressed excitement showed that they had spied something concealed from Adam. Straining, he made out at last an immense gray shadow like a cloud on a distant slope.

Adam touched Strong Spear on the arm. He knew that the chief would not expect him to know the game of the country, and if he pretended a knowledge he did not possess, he would fail to impress the men and only make himself ridiculous. "What is it?"

"*Bal*," the chief answered.

Adam understood: *bal* was the Cro-Magnon word for a small, long-haired buffalo, similar in appearance to the musk-ox. If it were buffalo

The Story So Far

DR. ADAM WEISMANN has been forced to join an Antarctic expedition headed by Karl Belgrade, world known scientist.

Leaving their ship and setting out in a plane they find a remarkably handsome and virile race of white people.

Adam is charmed by the intelligence and beauty of Dian, goddess and queen of the tribe, and realizes with amazement that her people are the last of the Cro-Magnons, unquestionably one of the noblest races time has known.

Adam rescues Blut-Bal, Dian's cousin, from the attack of a huge bear, amputates the young man's arm and saves his life.

He learns of the sacred bow of Tal-Eika that no man in the tribe can draw and resolves to use it in the great hunt that is being planned.

"She came up to Adam, looked at him with shining eyes and gave him the bow and quiver."

"Tall one," she said in English, "bring your shoulder against the thong and bring honor to yourself and me."

that cast that mile-long shadow, there must be many thousands in the herd. Evidently the Age of Mammals had not yet passed in the Moss Country.

The Cro-Magnons could not live, and feed their numerous wolfdogs, if the country did not literally teem with game. Yet he should have expected no less. The Arctic tundra of North America, where Europeans have been venturing for a hundred years, has a wealth of fauna, undiminished since the Stone Age. Herds of caribou ten times as large as this buffalo herd are a common sight to the trappers of Great Slave Lake.

Much to Adam's surprise, the hunters did not approach the herd, but began to follow the ridges in the opposite direction. They were not hunting Bal today, but Zwei-Tag, some other tundra animal Adam had yet to identify. And now the trail was surely getting warm. The men became more alert; the dogs were pointing their ears.

Now they were mounting a low ridge overlooking a small valley. One man after another threw his head up, sniffing in excitement. The air was still fresh to Adam—his sense of smell had been dulled by the reek of cities—but he knew that these savages had scented game. The dogs were quivering with excitement, their fierce eyes green as beryl. Still they made no sound; they slunk along the ground like white shadows.

Just below the hill-top the men unleashed the dogs, and motioned them to crouch. The animals obeyed, trembling; the men broke line and carefully peered over the crest. Adam did the same, and the scene stretching before him was straightway etched on his memory in bold lines never to fade. He would always be able to call back this scene at will, even in its minutest detail, just as though it were photographed on his brain; and often it would steal, unsummoned, into his day-dreams.

There is always something sharp and arresting about wild animal views. Perhaps this is due to a natural vividness of animate things in contrast with vegetation and background; perhaps the human senses are excited to a preternatural keenness. In any event, Adam felt as though he had come out of a dark room into bright sunlight. The scene struck him with the force of a physical blow.

A long low valley stretched before him, all open tundra except for some dwarf willows on the bank of a stream. Beyond were snow-capped hills, running and rising to pearly mountains in the background. In the foreground was a living hill—a creature that had been left here, ten thousand years after his time, like a great boulder dropped by a retreating glacier.

Hull had called this animal an elephant, and Dian had naturally supposed that this was his correct English name. Yet Adam instantly perceived it was no such elephant as is found wild in Africa and India today. It was not quite so tall, and probably less in weight, although it looked even more imposing than any modern elephant he had ever seen. The hide was not naked, like the bark of a tree, but covered with long hair that swept about in the wind and almost touched the ground—hair not black but golden brown. It was not built exactly like the modern elephant: the head was very high, behind which the back formed an enormous hump sloping swiftly to the short, woolly tail. The tusks were far longer than most elephant tusks, and markedly curled. The ears were comparatively small.

It was not an elephant, strictly speaking, but a woolly mammoth such as are still found frozen, flesh intact, in the ice of Northern Siberia. The natives knew him as Zwei-Tag, the name probably meaning Two-Tails.

Adam knew, now, why Hull had repeatedly mentioned elephants, and why there were elephant pictures painted in the caves. Adam had gone to great shifts to explain both facts, never dreaming that herds of hairy elephants still roamed the Moss Country. Yet it would have been a natural supposition. He had swallowed a camel to choke on a gnat. The Cro-Magnon people and the woolly mammoth had been inseparable from the first—they had fought and killed each other, as their broken bones attest, at the edge of European icefields before the dawn of history—and climatic conditions favorable to one would naturally preserve the other. In some remote age both mighty breeds

had spread to the Antarctic Continent where conditions had remained favorable for their survival. Here were the tundras fronting the ice, the same as in Western Europe twenty-five thousand years ago; there was nothing to kill the huge breeds off, so they had lived on.

The last European Cro-Magnon had vanished, leaving his big-skulled skeleton buried in a secret tomb—that and the glory of his dream in mineral pigments on the walls of a Dordogne cave. The last Eurasian mammoth was preserved in ice on the bleak Siberian shore. But here, in Antarctica, stragglers of the two great tribes still lived and bred. The mammoth still trumpeted in the hushed dark, and moved, like some great force of nature incarnate, through the wan blown snow of winter. The Cro-Magnon still hunted him, carved his ivory, ate his flesh, and painted him, out of the savage love he bore him, on his cavern walls.

Adam's imagination leaped boldly, and now he believed he knew why the yellow-haired Cro-Magnon and the woolly mammoth had vanished from the face of history. Neither could stand warm weather, the former because of some thermal factor in his body—some peculiarity of his metabolism—the latter on account of his long, dense fur. Otherwise the Cro-Magnon would have persisted, driving back to Asia all other invading races, and when at last the glacial ice retreated from Europe, and the climate modified, his primitive culture would have flowered into high civilization. He had the brain and body to conquer the world, but his need of a cold climate had banished him at last to the Uttermost South. Except for his warm hair, the woolly mammoth would have persisted with him, clear until the invention of gun-powder, and no swarthy spear-throwers out of Asia could have encompassed his downfall.

All this Adam perceived in a few brief seconds, as he stood with the hunters on the crest of an Antarctican hill. The titanic figure below had not yet discovered the presence of his enemies. He stood alone, his hair blowing in the wind, his ivory gleaming in the yellow sunlight. This was Zwei-Tag, the Hairy One, perhaps the most awe-inspiring living creature that man's eyes have beheld. Adam's heart began to thump-thump-thump against his ribs.

For a few seconds more the silence held. The animal remained motionless as a stone; the men stood beside the crouching dogs, peering with wolfish eyes. Then the whole vista seemed to explode with indescribable violence.

Strong Spear, the chief, set off the powder with a loud cry. *"Deeva!"* he yelled—so the word sounded to Adam—and the hunters echoed *"Deeva—muga deeva—muga deeva."* (Go in! Dogs, go in.)

This was the command that the wolf-dogs had tremblingly awaited. They bounded over the crest and poured down upon the mammoth in a white flood. They were not silent now—all two hundred of them broke into a fierce bay that clapped like thunder and undulated between the hills. *"Deeva, deeva,"* the men yelled. *"Muga deeva, muga deeva!"*

The hunters sprang up and followed. Behind the dogs they ran—shouting in frenzy, brandishing their weapons. And Adam ran with them. He was not now a scientist, marveling at the ways of barbarian and beast, but himself barbarian and beast in one, lusting to kill. He caught up the cry, and yelled as loud as the rest. *"Deeva, deeva!"*

From now on he perceived this drama not as a spectator, but as one of the leading actors. In the intense excitement of the fight he forgot that he was only a visitor to the tribe; he forgot everything, including his own name, except the fight itself. Yet he lived more keenly than ever before. Every sense was awake, drinking in the scene in deep draughts; he was swimming in a sea of intense sensation. His body moved without effort, springy as steel.

It was pandemonium. It was one infernal melee of yelling men, baying dogs, and fighting beast. *Zwei-Tag* was aroused and at bay. Around him swept his enemies, white wolves and whiter men, and he charged one after another. When he chased one dog, the others would flank him, slashing his legs and trying to make him turn. When, with a scream of rage, he would hurl his trunk into the air and lunge after one of the hunters, dogs and men both would close in, yelling and throwing their spears, until he whirled upon them. It was stab and run, run and dodge, dodge and stab again. For the dogs it was leap, slash, scurry to one side, and worry, worry, worry until the tusks flashed back, and a dog died with a smothered howl.

The odds were far more even than in most hunting. It was not slaughter, as when the sporting rifles open, but red war. Two dogs were killed in the first two minutes of the fight, and half a dozen others wounded and bleeding. One hunter was grazed by the beast's shoulder and knocked ten feet, but he got up unhurt. Time after time Zwei-Tag charged one or another of the hunters, and was turned back only when his trunk was curling out toward the yelling foe, about to strike him down.

Nearly all the spears that the men carried were now sticking in the animal's side and legs, and they were forced to withdraw to the outskirts of the arena. The dogs closed in on the elephant, snapping at him and trying to hold him at bay, and perhaps a dozen of the hunters still made desperate sorties with javelins and arrows. The advantage of the bow over the spear was now apparent. The lancers had begun the fight—and had dealt Zwei-Tag many wounds which might ultimately prove fatal—but the archers must finish it. Their quivers still bristled with arrows, which they were sending home in a deadly shower.

At this work Adam shone. Fearless as the best of his savage companions, he stood just outside the ring of dogs, shooting his great bow. Tal-Eika's strong-backed weapon gave him no trouble. When his big arm muscles bunched, and he put his shoulder into the draw, the arrowhead all but touched the belly of the bow. Then he would release the singing shaft, to see it plunge to the feather in Zwei-Tag's huge shoulder. Because of the weight of his artillery, his arrows did more damage than any of the rest. Some of them had already pierced the great blood vessels supplying the heart and lungs, inflicting mortal wounds.

Tossing his head, Zwei-Tag caught sight of him at last, glared down with eyes red as rubies, threw up a snaky trunk, and charged. Adam had just knocked an arrow, and instead of taking instantly to his heels, he risked a precious second in completing the powerful draw and freeing the shaft. He turned and fled

"Adam stood drawing the bow the full length of the shaft. He was wild eyed, half crazy with excitement yet somehow he steadied enough to take careful aim."

before he saw where the barb went home, and the dogs leaped up between, but the watching tribesmen had not missed the incident, and they yelled *"deeva, deeva,"* when they saw his arrow thrusting feather-deep in the top of Zwei-Tag's trunk.

Again the dogs turned the monster, and the fight entered its last stage. Zwei-Tag was weakening, but still able to make occasional rushes. In one of these, he chased Strong Spear and almost overtook him. His son, a fine-looking youth, named Vund-Sterna (Water-Hawk or Sea-Hawk), saw his father's danger, and tried to turn the animal. Bravely he ran in and sunk his spear in the great shoulder.

He succeeded, but only at great cost. Zwei-Tag pivoted on his hind legs—a movement marvelously quick in one so huge—and swinging his trunk, caught the youth across the shoulders. He was knocked ten feet, spinning in the air, and fell helpless in the moss.

The trunk of an elephant is a terrible weapon. Its thousands of small muscles make it extremely sensitive to pain, and usually he keeps it tucked up out of the way of his enemies, but when he does choose to swing it, it can smite the life from a tiger. If Sea-Hawk's neck or back were not broken, it was by the mercy of Dian and the great gods. Yet it might be a doubtful mercy, at best. If he were not dead already, Zwei-Tag intended that he soon should be. If there were bones in his body yet unbroken, it was Zwei-Tag's ponderous intention to complete their destruction.

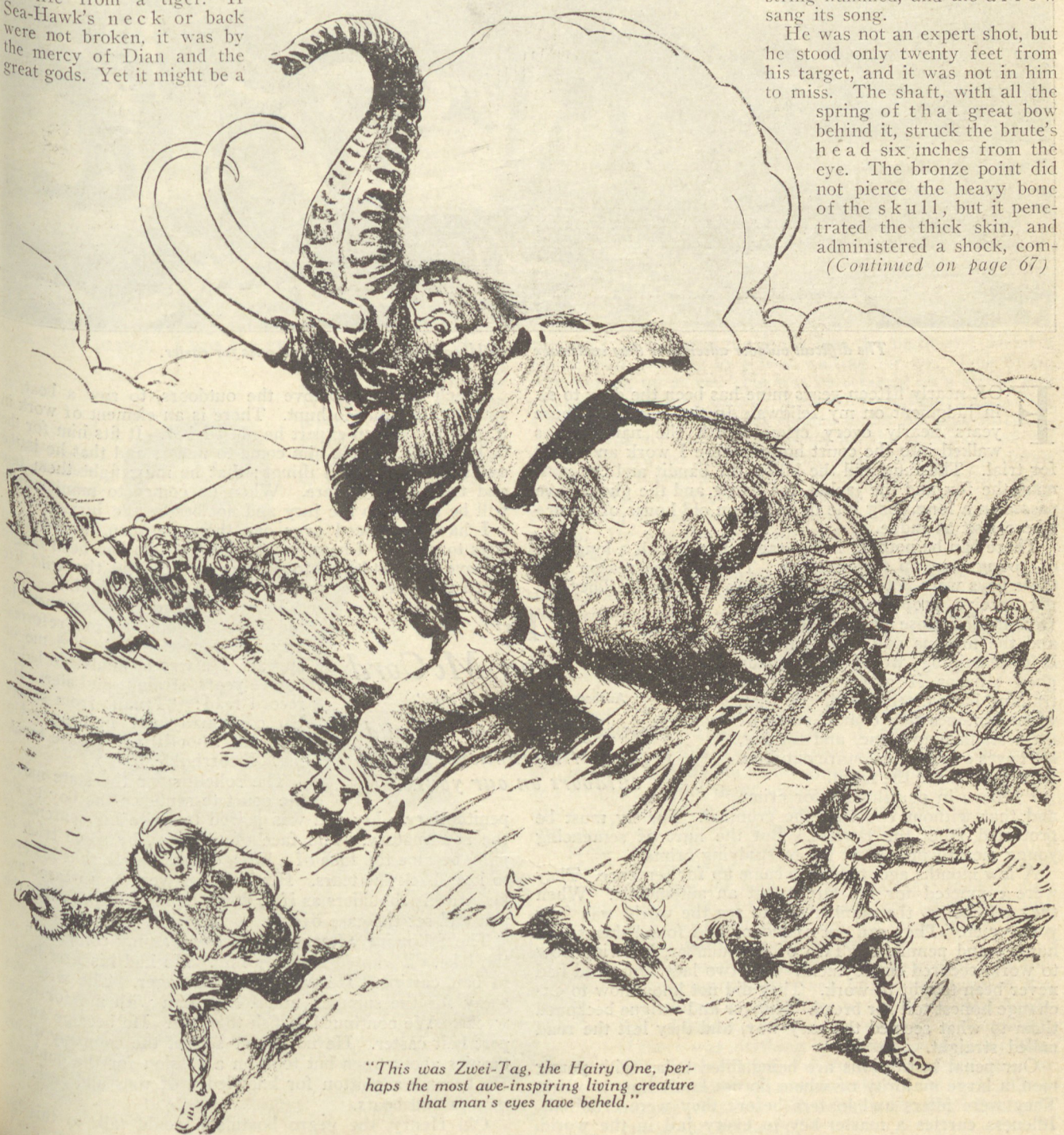
He had seen where Sea-Hawk fell. Deliberately and heavily he moved toward him, to crush him with his pile-driver knees. Half-dead from his hundred wounds, he was still a grand and appalling foe. He scorned the white pack snapping and slashing at his legs and side; he did not even look at the hunters who were running in, desperately trying to turn him. His small red eyes were fixed on the prey, his trunk drawn up out of danger, his gayly-tinted tusks swaying slowly, gleaming, in the sunlight.

"Deeva, deeva, muga deeva," the men yelled to the dogs, at the same time closing on the fury-maddened foe. But this effort, brave as it was, would not save Sea-Hawk's life. The monster still pushed on, and if he were to be stopped at all, it must be by Tal-Eika's bow.

Adam stood drawing that bow the full length of the shaft. He was wild-eyed, half crazy with excitement yet somehow he steadied enough to take careful aim. The bow string hummed, and the arrow sang its song.

He was not an expert shot, but he stood only twenty feet from his target, and it was not in him to miss. The shaft, with all the spring of that great bow behind it, struck the brute's head six inches from the eye. The bronze point did not pierce the heavy bone of the skull, but it penetrated the thick skin, and administered a shock, com-

(Continued on page 67)



"This was Zwei-Tag, the Hairy One, perhaps the most awe-inspiring living creature that man's eyes have beheld."

Sentence 'Em *to the* Outdoors

The difficult outdoor adventures they undertake in childhood make all their adult ones far easier.

By
Judge Leon McCord
Author of "I Believe in Man"

Proving the inspiring and regenerating influence of the outdoors on our youth.

FOR nearly fifteen years mine has been the duty to sit in judgment on my fellows. In the course of those years nearly every crime worth the naming has walked into the court house where I work and stood for trial. The thug and the killer, the bandit and the gunman, the fox and the jackal, the harpy and the ghoul have passed in a long, long line in this grim old house of justice where I sit as judge.

There can be nothing more tragic than to call a long line of young men up for sentence. This for the reason that these boys were not given a chance in childhood. They did not receive proper training. Cull from the list those mentally defective and the morons and fully half the lads remaining would have made good citizens if given the proper training back up the road. So that, when sentence day comes, many of them stand before me, and the big, hurt eyes of them just stare out from souls that live in the night.

I believe in punishment for crime and that without coddling the criminal. Society must be protected from the lawless. But the hurt of sentencing young men to prison set me to studying crime.

A few months ago, two boys came up for sentence. They were convicted for the larceny of an automobile. When they left home, the number out to see the world was four young men. They ran out of money and found themselves hungry and penniless. Two of the number, knowing how to work, secured employment. The two lads sentenced had never been taught to work. They did not know how to exchange honest toil for bread. Hunger and fatigue beckoned them to what seemed the easy way, and they left the road called straight.

Our penal institutions are being filled today with young men, a large majority of whom do not know how to work. They were idlers and loafers before they were criminals. Idleness carries a master-key to every jail in the world.

Teach the boy to love the outdoors, to row a boat, to swim, to fish and to hunt. There is an element of work in it. To become an expert he must labor. It fits him for the tasks of life. Have him come to understand that he is the overlord of the wild things; that he must fight them fair and treat them square. When he comes to manhood he will be found on the jury and not before the jury.

I have sentenced over one thousand men, women and boys to prison. I have yet to find one who had been taught to love the outdoors, to protect and defend the wild life when they were young who made a real criminal.

Jack Stone had been sentenced by the Juvenile court to the reformatory. His case was before me on appeal. He was a handsome lad of twelve years, straight and alert. His record read: "Truant from school. Up continually for fighting. Untruthful. Shoplifting. House breaking. Incorrigible."

The solicitor for the state moved the court to sentence the boy to the penitentiary. My pen was poised to write his sentence to the reformatory. The face of this boy, by some trick of pain, became the face of a little, old man. He shut his eyes to keep back the tears. His blue lips were compressed and he bent his shoulders as if to meet the lash. I put away the pen and set the case over.

The following afternoon this boy was my companion on the lake. I wanted to study him. He had his first lesson in bait casting. He was alert and eager. The wife was away for the summer, and I kept him with me for many weeks. We continued to fish together. He became an expert bait caster. He no longer sought the company of his cronies about town but took on a passion for the outdoors. He became a glutton for knowledge of rods and reels and motors and boats.

Old Henry, the negro boatman, would talk to this lad

for hours about the outdoors. There was a bit of the Indian strain in the blood of this old negro man, and his knowledge of wild life was almost uncanny.

Far up the lake one afternoon we stopped to rest and to talk. The sun was falling away through a mackerel sky. It was early autumn, the season of the harvest moon. The sunlight shot through the tree tops and fell checkered on the waters. An old mockingbird who had finished the task of rearing his brood, was perched in the top of a giant oak. He was pouring out his harvest song. My boy of the street listened to the flute-like music of the bird for a few moments and then said: "Uncle Henry, is he teaching his children to sing?" "Not on yo' life," the old man replied, "his chillun des peck thro' dey shells singing.

"Folks think er mockingbird is sweet and kind. He is de outfightenist bird in dis worl'. He sing in de night kase he aint skeered.

"When us think er mockingbird is singing in de night kase he wanter sing, we is all wrong. He sing to keep de owls and night hawks away. Yas sir. An' all de poor, little birds what is skeered of dem hawks an' owls roos' mighty close to dat mockingbird."

As the soft night closed in, the old man dropped his voice until it became almost crooning in its accent: "God has ter stay outdoors so much to take keer of his weak things. Dey is so many wild things out here what is needin' of Him all de time. Dat's why you can find Him out here so easy."

As Old Henry set the motor going and we started for the landing and home, this waif of the streets moved close to me in the boat, and I placed my arm about him and drew him closer.

When the vacation period was ended Jack Stone was sent back to school. From almost the first day he commenced to run away from school again. He would run off and go fishing. He no longer sought the streets, but ran away to the lakes. The attendance officer brought him again into court. When threatened with the reformatory, Jack ran away for good.

Six years passed. I was the guest of the Orange River Club, located on the Dead Lakes in Florida. We had dined and our pipes were good and going, when one of the guides came in and said to me, "King wants to see you." I followed the guide into the night and found a young man standing by a boat waiting for me. Jack Stone was smiling up at me. He was as straight as a string and clean as a hound's tooth. The bronzed face was strong and sturdy and the muscles rippled under his blue shirt.

The bugle calls of duty they obey in their youth render them fitter to respond to later ones.

Outdoor recreations give them character and health.

King was my fishing companion for the remainder of the visit. He owned twelve fishing boats and half a dozen motors which were located at a hotel across the great lakes. The guides had given him the name of King. For over three years he had been sending his mother fifty dollars per month. He was the acknowledged King of the guides on the Dead Lakes.

On the last afternoon of the fishing trip King sat with me in the boat and we talked of the old days: "No," he said, with a half sad smile playing across his face, "I will never go back to town. It is no place for the weak things of this earth like me. Sometimes I grow bitter, and then I want to run away and go wild again. When it comes on me I have to fight." I placed my hand on his knee as we talked. "Yes, I'll stay here and keep these boys who are guides straight. They need me. I need the outdoors. When my heart fills with bitterness and hate, I just jump into my boat and set the motor going. I run down the lake and sit there in the night alone and fight it out. Finally, when the hurt almost chokes me, I lift my face to the stars and say, 'Lord, I'm not fit to pray. I'm as tough as a cypress knee. Right now I am chock full o' hell, and about to run away again. I've come out here where you live to beg for help. Lord, please get hold of me.' Then I go back to the hotel and am all washed out good and clean and ready for work again."

The words rang in my heart.

When our luggage was being loaded into the waiting automobile, Jack Stone, the King of the Dead Lakes guides, bade us good luck and goodbye. I held his hand for a moment and inquired if there was anything in town I could do for him. "Yes," he replied, "when you sentence boys to the reformatory it scorches their very souls. They become branded. Give 'em a chance. Sentence 'em to the outdoors."

Down the Au Sable *in* Skiffs

By *T. F. Marston*

". . on an eternal river, whose silence would never break."

"ONE of the troubles with a population-saturated world," said Frederic F. Van de Water in a recent issue of this magazine, "is that there are not more streams!" And in the same article, ..."if one follows a stream to its source, it may lead him into Eden once more."

And when four of us from the population-saturated world, floated down the Au Sable last summer, from Grayling to where this lovely stream meets the South Branch, we felt that we had, indeed, come into Eden.

True, this was only thirty-five miles of this famous river, and that very near its source, while more ambitious have floated its whole length of 250 miles to its mouth at Oscoda on Lake Huron. But in those thirty-five miles there was the flavor of an earthly paradise, there was healing and peace.

We embarked at the old bridge at Grayling, Michigan, in four Au Sable skiffs, with a Grayling pilot and one of us in each skiff. I call them Au Sable skiffs, because they are peculiar to the Au Sable, hybrids of the river, with the grace and slender lines of a canoe, but with the seats of a rowboat, equipped with soft cushions. Their length is anywhere from 18 to 24 feet, the whole of which length separates the passenger in the prow from the pilot in the stern with his pole and paddle.

From the moment of embarkation, at noon on a cloudless summer day, our expectation of this famous trip was plunged immediately into realization. We didn't have to wait several miles for beauty. It was upon us. From the Grayling bridge, the Au Sable begins its serpentine course, between bushes and trees that closely hug the banks. Silver birches, cedar, tag alder and spruce surrounded us as we slipped by the mouth of East Branch and the high bluff there where one river-loving citizen of a great city has built his summer home.

And just as we remarked the quiet of the place, and thought of the long days of serenity this recluse could call his, a kingfisher rose suddenly before us, inspected us sagely, and flew ahead to wait for us at the next curve, our self-appointed guide. And, strangely, the quick motion of the bird emphasized more keenly the deep silence of the place, our voices as we spoke quietly to each other had an accented clearness. The bluffs and banks at each side here are a canyon of soft, green life, holding hushed words as in a cage of quietude. I had the feeling of being on an eternal river, whose silence would never break, whose path would never again cross the clamor of cities. And even the first little island seemed but a casual punctuation of an endless sentence.

At Pullover we had lunch! The name means just what it says. In the early lumber days, when boats came up the river, they were taken out of the stream two miles below and portaged across to this point, where they were placed again in the river, for the river is a horseshoe between these two points. To Pullover by land meant to the lumberjacks considerable saving in time, for it was two miles by water! For us, it meant a

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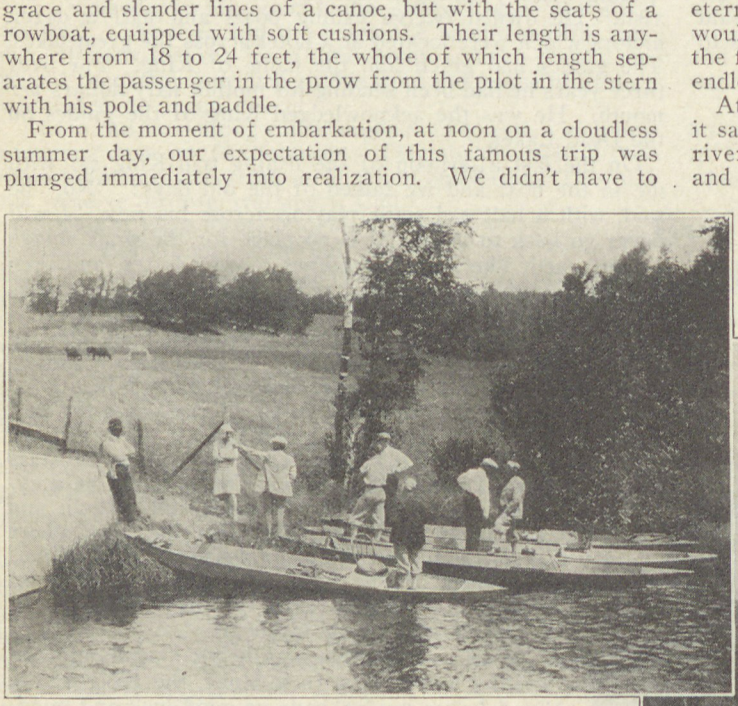
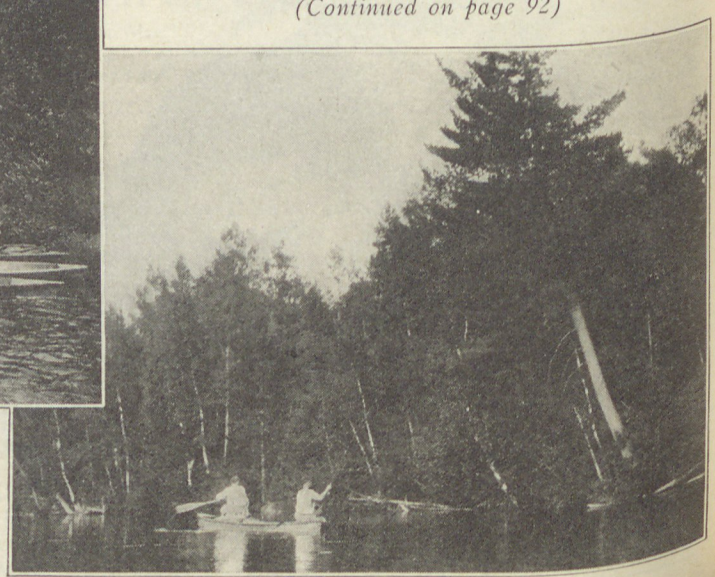


(Above) *Skiffs, passengers and pilots depart from the old bridge at Grayling, Michigan.*



(Right) *"some of us produce casting rods."*

I Never Get Lost

Personal Experiences Relating to the Difficulties of Keeping a Straight and Narrow Path in the Wilderness

By *L. D. Lammon*

Map by the Author

MEET ME. I am one of those guys who don't get lost. I have never been lost in my life.

My old friend, Busta Coggan of the Bigfork river, who now is with the Great Spirit in the happy hunting grounds, was never lost, either. Old Busta's wigwam was sometimes lost, while I have been unable to locate my camp or cabin many a time, but I defy anyone to prove that either of us was ever lost.

My memory of the first time my cabin got misplaced is still quite vivid. I was a tenderfoot in northern Minnesota, in a virgin timber wilderness on the Bigfork river. It was a drizzly June morning, hot, sultry, oppressive. Did you say mosquitoes? Yes, the air swarmed with them, and they were in a vicious mood.

I crawled from my mosquito tent, dressed, lit the old pipe, stepping outside. What insane idea made me take a notion to examine a far corner of my claim, I do not know. Old Busta would have believed that I had offended the woods spirits or had been influenced evilly by "bad medicine." On my domain, extending into a bog, was a bunch of cedar, located far enough from the cabin to make the walk an appetizer for breakfast.

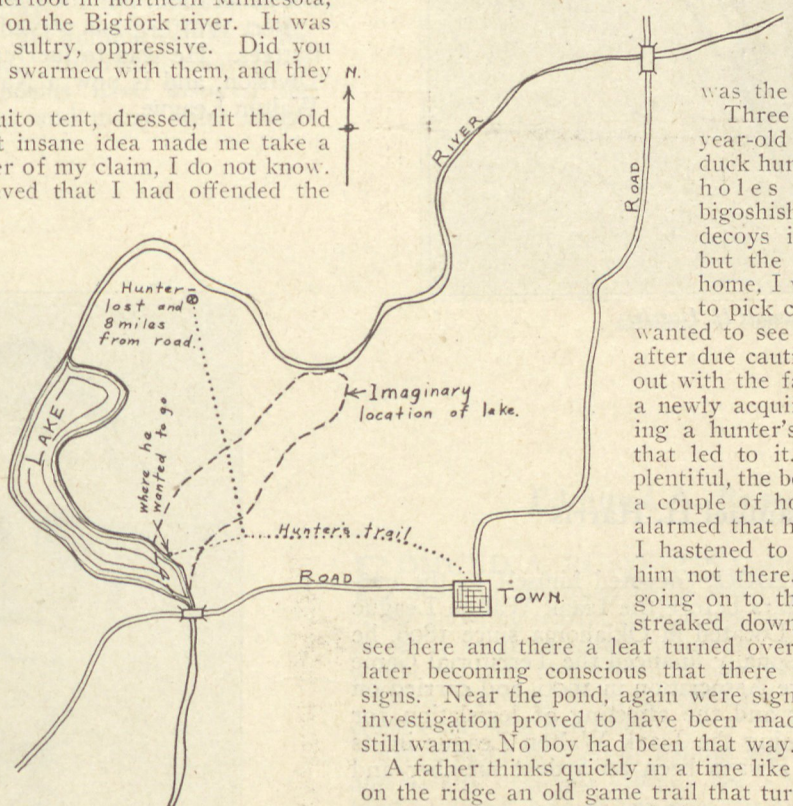
I do not know just what happened, but by and by I awoke from day dreaming to find I had no matches, my pipe was out, and the way back seemed long.

I trekked all day, fortunately not getting panic stricken. In due time night and darkness were approaching and I began thinking of the possibility of wolves, there being plenty of the big timber variety in that locality, which decided me to find a large tree, climb it and belt myself to it for the night. I walked and walked through swamp-spruce and small tamarack, and only when almost completely discouraged, did I spot a large white pine. There was something about that tree which was familiar, as well it might be, for it was located in my front yard.

Let me say right here that I believe there is nothing a man may better do, when lost, than to properly petition his Maker. I always pray better when I am lost than at any other time.

This experience was the beginning of a long series of losing my camp or cabin. No one could misplace them easier. However, it was the only time I was without matches or compass.

A short time ago three of us Waltonians dragged a boat loaded with trout fry down a small stream, planting the fry in small spring feeders. There remained, after emptying the cans, yet some distance to go, with the stream getting navigable, and but room for one man in each end of the boat; and knowing the country, I left my companions to float down, while I cut across a wild bit of woods. It was pitch dark and cloudy, and I hesitated, for if I went astray, there were miles of swamp. Away off in the distance I could hear a cowbell and I knew that to be my destination. Believe it or not, but when I got deep into the woods, that old cow laid down. Not a tinkle, not a tinkle! Was I lost, or was the cow lost?



Three years ago my twelve-year-old son and I went duck hunting at a trio of potholes near Lake Winnebigoshish. We placed our decoys in the middle pond, but the ducks not being at home, I went to the left pond to pick cranberries. The boy wanted to see the third pond, and after due caution and warning, set out with the family house dog and a newly acquired shotgun, following a hunter's path on the ridge that led to it. Cranberries were plentiful, the boy was forgotten and a couple of hours passed. When, alarmed that he had not shown up, I hastened to the decoys, to find him not there. I lost no time in going on to the third pond. As I streaked down that path I could see here and there a leaf turned over by a careless foot, later becoming conscious that there were no more trail signs. Near the pond, again were signs, which, after little investigation proved to have been made by a deer, its bed still warm. No boy had been that way.

A father thinks quickly in a time like that. I remembered on the ridge an old game trail that turned into the swamp, and a hunch told me to look that way, following it deep into the spruce, until it spread out like your thumb and fingers in many directions. There were no signs. Straight ahead was a large spruce, and one large tree led to another. Back into the swamp I went, shouting, not for the boy but for the dog.

A good healthy boy can do a lot of traveling, once started, and that boy of mine was going strong. About a mile deep in the spruce I heard a cry, and thanks to his having the best pair of lungs in Minnesota, I found him. He was following the little stream called Pigeon River, a sensible thing to do, but it would have taken him two days to reach a road.

I have seen men panic stricken when lost. I saw a boy run like a frightened hare, and had he not been caught, he

(Continued on page 89)

Biographies *By* Arthur B. Wilson

Outdoor

Samuel H. Harris

Samuel H. Harris

SAMUEL H. HARRIS devoted himself to the outdoors many years before the Izaak Walton League came into being. Located in Oklahoma since 1896, he organized and personally financed the Territorial Game and Fish Protective Association in 1906, and carried on conservation work and the effecting of legislation for this purpose. Joining the Izaak Walton League in its inception, he has always been an ardent member and active supporter.

Judge Harris believes that game wardens and conservation officers should be conservationists and teachers rather than constables and gun men—that the protection and development of fish, animal and outdoor life is a life-study in itself.

In his opinion, outdoor recreation and nature study form a prime essential for the youthful mind, satisfying the yearning for adventure and constituting the greatest single moral force in the upbuilding of proper character and mental attitude. The path leading to camp, forest and streams takes the mind away from demoralizing influences.

At present, Judge Harris is chairman of the Oklahoma State Game and Fish Commission.

A. C. Willford

LIKE may attract unlike in many things, but not so when it comes to the Izaak Walton League and Bert Willford. In spirit and in actuality they're both "like," and the League and "Bert" were attracted to each other from the very beginning.

Bert Willford is an outdoor enthusiast, if there ever was one. He claims that the grain, feed and seed business by which he maintains a livelihood, is only a side issue, and the family verifies the fact that his conservation year numbers 365 days.

As might be expected, Bert Willford is rotund by virtue of being good natured and jovial. You should see him smile when taking an annual trip to the upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge. And between smiling and fishing he talks Izaak Walton League. He is interested in preserving America's outdoors not for the present generation, but for the boys and girls of tomorrow.

Bert Willford has served on many conservation committees. He was formerly State President of the Iowa Division, and is now a National Director of the Izaak Walton League.

A. C. Willford

Americans

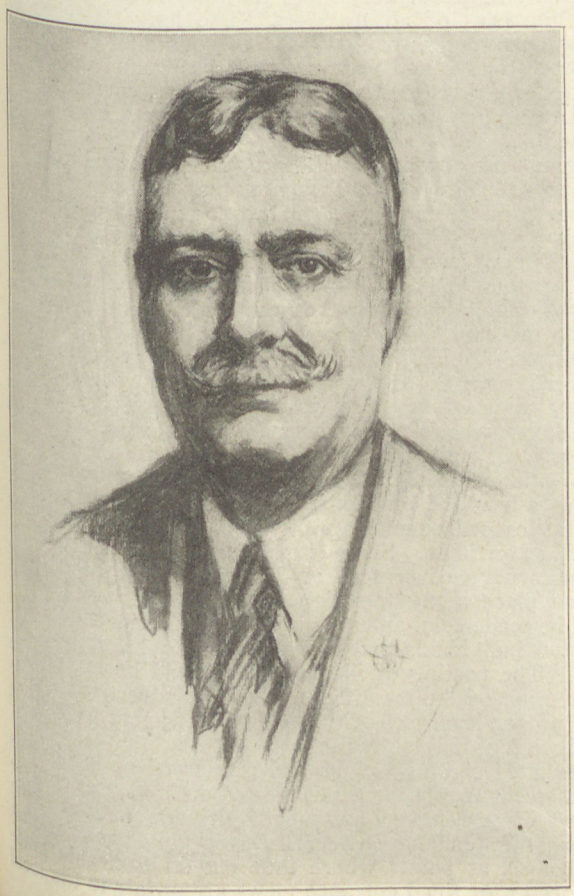
Portraits
By Julius L. Olson

Sherman Brown

FEW men compare with Sherman Brown in what they have done, and how they have done it. Waltonians everywhere know him, respecting and honoring him.

Sherman Brown was a prominent member of the original handful that organized the Milwaukee, Wisconsin Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. He has always been an outstanding Waltonian figure in the Middle West. During his presidency in 1926-27, the Wisconsin State Division became the largest in America. In 1927, he was unanimously chosen National President of the Izaak Walton League, an honor he was compelled to decline for business reasons, but he has always regarded the call as the greatest honor of an extremely busy and distinguished career. The Wisconsin Conservation Law, declared to be the most perfect in the Union, is largely the result of Mr. Brown's efforts.

Mr. Brown is the manager and guiding genius of the Davidson Theater, Milwaukee. An artist by nature—a writer by inclination—his poems have inspired the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA and many other magazines.



Sherman Brown

Edmund A. Russell

Edmund A. Russell

EDMUND A. RUSSELL'S favorite outdoor sport, without any question, is shooting. As the opening of the shooting season approaches he claims to suffer severely from an intense irritation of his "trigger" finger, which can only be relieved in one way.

Duck shooting is his preference, and next to that come quail and partridge.

Mr. Russell is fond of fishing also, but prefers trout and bass to deep sea fishing. He is interested in every kind of sport, was at one time an excellent boxer and took part in other forms of athletics.

Being Vice President of the Otis Elevator Company, Chicago, and director of several banks, he is an acknowledged leader in the financial and business world.

His services during our last war were notable. He served as Chief of the Chicago Ordnance District and was awarded the D. S: M. for his activities.

He is Vice President and Trustee of the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation, and is intensely interested in the Izaak Walton League. He believes in the saving of sport for his own and his friends' grandchildren. In other words, his interest is not selfish, but is directed to the future outdoor opportunities of our country.

Photographs courtesy Penn. Dept. of Highways.

Roadside Possibilities

A slope along the highway covered with honeysuckle to prevent erosion.

By *John W. Keller*

EVERY disciple of Izaak Walton loves the out-of-doors. In coming into contact with nature the perplexities of life become small and of little import, for in the presence of a century-old tree or a waterfall, old beyond the memory of man, the pettiness of human nature shrinks to nothingness. A man's soul expands as it does under no other influence and his daily tasks, performed at a desk mayhap, are only a means to an end and would be irksome indeed were the prospect of indulging in a revel of hunting, fishing, camping or general recreation removed. The media employed in gratification of this desire is first: the family car; second: the improved highway along both sides of which stretches a strip of land from eight to forty feet wide. These are the roadsides; just beginning to come into prominence as a means whereby the highways may be beautified and their value increased.

Highway departments of the United States are becoming roadside conscious and are realizing to a much greater extent than they ever have that the preservation of natural growing trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers is of first importance in any scheme of roadside development. They have been forced to realize, too, that any plan can be materially interfered with unless nature lovers who persist in gathering roadside flowers, autumnal-colored leaves, and edible or highly-colored fruits are restrained through the medium of the law. This applies as well to corporations that behead trees for utility line clearance. The closest scrutiny of motor patrols does not serve to check these illegal practices and legislation for the protection of roadside plants is essential in educating the public to a proper respect for the rights of others. These laws should provide heavy punishment for violation and the authority should be utilized to the fullest extent for preserving natural beauty, healing the scars of construction, and restoring natural conditions along the highways, which, without the assistance of man, may be lost forever.

Each state sooner or later will have a system of roadside parks for accommodating the overnight visitor as well as the person who finds pleasure in lunching by the roadside. These parks are essential to the happiness and comfort of the traveling public and should be constructed and maintained by the State.

Every person who uses the highways has often passed within a few feet of a beautiful panorama without suspecting its existence for no other reason than that the vista was obstructed by a dense mass of low-growing trees and shrubs. Most states are rich in beautiful landscapes that should be constantly before the eyes of all travelers. The long stretches of highways passing through timbered mountains and along tree-lined streams and valleys should be broken up by intermittent openings to disclose distant views, crystal mountain streams, or small villages that the motorist may be approaching. This work is inexpensive. Frequently the lopping of a few branches will bring the result and at other locations stretches 600 to 1,000 feet may be opened. The traveling public is rapidly learning to look for beauty spots.

Outdoor advertising has marched steadily forward with the good-roads movement. It would seem that it is the belief of these advertising agencies that "A nation on wheels"—which is what we of the United States are reputed to be—must be educated by covering every roadside building, tree, stump, fence, and boulder with some form of advertising. Signs that have been outlawed from the highway right-of-way are particularly repulsive to the nature lover, who, either in business or pleasure, makes up a majority of highway users. Each year fewer of these outdoor-minded people are being persuaded to purchase the products advertised on illegal or ill-placed highway signs. This has caused some manufacturers to discontinue this form of advertising. Snipe signs and signs posted without the landowner's consent or against the laws of the State have no place along the highways. An organized effort should be made semi-annually by highway departments and interested individuals and organizations to have them removed. The posting of illegal signs should be brought to the attention of the manufacturer of the advertised article by the proper legal authority of the government to prevent a continuation of this practice.

Illuminated signs by night and groups of poster boards by day, so commonly met in congested districts, are confusing and distracting to automobile drivers, and at some locations they endanger traffic. Advertising agencies that erect boards at points where they cut off desirable landscape, water, or town entrance views are unfair to the local

people, and are injuring the product they endeavor to sell. Fortunately reliable outdoor advertisers very often are willing to remove poster boards from these locations at the request of anti-billboard enthusiasts in an effort to make beauty available to the masses.

Roadside monstrosities, such as roadhouses and eating stands simulating ice-cream cones, layer cakes and barrels, are short-lived novelties. The roadside stands and filling stations that conduct a daily clean-up campaign and establish flower beds, window boxes, evergreen trees, or flowering shrubs, whether in an expensive and elaborate landscape design or a simple and inexpensive one, will make a favorable impression and have no difficulty in enticing travelers to their doors. Right-thinking folks always associate beauty with neatness and do not hesitate to patronize business places that are advertised by their tidy appearance. However, so long as the traveling public continues to patronize unkempt roadside establishments, their removal from the highway will be a problem and they will continue to be a blot on the landscape.

Any practical plan of roadside development provides for the reduction of maintenance costs. This makes roadside development an economic as well as an esthetic measure. If the selection and arrangement of plants is effective in reducing costs, and if at the same time it follows the conditions essential for growth to a point where nature can assist and make them beautiful, the plan will be doubly successful. Grass berms and shoulders through rural districts and locations where traffic does not become congested are the cheapest and most easily maintained. Well-kept sod is an important factor in keeping traffic on durable roadsides. This has been demonstrated by the frequency with which automobiles are driven off the edge of an improved road onto bare ground, and how seldom they are driven onto grass. An effort should be made to establish grass immediately following construction operations. Bare spots and gentle slopes may be seeded with a mixture of Kentucky blue grass, Canadian blue grass, red-top and white clover. An equal quantity of oats may be sown with the grass to serve as a quick cover mulch and to prevent erosion. Culvert entrances and other steep places subject to erosion may be covered with sod purchased from landowners near the location. Sandy-loam sod two and one-half to three inches thick is easily handled and will withstand dry conditions best. If the area is steep or slides anticipated, each square foot should be pinned down with a wooden pin.

While a large part of the work accomplished in highway beautification will be economic in its ends, there are locations where it is desirable to plant for beautification alone. Shade and ornamental trees and shrubs have a definite place along the highway just as they have along the lawn, campus, and city streets. In addition to planting, boulders and rocky promontories may be retained in road construction to bring out the rugged naturalness of the roadside. Historic markers may be preserved, springs saved and concreted, and natural beauty opened to view.

The modern highway is noted for the volume of cuts and fills essential to its construction. These slopes are continuously eroding and increasing the highway maintenance costs. Nature's way of checking erosion is to cover the slope with plants, the tops of which break the force of dashing rains and the roots hold and conserve the soil. Nature unaided may require decades to establish an effective cover, but with carefully directed assistance she can be relied upon to do it in a very short time.

This is a work which every highway department should carry out. It may include the planting on slopes that are not coming back naturally with a satisfactory growth; those through agricultural lands with honeysuckles, creeping roses and matrimony vines; those through forested regions with black locust, sumac and other rapid growing trees that will thrive on dry, sterile soil. Willow posts and poles, weeping forsythia, coralberry, barberry, ivy, euonymus, elderberry, Virginia creeper, bittersweet, wisteria, and similar vines and shrubs have a logical use at special locations. In planting on slopes all plants should be set in a perpendicular position and not at right angles with the face of the slope,

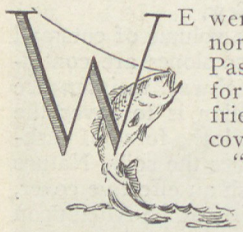
(Continued on page 72)

The lopping of a few branches will frequently open beautiful scenic views.

Bill Takes A Lady Fishing

And the lady, though a tenderfoot and unlucky, resolves to try again

By
Cornelia Alexander
Drawings by Mazie Border



WE went into the Jackson Hole country in northwest Wyoming by way of Teton Pass and arrived at Jenny Lake in time for supper. Great platters of crisp fish, fried whole, graced the clean oilcloth-covered table.

"Oh, look at the trout," I exclaimed. "Who catches them?"

Sam looked at Lou and Lou answered, "Well, Sam and me catches some when we get time, but mostly Bill does the fishing for everyone around here. Sam caught that piece of mackinaw you're rompin' on, but Bill caught the speckled ones." I reached to the platter for another piece to romp on and while greedily eating my fill I listened to an argument concerning the merits of Coachman, hackle and spinner. Lou said a spinner wasn't any good in these here parts in August and Sam said it was, and to clinch his argument he pointed to the wall behind me. "Look at that mackinaw head over there; Bill caught that in August and got it with a spinner, too."

My eyes followed his pointing finger to rest on a huge fish head mounted on a wooden plaque. It was merely a rough square of board with a little rim of pine bark. Nailed to the center of it was a large head with tightly drawn skin, its mouth agape in a great O, its eyes slightly astonished, the whole of it bright and shiny with dried varnish.

I gazed into the eyes staring into mine and was fascinated with the horror of its ugly countenance, but suddenly as I gazed it seemed to take on beauty and I became filled with the desire of hooking and owning and mounting just such a trophy for myself.

"Where do you keep the wonderful Bill who caught this fish?" I inquired.

Sam looked at Lou and Lou spoke, "Oh, he's around somewheres—probably in the cook tent. He's woman-shy. They kinda embarrass him, especially since last summer when he promised a dude woman at the Danny ranch all the fish he was going to catch the next day. She was expecting some swell friends from New Yawk and had promised 'em a fish fry and she picked on Bill to furnish the fish because he *never* failed, no sir-ee, she said Bill *always* brought in a bag full. Well, he went out that morning all happy and care free and boastful-like and came back a changed man. He hadn't had a strike all day and it took the starch right out of him—can't look any of us in the eye since."

"Then what did the dude woman do for fish?" I asked, my mind on her duties as hostess.

"Oh, when Bill showed up without any, why Sam and me walked over to Cottonwood Creek and in about half an hour got all she wanted. He'll be dropping in here some day. Until you came we haven't had a red headed woman here for several seasons and his general curiosity is bound to get the better of him."

A few days later I glimpsed Bill starting on a trip. Very tall he was, and thin. High, wide forehead. Black hair. Eyes deep and candid, a great help in maintaining secrecy. He was burned brown by the sun and wind and was dressed in the most nondescript clothing. Thrown on. He wore an old felt hat, shapeless and faded from many rains, with the silk band, which had been the summer home of fish hooks for many years, shredded into tangled floss. When I came to know him he was just as he appeared to be, as secretive and shy and as noncommittal as an Indian. He listened mostly, seldom speaking. But his vocabulary was pointed and profane when needed.

I heard nothing but fish, fish from morning until night. One evening some days later when the men were sitting around the log fire discussing the day's catch, I interrupted, "Lou, will you let me go with you some time on a fishing trip? I want to catch a big mackinaw."

"I don't think I will be going again soon," he spoke up hastily, "but Sam here will be glad to take you."

Sam looked sickish and said, "Sure, I'd take you, be glad to, only I'd planned my next trip way over on the Gros Ventre. Expect to stay several days, too. Hard trip for a woman. Sorry." Hypocrite. Bill said nothing but looked into the fire.

So, then, imagine my surprise to be awakened at daybreak (and daybreak comes mighty early in the Teton country) by scrunching heavy footfalls, and thinking, as I buried my head in the pillow, "there's that darned bear again," to hear a gruff voice outside my tent flap, "Hey, get up, I'm going fishing." The voice was Bill's.

"What's that to me?" I asked anxiously.

"You can go along if you get up in time," he said in a don't-care-whether-you-do-or-you-don't voice and sauntered off.

"Hey, wait a minute," I yelled after him. "What kind of clothes do women wear when they go fishing?"

"Well, you *could* wear ballroom dishabille with plenty of paint, powder and mascara," he called back jeeringly, "but you'd *fish* better in a man's shirt and Levis." Levis are blue overalls without bibs, worn low on the hips.

I stuck one warm foot out into the cold gray dawn and groaned, "what a price to pay." I dressed rapidly. No one was about yet so I built a quick fire of pine chips and made coffee. I drank two scalding cupfuls and strained my ears for the sound of Bill's car. He didn't come. I waited. After a long time life stirred in the camp. Sam and Lou came out of their tents rubbing their eyes, "What's the matter, you sick?"

"I'm going fishing with Bill," I smirked. "He asked me."

"For gawsakes! I can't believe it," said Sam.

"It must have been the red hair as done it," said Lou.

Sam shook his head, "It ain't like Bill. He must of got a little touch of the sun when he was out yesterday."

I drank some more coffee. I still waited. I ate some cold fish left from the night before. I stood around where Bill could see me when he drove up. At nine o'clock exactly he appeared in his old car. I had waited four hours.

"Hop in," he said without looking at me and spat an enormous quid of tobacco over the side of the car. I hopped in. We drove off. A mile of silence. "What made you so late?" I inquired timidly. He turned surprised brown eyes upon me, "Why I ain't late. I always start at nine o'clock. Trout don't stir 'round so good till the sun gets them warmed up."

"What's the big idea of getting me up so early then?" I stormed, "You don't have to dig worms or go to the butcher shop for liver (there wasn't a butcher shop within forty miles), all you need to do is grab your rod and fly book, crank up the car and go!"

"I had to make my sandwich for my lunch, didn't I?" he explained patiently.

"Sandwich!" I shouted, "no one said anything to me about any sandwich!" Even then little nibbling pains began to assail me.

"Oh, well, it ain't going to hurt you none to miss a meal," glancing obliquely at my chin.

"Is that so-o," I drawled as impudently as possible. I'm sensitive about my chin. "Why didn't you say something about food? I've never gone fishing before. How'd I know I'd need something to eat?"

"If you wasn't the most ignorant person that ever come to Jackson Hole you'd know things." Then he added complacently, "I made me a fried egg one."

Suddenly he demanded, "Got your fishing license with you?"

I shook my head weakly, "I never so much as thought about it."

"Hell's bells, you sure *are* dumb," and spinning the car around on a five cent piece we racketed back to the post office, where without leaving his seat he shouted, "Hey Richards, this here wants a fishing license and make it snappy." Richards, the game warden, appeared with his book and pencil, but without giving the warden a chance to ask a question Bill proceeded to classify me rapidly, "Her brandin' marks are red hair, green eyes, height five feet eight, weight about a hundred and forty." Then turning to me, he snapped, "Sign on the dotted line and give him four bucks." I did and we started again.

The road unwound itself through miles of gray sage brush. After a long time Bill spoke, "There's a couple of gates has to be opened pretty soon." We drove along. He chewed. Pretty soon we came to one of the gates. I waited.

"Be sure to get the wire back on good and tight after I drive through," he admonished, "we don't want them sheep getting through and drowning theirselves."

I got out. The gate was easy enough to open, but getting it back was something else. Never tell me that mountain people are childishly simple. Their gates, at least, are fiendishly clever pieces of work. After the gate part is closed, the bottom end of a pole is stuck in a stout wire loop, and by holding the pole upright another loop is slipped over the top end. That is, if you can do it. I pulled and tugged and sweat. Bill sat there, he might have been a hundred and sixty pound sack of sand. I twisted and exerted myself without favoring any of my tender spots in the least. "Say," I raved, "I can't do this."

"Oh, you'll get it jerked back into place," he said without moving. In my wrath I gave the wire a final tug and it slipped smoothly over the pole.

After a long time we stopped on the edge of a high bluff. "We go down there," said Bill nonchalantly with a wave of his hand toward the Snake River rolling along through a plain of large white cobblestones. "How do we get down there?" I asked.

"Keep still and watch somebody and maybe you'll learn something. Get them hip boots out of the back of the car—give me the red ones and you put on the black ones." Meekly I sat on the running board of the car, kicked off my shoes and pulled on the long black boots over my overalls. The straps I fastened to the loops on the waist band of my Levis. Without so much as a glance to see if I were following he started down the almost perpendicular pathless side of the bluff to the water below. I slipped and slid and sprawled and floundered behind him until eventually we came near the river.

"Do you see that log out there almost under water?" Bill demanded, "well, you wade out there to that riffle and get your fish. Simple as hell," and handing me a rod he stalked off upstream. In a panic I called, "But how do you work this stick, how do you—" His glare stopped me. Striding back in his great red boots he jerked the rod into action.

"You let the line out like this, you cast it like this, you pull the fish in like this, and since your reel ain't no good you'll have to keep your hand on it to hold your line." Away he went and was soon swallowed up in the underbrush around the bend. And I was alone on the bank of the river and for company, I had fish! I knew there were fish, because I saw them. Dozens. It was impossible to cast from the crumbly bank and the infantile toss I gave my line landed it but a few feet out in the water and the trout were in the middle of the stream, so there was nothing to do but obey Bill and wade out to the riffle. Gingerly I attempted it. The bed of the Snake River in the north end of Jackson Hole is made of billions of smooth round stones, relics of the glacial period. Each rock seemed to have been dipped in mucilage, but by carefully wiggling a foot down until it was firmly wedged between stones that held steadfast I could drag the other foot up to it. That foot in its turn had to hunt a foothold. And so almost

(Continued on page 65)

"—there was still the steep bluff to surmount —and

I was sobbing and breathless before the final pull."

Daniel Webster —Outdoorsman

By *Arnold F. Keller*

Drawing by Uldene Trippe

RECENTLY I discovered that if I were ever to find the real Daniel Webster, Webster the man, if you please, I must look elsewhere than in the political arena. I found him not in the great cities, not on the platform, but back on old Elm's Farm in New Hampshire and at Marshfield on the coast of Massachusetts. I discovered an heretofore somewhat unknown outdoorsman.

Nor did I know before that but for the lure of the great out-of-doors and the sport of angling, at least two of his speeches would have lost some of their savor. His address on Bunker Hill, his secretary tells us, was mostly planned on Marshpee Brook. His famed exclamation, heard by his fellow-citizens at the dedication of Bunker Hill monument, was first heard by a couple of huge trout, immediately upon being transferred to his fishing basket: "Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day."

On the day preceding the one on which it was expected that Mr. Webster would deliver the address of welcome to General Lafayette in Boston in 1825, he happened to be out in a fishing yacht. Fish were not abundant, and his companions were just about giving up in despair, when Mr. Webster hooked a very large cod, and as it appeared at the top of the water, he exclaimed in a loud and pompous voice:

"Welcome! All hail! Thrice welcome! Citizen of two hemispheres!" The very words used on the historic occasion of the next day.

So away from the forum into the wide acres of field and stream, you must come to find Daniel Webster, the outdoorsman. And since we need to enlarge the company of our "Invisible Playmates of the Mind," why not take Daniel Webster in?

The power of early impression cannot be overestimated. Environment and circumstances make indelible impressions. It was impossible for the youth to view a prospect such as he had immediately in front of the house, "enlivened by a crude bridge spanning a lovely little stream," without becoming outdoor-minded.

Writing to his old school master, Master Tappan, July 20th, 1852, after his last visit to his birthplace, he said: "I came today from the very spot in which you taught me; and to me a most delightful spot it is. The river and the hills are as beautiful as ever!"

The river and the hills! What an outlook! Great prospects make for great souls. Big souls cannot endure cramped surroundings.

As a fifteen-year-old under the tutelage of the Rev. Samuel Woods, it appears that he was neglectful of his academic studies, though very brilliant. "On one occasion the Rev. tutor thought proper to give his scholar a scolding for spending too much time upon the hills and along the streams, hunting and fishing." He then assigned one hundred lines of Virgil to be memorized. Webster memorized five hun-

(Continued on page 62)

Daniel Webster's first fishing trip at the age of five.

Concerning Rainbows

TROUT *of the* Black Hills

Their Whims and Tastes

By Robert Page Lincoln

UNTIL Calvin Coolidge fished the Black Hills some years ago I do not believe that the public had really discovered the region or even realized the possibilities within its domain for outdoor recreation and the almost myriad interests that are part and parcel of it. I doubt if, historically, another locality is so jam-packed with incident or where adventure has been more thoroughly at home in all its phases than in these same Black Hills.

Probably some day a writer will take the situation well in hand and produce a masterpiece of the old West in which the Black Hills will be properly limned and its almost amazing secrets depicted with the touch of the hand of genius. It is worthy of it; and it has the stuff whereof greatness is born.

It remained for Calvin Coolidge to discover the Black Hills and also to put the region on the map as a place where trout, and many of them, might be taken under circumstances dignified by the art of fly fishing. That made a distinct impression upon me. I had heard before about trout in the Black Hills. Chance meetings on the trail, by campfires, on lake and stream with fellow fishermen had passed along the word that there really were some splendid trout in the Black Hills and that I should by all means go there some time and test it out. But, like others, I let a good thing pass by, until one C. M. Bahr roped me in and the die was cast. I went with this gentleman in quest of some intangible thing that had for its goal a sparkling mountain pool where lay a trout of both size and girth that was to give me (I was told) the scrap of my life.

The joke was on me. Like others, I had left the Black Hills to their comfortable lonesome, safe in the belief that here was a widely popularized place that was being sold to the people by high-powered salesmen. And then the revelation. Instead of mere hills jutting out of the plains I found myself looking down into deep, forsaken gorges through which roared angry torrents. As far as the eye could reach stretched miniature mountains densely clothed in blue-black timber from which the Hills derive their strange name. There were peaceful, locked-in valleys the charm of which made one loath to leave them, bathed as they were in the purest of sunlight and giving forth an earthy freshness, emanating from growing things, strangely seductive and appealing. . . . "Great, isn't it?" remarked Clarence M. Bahr. "A surprise," I stated; and the way I said it spoke volumes.

If it should ever be your pleasure to enter upon the Hills region, and should you pause for a while in Rapid City, the chances are that you will see among the photos you are asked to buy, one in special of a rainbow trout held up smilingly by its captor, the same specimen of *irideus* having been caught in the Rapid River, possessing (you are told) a weight of no less than eighteen pounds. If you are a fisherman, and a trout fisherman at that, and you behold a trout of this size the breath leaves you for a few minutes and you get light-headed. C. M. (boon fishing companion of mine who had become "sold" on the virtues of the Black Hills) was busy undermining my prejudices in the course of which this photo and several others were called to my attention. I suppose I gave off a wan smile. I may have said, "Well! Well!"—anyhow my curiosity was fired. "Must have been the grandfather or great-grandfather of all the rainbow trout in the Rapid River," I said. To which C. M. remarked:

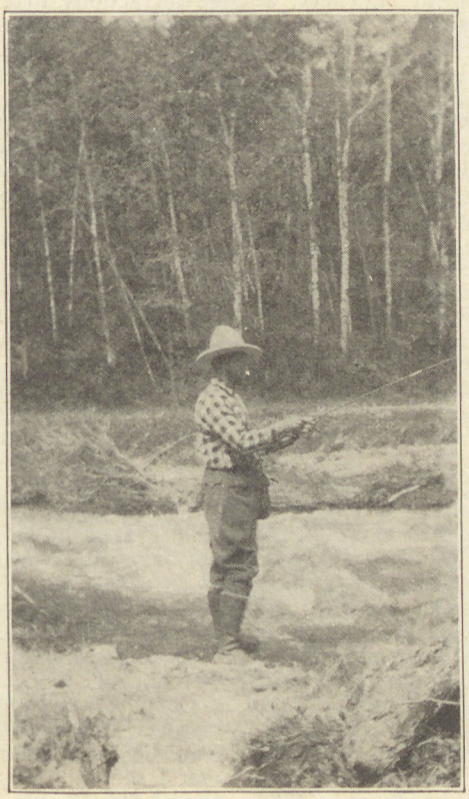
"Do you know how they get these big trout here in the Black Hills? They don't use the fly rod on them at all. They go after them with bait casting rods and a mouse bait. They put a sinker on the line ahead of the lure and drop it down into the deep holes and work it close to the bottom. If there is a big rainbow down there the chances are ten to one that he will seize it. The old story over again you know: big baits for big fish."

"Big baits for bottom feeders," I derided. "But *this* photo, and *this* one and *this* one over here look like a million dollars to me. One runs across rainbows like that out on the Pacific Coast, in the Klamath country and in the Soo Rapids, but I didn't know they grew in the Black Hills. I hope it will be our good fortune—"

"It will. I was prepared for this. I brought along six or eight mouse baits so that we would have enough to go around. I'm prepared to have four artificial mice in a pool at one time if need be to sink the iron into the jaw of a husky rainbow like the one in that picture."

It is probable that C. M. had spent all the previous winter and spring devising schemes whereby certain huge rainbow trout could be brought from their native habitat into the ferocious world above. So far as I was concerned it had not needed more than the advance information I had received to set me thinking and elaborating on schemes of my own that should prove successful in counting *coup* on the mighty. Scenery, picturesqueness, rose quartz, wonder caves and Black Hills statistics for the time being were dispelled as mists before the morning sun.

At the opening of the trout season in the Black Hills when the streams are apt to run high it is necessary to use larger lures than later on when the water is more clear and the streams are low. It is then that flies of a dainty pattern are used and if spinners are added to the flies then



The author fishing Squaw Creek.

they must be of the so-called bird's-eye type, very small. In the early summer, however, spinners such as the Colorado type are greatly used and, as is true of most localities, each of which has its favorite lure, the pattern of fly religiously cleaved to by the fishermen in the Black Hills is the *Captain*. If the *Captain* will not produce results, then there is just no fly that will do it!

Typical Black Hills Highway.

The streams of the Black Hills are typical mountain streams, now tumbling down in rapids and cascades, now essaying miniature falls, here broadening into silent pools with eddies or here breaking into swift runs broken by huge boulders. These streams, tracing their way like ribbons of silver down from the hills, are set in scenes of almost startling beauty. Of these the Spearfish, flowing through Spearfish Canyon, is the most spectacular and is a stream, too, that has given up some five, six, even eight pound trout. Sand Creek is another tempting waterway the pools of which teem with speckled beauties. The Box-Elder, Rapid River, Squaw Creek, Spring Creek and French Creek individually have reputations that vie, one with the other, both as to the trout they nurse and the scenery that they are set in. And no wonder that the trout population in these streams is so high since both the State Fish Hatchery, at Rapid City, and the United States Fish Hatchery, at Spearfish, are both rearing and distributing thousands upon thousands of trout annually and placing almost the entire lot of them in the streams and lakes of the Black Hills.

This happens to be different from conditions in other states where hundreds of streams must needs be stocked instead of as many as you can count on your two hands. One would think, however, that these streams would be overfished, a condition that probably might be applicable to such streams close to highways, towns or villages. But up in the eternal hills, out where one must go a-foot or by horse an almost wild condition obtains and the fish take the fly with a dash and vigor that surpasses even one's wildest expectations. In these waters are found the rainbow trout with its rosy sides, the Lock Leven trout and the native brook trout introduced from our eastern waters. It is an interesting fact to report that one may catch each member of these three species in the same pool and on practically the same lures.

One misfortune befell us in our fishing. The streams had been very high by reason of previous rains, and though at the time they were subsiding, they were still more or less cloudy. We essayed our luck in the Spearfish and were doomed to disappointment: the trout just simply were not at home. We repaired first to one stream and then the other, always met by the statement of each local expert disciple of Walton that fishing would not be good until the water had cleared out. This, however, did not seem possible within a week's time, at the very least, and we were fishing bent, so we aimed to fish if but for the sake of fishing in new waters. In the course of our ramblings we attained to the celebrated Rapid River where we added Phil (as I shall call him) to our staff. Phil is hardly more than fifteen years of age, but had the reputation (so we were told) of having caught more large trout than anyone in the confines of Rapid City and environs.

Having caught certain large trout it meant just naturally that he knew where these finny monarchs held out, something that caused C. M. to take out his array of mouse lures and count them to see that they were all there. Phil, it may be remarked, surveyed these lures with no little interest, for while the Black Hills had been introduced to but *one* mouse lure, C. M. had gone over the land with a fine-comb, so to speak, and had harvested in all of them. Our youthful guide sat long in silence turning these and marveling at the natural cut and shape of the tufted felt ears and wiggling tails. No hillbilly lad of the Ozarks could have shown more curiosity in these lures than did Phil, our guide. It was his conclusion that —"If any old rainbow ever had one of those pushed past his cow-catcher he is as good as gone!"

And so we fished the Rapid River, C. M. diligently plying the water with various wooden and clipped bucktail mice. I was using spinners in several styles, Colorados, singles and tandems in both the silver and the triple-gold-plated finish. Phil was using spinners above a bare hook with trailing worm lures. In this manner we felt that if any rainbows were brought within our piscatorial range we had a battery of attractions that were deadly to say the least. Phil brought us around to one place after another which should, under normal conditions, have produced the bacon, but it turned up just nothing at all. C. M. came straggling in along about noon the day we probed into the mysteries of Rapid River, fanning his face with his ten gallon hat and carrying his fringed buckskin coat on his arm.

"Fine way for you to return from the hunt," I said. "The little old wooden mice wouldn't turn the trick, eh? We expected you to come into camp weighed down with one of those record-busters and here we have to feed you on bacon and eggs. Probably you will be willing to go back to spinners now."

"Well," declared C. M. with broad sarcasm, "I don't notice any tall ones with spots on them that you two pulled out of the drink. So the wooden mice rank right up even with the spinners and flies and garden hackle. Dawgone, I'd give a whole lot for a stack of brook trout fried deep in butter and bacon grease and I'm going to get my fill if I have to stay here until every stream in the Hills is as clear as a mirror."

"We're going on up to Squaw Creek this afternoon," I said. "Phil thinks it has cleared out and we ought to get not only all the trout we want to eat, but some husky ones as an added attraction. Eh, Phil?"

"When the streams are riled up it just ain't no use tryin' to get 'em," said Phil. "But Squaw Crick is diff'rent. They're there and even if it's half-way clear I can promise you action."

C. M. was not at all pleased with the idea of having to lay aside his trusty bait rod for the willowy wand of bamboo, flies and spinners, but made the remark as an aside that I should "just wait; I'll show you a rainbow trout on one of those mouse lures yet that will make your eyes bung out." I told him that I hoped he could vindicate himself,

for, whereas I had faith in the mouse lure as a bass attractor, as a trout allurement I had to be shown to believe.

Squaw Creek broke our spell of hard luck in no uncertain manner, for each of the three of us soon had trout to show. This creek was rapidly getting over its roiled condition and the trout, having established themselves in the pools again without fear of being swept away, were busy feeding. We were soon so engrossed in our fishing as to forget time and place, widely scattered as we were over several miles of that wildly beautiful mountain brook.

In the course of my investigations I attained to one of the large pools on this stream spread out in a tempting manner right below a conglomeration of boulders over which the water poured in no less than white fury. It was one of those pools that you approach, as the novelist would say, "in trepidation." If you are fishwise, and especially troutwise, you will know that a pool such as this has fish in it and large ones at that if there are any large fish in the stream. I knew that much counts on the first casts you make in a pool as to whether you are going to get fish or not and that it is a good policy to cast around the edges, first with due care and then work out into the pool with the closing casts.

I directed my fly and tiny gold spinner toward a swirl beside a boulder nearest to me where I could see the water was just a little more clear than out in the main pool. I had hardly given the fly and spinner more than an initial twitch than I had a strike and set the needle-sharp hook in the jaw of a real trout. The impetus of the water combined with my keeping a taut line contrived to turn the fish down to me instead of into the main pool where he might have easily frightened the inhabitants therein. As it was, I fought that beauty in a smaller pool below and in the course of events slipped the net under him. The fish proved to be a thirteen incher, a dazzling scrapper if there ever was one.

I returned to the pool for another whack at it; and presently placed my fly and spinner in a location one fairly seemed to divine had a big one in it. The fly and spinner in this instance, too, had hardly hit before I had a strike. And this was a heavy one breaking water so that he fairly danced on his tail, a rainbow trout that would tip the scales at close to six pounds. I remember having asked Phil if any real good-sized trout were ever caught in these upper streams and he had stated that once in a great while a good sized trout was caught in Squaw Creek, evidently some that made their way upstream in high water. Well, this was assuredly one of them. And probably I would have successfully landed this beauty, but for having made a misstep into a hole whereby I most indelicately charged straight across the creek with all the grace of a baby hippo and sprawled out, chest down, in the midst of that fluid expanse. Outdoor artists love to portray scenes such as this; and I am portraying it for you now in black upon white, although I believe it is crashing the rules of polite writing for an outdoor writer to tell this on himself. An outdoor writer is supposed to successfully hook a fish, and, most important of all, must, in the climax, net that fish, so that the tale will have a happy and snappy ending.

The result of the episode as detailed above was that I lost my fish, for unlike when you fish with a worm you do not hook them in the gullet. In a case such as the above all a trout needs is a little slack line and what he is able to do down there under water amounts to wonders. I was wet to the skin, and but for the fact that the strap on my creel was pinned in place, I would have lost all the trout I had caught that morning. I made a sneak away from the stream to avoid being seen and by a circuitous route finally reached our car. There I built a roaring fire and proceeded to dry out from toe to scalp.

Later in the day C. M. straggled in and Phil put in an appearance some time later. Massing our catch we were agreeable to agree that we had not done so badly after all and aimed that night to create a delectable feast with all the trimmings added thereto. I explained the situation as regarded the trout hole I had discovered and the large trout I had lost, all of which C. M. took in with great interest stating at the close of my narration—"If you had had a mouse lure for that baby we'd be sleeping pretty tonight!" Whether he meant we would be under the sod from overeating or not, I don't know.

C. M. rolled down to the region of the State Park later in the afternoon to obtain a pound of butter, as he was almost fanatically set on having the trout fried in a choice creamery product. He brought along a superintendent and a ranger who were invited to partake of the choice dainties

(Continued on page 61)

Left to right—A few Squaw Creek beauties. That Sylvan Lake brook trout on the cow rope. C. M. looks the scene over.

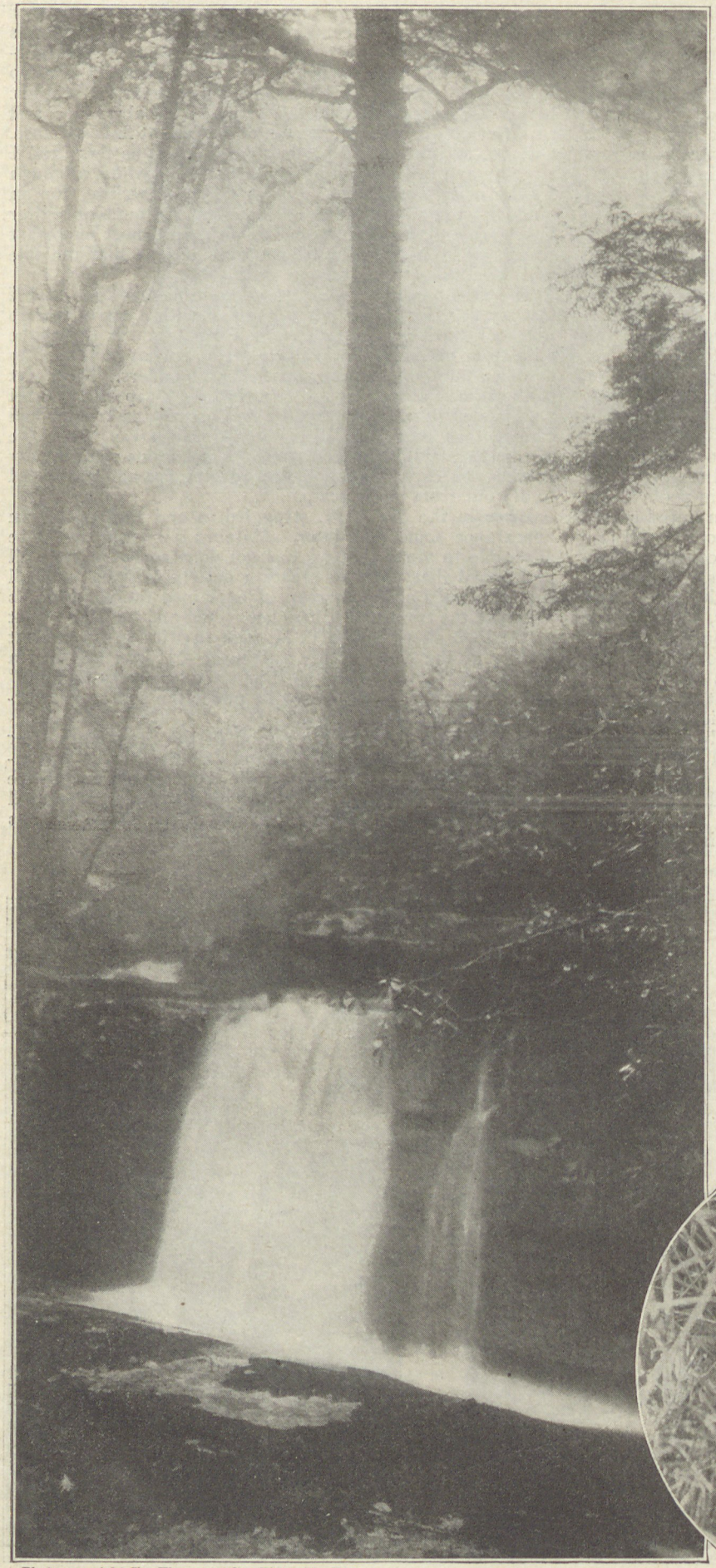


Photo copyright Jim Thompson Co., Knoxville, Tenn.

Smiling in the rain. Waterfall at Le Conte Creek in beautiful Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Photo by Walter Hillmer

Going Somewhere.

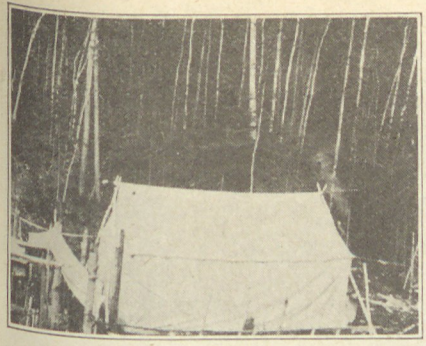
Photo by Ralph E. Lewis

Goin' Fishin'.

The above pictures won 1st and 2nd prizes in a snapshot contest of the Topeka Daily Capitol in which the Topeka Chapter of the Izaak Walton League offered two special prizes.

Fawn asleep in high grass.

Photo by Hal G. Evarts



Tent of Murdo Gibson, camping editor of Outdoor America, on Lake of the Woods where he has lived summer and winter for three years.

Photo by E. R. Gammage

Mexican Oza Cat.

Partridge nest and eggs.

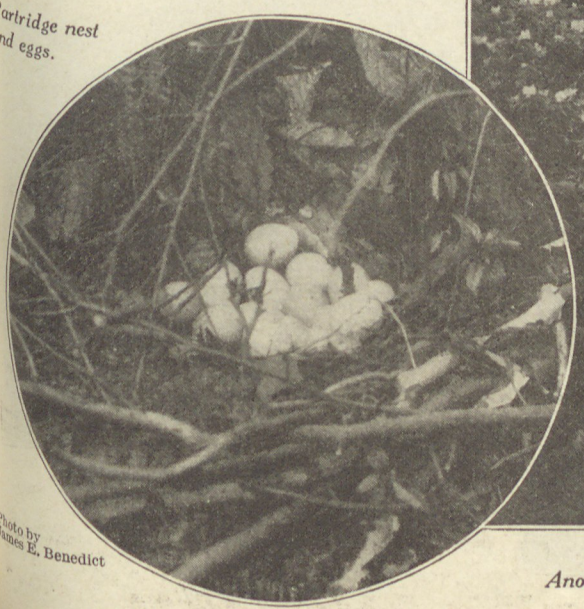


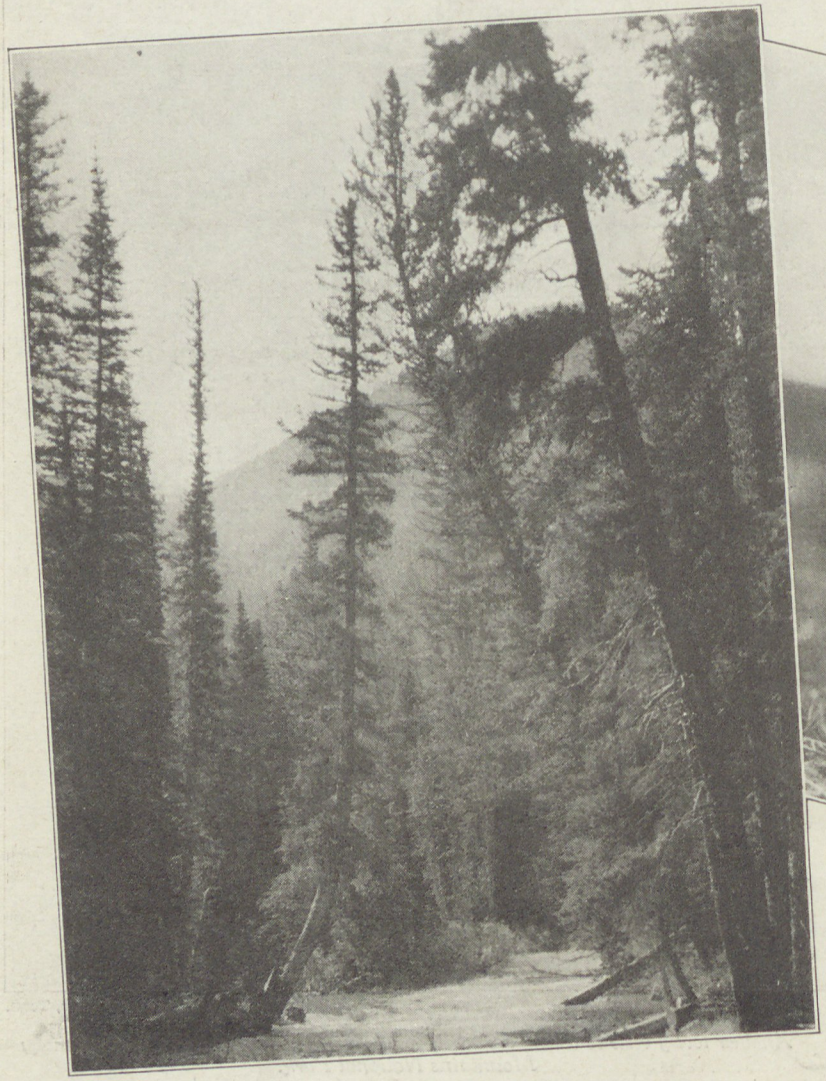
Photo by James E. Benedict

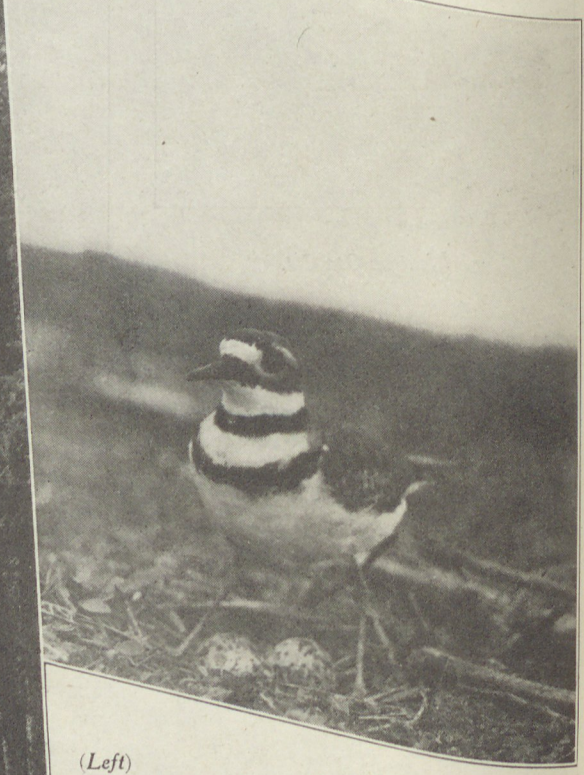
Photo copyright Jim Thompson Co., Knoxville, Tenn.

Another lovely view to charm nature lovers in the newly established Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

(Above) Hunters three.
Photograph by Bert Brown

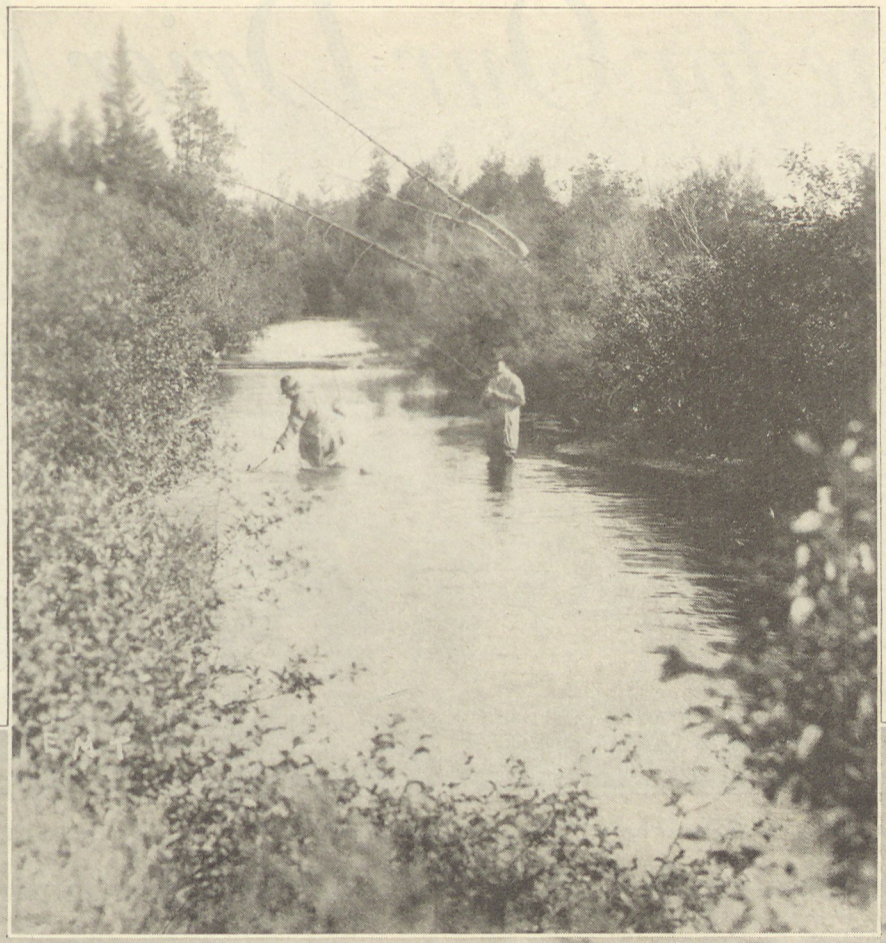
(Below) Killdeer and eggs.
Photograph by Hal G. Evarts





(Left)
"The peace of the world piled on top." Rock Creek, Beartooth Mts., Montana.

Photograph by Bert Brown



(Right)
Welcoming Spring in Blade River, Cheboygan, County, Michigan.

Photograph Courtesy East Michigan Tourist Association

(Below)
"Topsy Turvey"—but just the right position to get that dainty morsel on the bottom. The Canada Goose accommodated the photographer to show how it was done.

Photograph by Lynwood M. Chace

Game for Our Drier Half

Antelope are scarcely able to survive under modern conditions yet somewhere in the world a substitute might be found.

A farsighted analysis of America's accommodations for imported game.

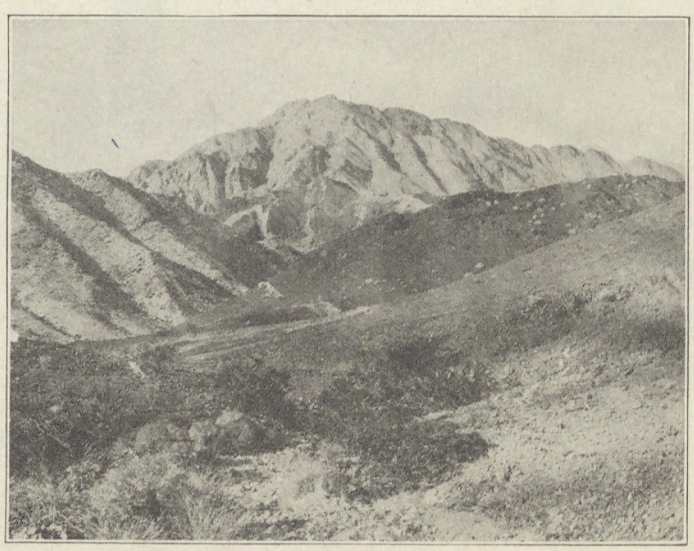
By *W. L. McAtee*

THE longtime outlook for the conservation of upland game in the United States is not a gloomy one provided we prudently keep up the stock and its productivity in the areas that will be available, so far as can be foreseen, for an indefinite period in the future. In land utilization terminology these areas comprise the so-called absolute forest, and the semi-arid and desert lands, which together total something over a billion acres, rather more than a generous half of the entire land areas of the United States.

The future of lowland game, the term including the denizens of beaches, wet prairies, marshes, swamps, and shallow lakes is not so certain, however, and the existence of many of these species hangs by a slender thread. The drainable lands, their breeding home, comprise about ninety million acres, which is less than five per cent of our total land area. The water surface of the United States to which some of these species, especially waterfowl, resort to feed and rest comprises an additional thirty-four million acres. We must face the fact, therefore, that the area for lowland game is much less than seven per cent of our total area. We know that serious reduction of the marsh, swamp, and lake area has occurred in the past and there is a strong movement today for the draining of all wet areas that can be drained.

While it is both natural and laudable for sportsmen to oppose the further encroachment by unwise drainage upon the homes of aquatic and semi-aquatic game, the point of view of the present article is that we cannot expect ever to produce the bulk of our game upon seven per cent or less of our combined land and water surface, and further that we cannot afford to neglect the great possibilities for increasing wild life on the nearly 56 per cent of our land area much of which will be permanently available (so far as grazing operations permit) for whatever game production projects we may desire to undertake.

Therefore, let us concentrate on a determined effort to maintain and increase the stock of moose, deer, elk, grouse, and other desirable denizens of our forest areas, which, if properly handled, can be made effective nurseries for an abundance of game as well as for trees.



Desert territory into which sand grouse, a type of game bird we utterly lack, might be introduced.

We are amply provided with native species that will thrive in the forests and need only make wise provision for their maintenance; in the areas too dry for forest growth, however, the case is very different. If the buffalo had not already disappeared as a game species, fenced stock ranges would have brought about the same result. The antelope has not only been evicted from large areas of its natural range but has made only feeble responses to efforts to preserve it. The prairie hen (scarcely an arid-land species), the sage-hen, a few species of quail, some mule deer and white-tailed deer, a few

(Continued on page 74)

EDITORIAL

There *Is* Justice!

THE best news these columns have been able to publish for many moons is the gallant rescue of Kentucky's magnificent Cumberland Falls from the exploiting grasp of the power interests.

It is one of the most important victories in the history of the conservation movement in America.

The fight has been a dramatic one of five years' duration to save from the despoiling hands of the power interests a great natural wonder, only second to Niagara.

The legislative battle was fought by the Cumberland Falls Preservation Association, of which former Senator Richard P. Ernst was President. Frederick A. Wallis of Paris, Kentucky, as Executive Vice President, led the fight and did valiant service.

To all those who have followed the course of the efforts to save Cumberland Falls, the name of Tom Wallace, now editor of the Louisville Times, is familiar.

Ardent conservationist, game fighter, brilliant writer, he almost single handed aroused the dormant interest of Kentuckians in preserving one of their greatest assets for themselves and for posterity.

Faced by apparently insurmountable odds, in those days when the movement to preserve the Falls was dubbed "a fond dream of sentimental nature lovers," he refused to admit defeat and fought on untiringly.

In 1925 T. Coleman Dupont offered $230,000 to create a state park at the Falls. The acceptance of this gift and the condemnation of the land required for the park were provided for by bills which Governor Sampson of Kentucky vetoed.

In later legislatures, bills designed to preserve the Falls and make possible the acceptance of Mr. Dupont's splendid gift, were repeatedly sidetracked.

However, Tom Wallace and others interested, fought on undaunted against incredible political and industrial connivings until at last the victory is their's and Cumberland Falls is saved to Kentucky and to the nation.

The preservation of the Falls has long been one of the major projects of the Izaak Walton League, and every Waltonian may heartily rejoice.

More Good News

THE recent passing of the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan bill is another cause for rejoicing to wilderness lovers from every state of the Union, particularly to those fortunate twenty-five million people within a radius of 500 miles of the last great American wilderness, the Superior region.

This beautiful forest area is of one and a quarter million acres in extent adjoining on the north Canada's Quetico Provincial Park which comprises several million acres of timbered lakeland covered with virgin timber.

The Shipstead-Newton-Nolan Bill provides for the preservation of the natural water levels of the boundary waters between Ontario and Minnesota and their tributaries and for the conservation of the natural beauty of shore lines for recreational use, and forbids the commercial logging of the immediate shores of lakes and streams.

It also provides that in order to preserve the shore lines, rapids, waterfalls, beaches and other natural features, no change in water levels shall be authorized without consent of Congress.

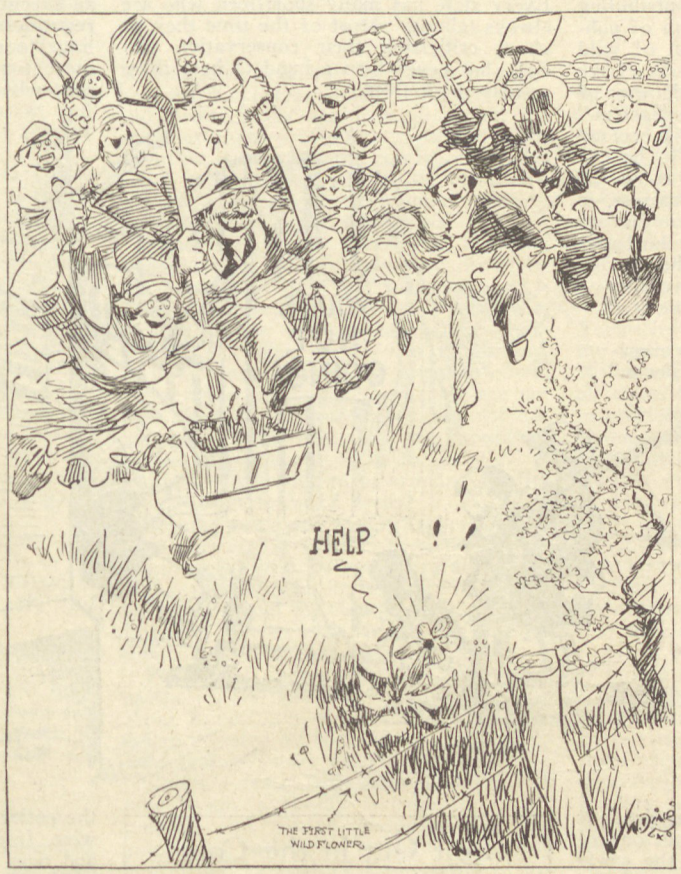
The fight against the bill has been hot and unscrupulous on the part of the opposing power interests while innumerable unselfish and public spirited organizations including the Izaak Walton League have striven valorously for its passage.

The American Legion has heartily endorsed it and has appointed a committee to confer with the service men in Canada in the hope that they will join in a movement to have the Superior Forest area and that of Canada's Quetico Provincial Park set aside as an International Peace Memorial in honor of the men who gave their lives in the world war.

Such a plan would represent a handclasp of friendship between the nations for all time to come.

The recent unanimous approval of the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan bill by the House Public Lands Committee brings nearer and more possible the realization of this glorious dream of the joining of two great national forests in the formation of an unparalleled international outdoor playground.

Look Out—Here Come the Nature Lovers



Cartoon by J. N. Darling. Courtesy New York Herald Tribune.

A Touch of Red

GRATIFYING news has reached us of the smart new uniforms and equipment recently provided all regular field officers and department heads of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

"The uniforms are patterned after the new uniforms of the army officer, and are olive-green in color. The hats are of Stetson make, campaign style. The Sam Browne belt, pistol holster and puttees are of tan colored pigskin, and with shoes to match present a very pleasing appearance."

We thoroughly approve the sartorial effect but with solicitude for the safety of the wearers we suggest that large red feathers be worn in the Stetsons.

Is the American System *Doomed?*

Are American sportsmen in danger of losing their free hunting and fishing rights? Is the European method of private ownership inevitable?

By Seth Gordon

Cartoons by Everett Lowry

FREE hunting! Free fishing! Plenty of fish and game for everybody! A place for everyone to enjoy the thrill of the chase or the music of the reel!

Fine, high-sounding phrases, these. But what are the facts? Can anything so Utopian possibly exist?

Deny it as we will, the truth is that every last one of us would like to believe it possible. We like to cling to the mythical ideal of free hunting and fishing, and plenty of the finny, furred and feathered creatures for our taking. This ideal, though a myth it may be, has come down to us from the days of Daniel Boone.

Then, however, food and clothing were the prime objectives; now the pastime and recreation of the chase is the common goal. But in hunting and fishing, as in golf or any other game, we must try our hand at a stroke every now and then or we quickly lose interest. The day afield is fine, but feel of the rod or the gun in action puts the finishing touches on the trip.

We revel in the fond hope that those free and plenty days of yesteryear may again come back. We hang to these "dream balloons" like a happy child at the circus, but gradually they are being punctured by the scepter of cold facts. Our balloons are being swept away by a tornado of naked, unrefutable facts. We are getting awake!

While it may be a rude awakening, we have hung to these free, noncontributing theories all too long. Our system of public ownership and administration of wild life resources is now on trial. We have boldly proclaimed our democratic way of doing things as the "American System."

Boston Tea Party days may still becloud our vision, but we would like to believe that our system, where wild-life conservation seems to be everybody's business, is superior to the method in vogue in Europe where the landowner controls, husbands and harvests the crop. There the personal interest of the owner prevents the destruction of the principal, the seed stock and the natural habitat.

The old adage is "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." In America we have stripped our forests, poisoned our streams, destroyed our game and fish within three short centuries. What are we going to do about it?

Business Methods Imperative

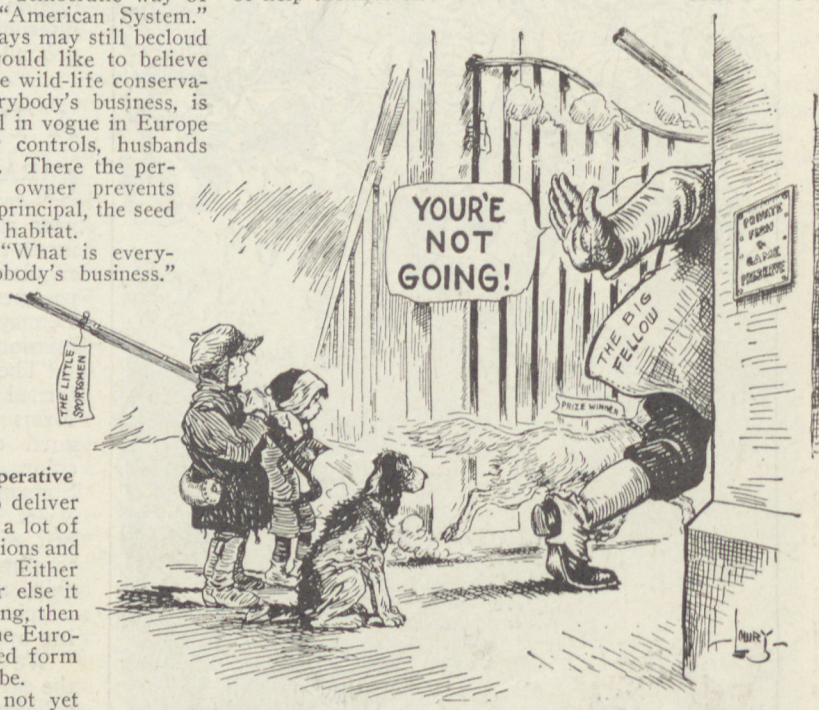
THE first step is to deliver the solar plexus to a lot of our antiquated conceptions and get down to business. Either our system is right or else it is wrong. If it is wrong, then the sooner we adopt the European system in modified form the better off we will be.

Conservation is not yet really a serious business in America. It has been a side show rather than one of the main attractions. We have the world skinned to a frazzle in business methods, but no business could survive the methods we have employed in conservation. Either we must put business practices into conservation or conservation affairs will be swallowed up by business.

Of the 12,000,000 hunters, anglers and trappers, commonly grouped as sportsmen, who pay for hunting and fishing licenses in America less than seven per cent, about one out of fifteen, takes sufficient interest in the outcome to join hands in an organized way to correct conditions. The sheriff has had his foreclosure notices nailed on the door far too long and the creditors, the sportsmen, must stand shoulder to shoulder, jam their hands deep into their pockets, and wage a determined fight to save the dwindling assets. Unless they act and act promptly, the padlock of public disgust will automatically transform the system into the European method of doing things. Then where will Mack Hart's one-gallus man be? On the outside of the fence peeping through a knothole at the privileged few enjoying all the fun!

Public apathy has been the real bugbear and public apathy cannot be overcome without serious effort. The public must be educated along constructive lines, but we cannot hope to educate the public to work toward a common goal until the leaders agree upon a program.

Oh, certainly, there has been plenty of talk. But that is about all—just talk. Every state has many sportsmen who are always talking. Most of the time they sit about criticizing their conservation officials, but never turn a hand to help them or help themselves.



Left Out in the Cold

On the other hand I have found some officials who are afflicted with a superiority complex. They rarely seek or accept advice from organized sportsmen, and seem deliberately to ignore them. This creates bad blood, and sooner or later it spells disaster. Neither the sportsman nor the official can afford a haughty, unyielding attitude and still make a success of the job in hand.

Officials Must Lead Way

I HAVE studied conditions in most of the states. I have found that the vast majority of the officials in charge of game and fish matters are sincere, earnest men. Some of them, to be sure, are old political hangers-on who are not honestly trying to give the sportsman a dollar's worth for every dollar spent. Such men have no place in conservation. They are just so much dead weight hanging like millstones to the necks of willing workers.

In the final analysis, no activity, public or private, is any stronger than its leadership. This is true of both conservation groups and conservation officials. Frequently we waste time trying to change a system, when in reality all we need is a change in policy, a determination to do things in a constructive way.

No matter how sincere conservation officials may be, if they have selfish, political ambitions, or are under the domination of an executive who dictates all appointments regardless of fitness (or allow his underlings to do so for him), what chance is there for conservation progress? I have seen where thousands upon thousands of dollars were paid out of game and fish license monies annually as political pap; no effort was made to render service. The sportsmen who contributed the money stood for it like a bunch of scared rabbits.

Probably the most deplorable phase of the whole situation is the appalling turnover in conservation personnel. Very few conservation officials remain in office long enough to learn their jobs, much less assemble basic information and launch constructive long-term programs. The tendency is to change conservation officials, regardless of the ability of the incumbent, every time a new governor is elected. To make matters worse, new officials have an insane mania for turning things upside down. They want to do things differently. A good example is one of our southern states where the entire personnel, competent and otherwise, from top to bottom was discharged and new men put in their places.

The conservation official is naturally

looked upon as the logical leader in developing programs. But how is a man to develop a long-time program and launch it successfully when he does not remain in office long enough even to learn his job?

The states which have made the best progress are those which have retained trained, capable, aggressive men and have consistently followed the same line of policy over a long span of years. The number of states with such long-term programs in operation today is limited. All too often our programs are nothing but a hodge-podge of meaningless legislative enactments.

In recent years Congress and state legislative bodies have delegated full regulatory responsibility to conservation departments. This makes for better conservation progress. Sometimes administrative officials hesitate to accept this added responsibility, but it is my observation that the officials who succeed best are those who never shirk responsibility.

Betting Dimes Against Dollars

UNTIL the sportsmen of every state join hands in an organized way they will continue to pay for a lot of worthless experiments; political favoritism in the location of fish hatcheries, game farms, and game refuges; favoritism in fish and game stocking; maintenance of the old spoils system and repairing political fences; and various other luxuries which are of no benefit to those who contribute the funds, or to the fish and game.

This brings me to another important point, working capital. Conservation has been operated too cheaply—the amount invested is not even pin money. We have been betting thin dimes against whole dollars! The 12,000,000 sportsmen are spending in excess of $200,000,000 a year for equipment, transportation, etc., to take game and fish. Hunting supplies alone amount to $80,000,000, and fishing equipment and supplies add another $24,000,000.

How much do these same 12,000,000 sportsmen contribute annually to their conservation departments to maintain the sport? In round figures, less than $15,000,000. Half of this amount is contributed in six states. It is easy to see how sparsely the remainder is spread over the other forty-two states. This means that the American sportsman spends about $15 to take game and fish for every dollar he contributes to keep up the supply.

Comparatively speaking, game and fish conservation is still in the peanut-stand stage of its development. Until it graduates into the class of big business, we can expect nothing but peanut-stand support from the general public.

One solution is to make all classes contribute their fair share. Another is to increase license fees. In a number of states the anglers are beggars. They are still the guests of the hunters.

The average license fee is just about one-third of what it should be. The elimination of useless expenditures will help, but until conservation departments generally are given more money with which to work the best officials in the world are helpless.

Production Facilities Increase

WITH all the handicaps enumerated, it is encouraging to note that both the office and the field personnel is improving and gradually increasing in number; fish hatcheries, game farms, and game and fish refuges are expanding and increasing their productive capacity; more attention is given to the control of predators; natural food and cover conditions are being improved; and winter feeding campaigns are being intensified.

BANG! BANG!
HONEST! MY ARM'S TIRED JUST PULLING 'EM IN
BANG! BANG!
ISN'T HE A WHOPPER? TOOK TWENTY MINUTES TO LAND
I BROUGHT DOWN THREE BIRDS WITH ONE SHOT!
THIS IS WHAT I CALL SPORT!
HOW'S THIS FOR A BAG IN TWO HOURS
FLOP! FLOP!
BANG! BANG!
THE RULES SAY TO THROW BASS BACK UNDER FOUR POUND
IT'S SWELL TO HAVE THIS PLACE ALL TO OUR SELVES
SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE
ADMISSION TO MEMBERS ONLY
THEY SEEM TO BE CATCHIN' 'EM, TOO!
PUBLIC DISPLAY
THEY'RE DOIN' A LOT OF SHOOTIN'
HUNTER
ANGLER

Almost 25,000,000 acres are now set aside as wild life refuges (exclusive of the acreage in state and national parks). The big majority of this vast acreage is located in the West, where many enormous areas have been closed to hunting. In numerous instances the areas so closed are refuges on paper only. They are not well marked or posted, they are not administered efficiently, and the predators and human thieves get all the benefit. It would be far better to have many smaller properly administered areas.

Several states are now setting aside and "ear-marking" a specific portion of their income from licenses to acquire and maintain refuges, public hunting grounds, fishing waters, and fish hatcheries and game farms. Where more funds are needed, this is usually a good way to get it.

Permanent investments in public fish hatcheries and game farms now aggregate about $12,000,000—the small sum of one dollar invested by each of us as an insurance against future needs!

Public forests, both state and national, now supply a goodly acreage for public hunting and fishing purposes, but the amount of such lands in public ownership in the eastern half of the country is yet far too limited to hold out much hope for the future. Immediate steps to increase these public holdings should be taken by every densely populated state.

The Private Land Situation

BUT the states can never hope to acquire enough lands and waters to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing army of outdoor people. This means that the vast majority of them must depend upon private lands for their outings.

At the recent Game Conference in New York City the legal status of the game and the landowner was discussed by Director William C. Adams of Massachusetts. "In all states the people as a whole have title to resident game," he said, "and the government of the United States has the title and control of such as wanders over the surface of the country. But the surface of our country, except state and federal lands (a small part in the aggregate) is under absolute ownership and control of individuals. They have inviolate control of their respective holdings, and have the right to say who shall come on that property and when."

About one-third of all this private land is posted against hunting and fishing; the practice is growing at an alarming rate. In seventeen states a verbal or written permit is required by law before hunting upon private lands. It is safe to say that depredations by vandals, some of them hunters, trappers and anglers but many of them only disguised as such, are responsible for the majority of the posted lands.

To bring about better relations between

(Continued on page 73)

Frederic Maurice Halford

One of the World's Most Famous Anglers and Angling Writers

By
GEORGE M. SKUES

Etchings by ED LUND

THE days when Frederic Maurice Halford bestrode the fly-fishing world like a giant with none to say him nay are no more. Time has brought its inevitable revenges—and, with the questioning of some of his doctrine, there has obtruded of late a disposition to belittle the essential service which he did to fly-fishing and his place in the hierarchy of great anglers. This is not as it should be—and it is the purpose of this paper to examine and set forth, now that he is some fifteen years gone from us and while there yet remains a generation which remembers him, the true nature of his achievement.

In his circumstances, gifted with ample means to ensure abundant leisure for the study and practice of his art by the side of his beloved chalk streams, with a mind acute and powerful, great powers of observation and unwearying industry, he came withal to the business at a singularly fortunate time in the history of fly-fishing for the accomplishment of his mission in life, for it brought him into close association with a group of exceptional men—a group such as has probably never before or since in the history of fly-fishing been equalled for fly-fishing ability, interest and accomplishment.

FIRST and foremost we have George Selwyn Marryat, universally regarded as the prince of fly-fishers, fly dressers and waterside naturalists, Francis Francis, then angling Editor of The Field and an all 'round angler of great versatility and experience—H. S. Hall—still among us, who, with the aid and stimulation of G. S. Marryat not only evolved and made practical the eyed hook, but converted to the use of the dry fly the method of upwinged fly-dressing which is described in Walton's time, and trained the incomparable George Holland to dress his patterns to perfection. There were also Major Carlisle (South West), Major Turle (of the famous knot), Dr. Wickham, inventor of Wickham's Fancy, W. H. Pope (of Pope's Nondescript fame), H. P. Hawksley, John Day, E. J. Power and a number of others.

Before he came into contact with them Halford had had apprenticeship of a sort on the Gloucestershire Coln and the Wandle—but it was in April, 1879, that he met and made the acquaintance of G. S. Marryat. Marryat and Francis were at that time lessees of a stretch of the Itchen above Winchester and H. S. Hall was at that time in Winchester itself, busy (with every encouragement from Marryat) upon the development of the hook which under the title of Hall's up eyed Snecky Limerick was to revolutionize the art.

It is true that dry-fly fishing of a sort had been practiced for some years previously (how many is not certain but as early certainly as the sixties)—but the flies used (dressed then of necessity on gut, and generally with both wings made from the same slip of feather) differed scarcely at all, and in many cases not at all from the ordinary wet flies used on rough rivers such as the Tweed. Indeed, it is not improbable that many a trout, supposed to have been taken with the dry fly, in fact fell a victim to what he mistook for a hatching nymph. In those days many chalk-stream anglers were still fishing down stream with soft sloppy rods 14 or 15 feet in length with hair and silk casting lines too light to be driven against the wind.

IT was about this time or possibly a little earlier that the oiled silk line came from America, and with it the 6 piece split cane rod. Messrs. Eaton & Deller and simultaneously or not long after Messrs. Hardy Bros. catching at the possibilities of the situation were soon adapting the method of rod-building to English conditions of fly-fishing, not only wet but dry, with the result that rods to carry the weight of oiled silk lines, and to project them into the wind became an accomplished fact. H. P. Hawksley, surgical instrument maker, one of the group, bettered American instruction and produced double tapered oiled silk lines of a beauty and finish never since surpassed and only perhaps equalled later on by the amateur work of the late Walter Durfee Coggeshall.

Dr. Wickham had recently acquired a stretch of the Test and had formed the Houghton Fly Fishing Club (not that which originally bore and has since resumed that place name) and joining this association of distinguished anglers, Halford found himself in an ideal position for the work that lay before him.

The enthusiasm which Halford put into his pursuit may be gauged by the fact that before the end of 1880 he had decided to try and write a full treatise on the theory and practice of the dry fly, and "with Marryat's assistance the work of collating the necessary materials was seriously taken in hand."

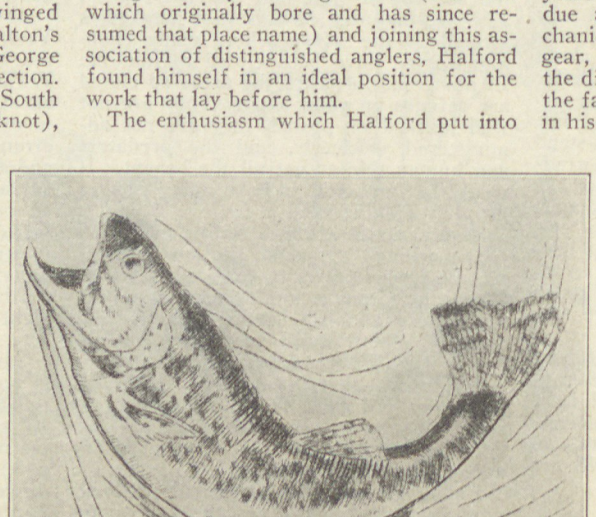
It has been suggested that Halford himself was not an originator or inventor, and that at best he was a recorder of other men's methods and discoveries. It is not a fair criticism, for it might be said of almost any man. If all that any writer owed to his predecessors and contemporaries were eliminated from his credit, there are few to whom any credit worth speaking of would remain. The fact stands, that of all that group of angling supermen, Halford was the one upon whom the genius of Marryat fastened for the performance of the great work.

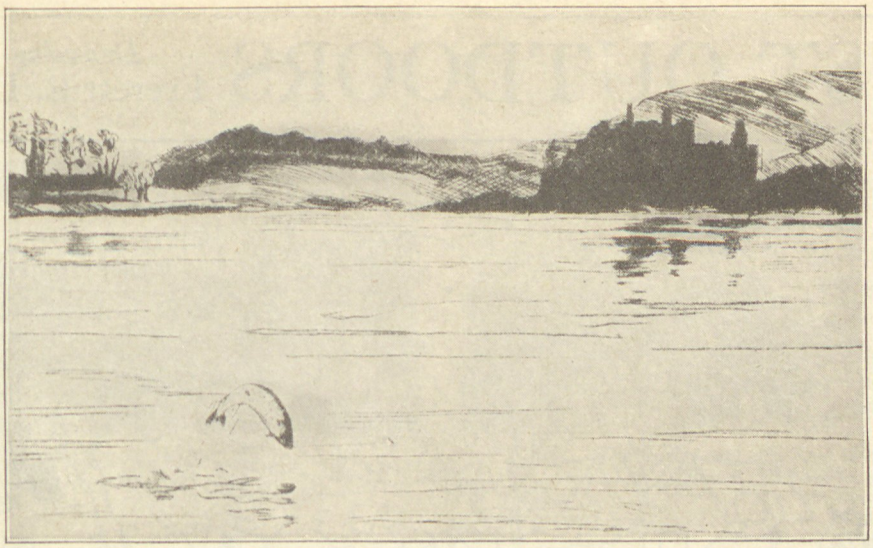
It was not, however, the book on Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice which first made its appearance, but the work which took the fly-fishing world by storm in 1886 under the title of "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them." The book had an instant and a well deserved success. The only really regrettable feature of it was, to use an Irishism, one which was not there. There were no illustrations of the natural insects which the dressings simulated.

AFTER two more years of incubation, Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice, the work on which, in the judgment of the present writer, Halford's fame stands solidly based, was given to the world, dedicated to G. S. Marryat.

Looking back on that work after some 40 years of further experience, and making due allowance for the advance of mechanical achievement in the manufacture of gear, for the coming of the light rod, for the discovery of the use of paraffin, and for the fact that Halford had not, as he records in his Autobiography, learned his fly-fishing on the rough streams devoted to the wet fly, it is fair to say that in its near on 300 pages there is practically nothing on the positive side which the writer need if living at this day feel any occasion to recall or qualify. This is I think a testimony to the book which could hardly be repeated of any other work in the literature of fly-fishing and a magnificent justification of Marryat's choice of Halford to be the prophet of the new cult.

The natural reaction against the floppy rods of the wet-fly fisher, stimulated by the necessity of casting frequently against the wind so as to fish up stream in all weathers, went, as reactions are apt to do, too far. The stiffness of the split cane required a heavy line to develop its power—and the oiled silk





line growing heavier and heavier led to the making of stiffer and more powerful split canes, so that there was shortly developed for the use of chalk stream anglers a type of rod than which it would be difficult to imagine one less suited to fishing the wet fly. The mere force with which it drove the line through the air was enough to dry the line and gut in a minimum of time, and to set up surface drag at any attempt to fish what Halford conceived to be wet fly.

So that it is little to be wondered at that the chalk stream anglers of that day began to look askance at the use of the wet fly on chalk streams.

THAT Halford did not really understand the wet fly may be deduced from his writings. They show clearly that he did not appreciate the possibilities of the wet fly upon chalk streams. He deprecated critical comparisons between the arts of dry-fly and wet-fly fishing, but it was with an implicit proviso that wet-fly fishing must not be done upon chalk streams because there it was almost ineffective.

Though of a generous disposition Halford was not of a temperament to suffer fools gladly—and, when once he had arrived after due experience at a settled conviction, the natural tendency of his positive and masterful intellect was to regard any who questioned his convictions in the light of those not to be suffered gladly. To such he was perhaps too apt to say, "I am not arguing. I am telling you." Of the essential honesty of his opinions there can be no question. His misfortune was that he had not had the genuine wet-fly experience which could have corrected his opinions.

Yet it may well be that it was in the end all for the best that his convictions in favor of the dry fly were so strong; for they led him to concentrate on this subject an enthusiasm and an energy which might have been dispersed and dissipated had he been able to yield to the wet fly what is now conceived to be its proper place and function on the chalk stream; and as a consequence the world might have had a far less masterly work on the dry fly.

IN 1889 Halford gave up his rod on the Test and migrated to the Itchen for two years, where he pursued with the aid of Marryat the studies which led later on to the publication of Dryfly Entomology. Then after an interval of a year or so came the migration to the Kennet at Ramsbury, with the foredoomed attempt to convert what is essentially a wet-fly water, though not of the rough stream type, into a water of the type of the Test or Itchen. It was no doubt impossible to realize at the start of that enterprise that the supply of Ephemeridæ on the water was insufficient, when taken in competition with the supply of subaqueous food of greater bulk per item, to bring the water into the desired class, and that no amount of manipulation, no expenditure of money, industry and brains can serve to bring a river into a class for which it is not ordained by nature. Thus it came about that while Halford was communicating to the Field the series of papers later on incorporated in "Making a Fishery" (probably the least successful and the least valuable of his books) Halford and his colleagues had the mortification of seeing that despite the most liberal expenditure and constant application, including the removal of innumerable pike, each year showed less and less result in the shape of trout killed. So that in 1896 the experiment was abandoned and after an experience on the Ilm at Weimar Halford went back to the Test at Newton Stacey.

In the Spring of 1896 Halford and the fly fishing world had suffered the irreparable loss by death of G. S. Marryat.

In June, July and August of that year there appeared in Bailys Magazine of Sports and Pastimes an article over Halford's signature called "The Hundred Best Patterns of Floating Flies" which gave the dressings of all of them. The article was a preliminary output of a part of the next volume published by Halford in the Spring of the following year under the title "Dry Fly Entomology." It was no doubt the outcome of the joint labors of Halford and Marryat.

The year 1899 saw the issue of a slightly revised Edition of "Dry-fly Fishing in Theory and Practice"—notable in particular for the inclusion in the Chapter on Selection of Fly of a disquisition by Mr. B. W. Smurthwaite strongly insisting on the necessity of exact imitation in the matter of color.

Considerations of health led Halford in 1901 to a further migration to the Itchen below Winchester where he shared the water of Mr. Edgar Williamson and continued to fish there till Mr. Williamson's death broke up the partnership, and Halford returned to the Test, acquiring a water at Mottisfont.

In 1903 he published "An Angler's Autobiography" with a detailed account (invaluable for reference) of his angling career and friendships down to the date of publication. He was in some doubt as to an appropriate title for it, but rejected with some displeasure a ribald suggestion of the present writer that he should call it (in illusion to his Field Press name of Detached Badger) "Attachments and Detachments of a Badger."

In 1904 Halford contributed to the first Volume of Fishing in the Country House Library of Sport a series of six chapters on Fishing the Floating Fly, in which the patterns of fly which he enumerated and of which he gave the dressings were reduced from 100 to 36.

While at Winchester Halford devoted much time to the persuasion of Mr. Williamson (who was an ardent devotee of the exact shade of color theory) to the collection and classification of natural flies. It was here and, after Williamson's death, on the Test at Mottisfont, that were evolved the materials for his last considerable book, "Modern Development of the Dry Fly" in which (published in 1910) the number of patterns described and illustrated was 33 instead of 100, with one curious but deliberate omission, the Adler, and perhaps inadvertently the Grannom.

THE book represented an attempt to establish for all time a sufficient set of patterns of flies for chalk stream fishing, omitting all fancy patterns and even his long cherished Gold-ribbed Hare's Ear and Detached Badger, in which the natural insects were to be imitated not only in their general effect of color and size, but in each part in due proportion and with its separate coloration and the most minute directions were given for ensuring the correctness of every part.

It must be inferred that these patterns were based upon the theory that the trout sees color as the normal human eye sees it, and if this were true and his rendering of such color had been strictly correct, the success of the patterns, great as it has been, would probably have been greater still. The experiment has in any case been invaluable in two respects; one in its grouping of the natural insects appropriate for artificial simulation, and secondly in demonstrating pretty closely the limitations of fly-dressing based on the theory of the trout's sight above mentioned.

There were imperfections in the working out of this theory due no doubt largely to practical considerations. It is a curious fact that though Halford recognized in some of his spinner patterns the need for translucency, in others and in almost all of his other patterns the practical consideration that quill does not absorb water, as dubbing and other translucent material does, led to the use of quills either plain

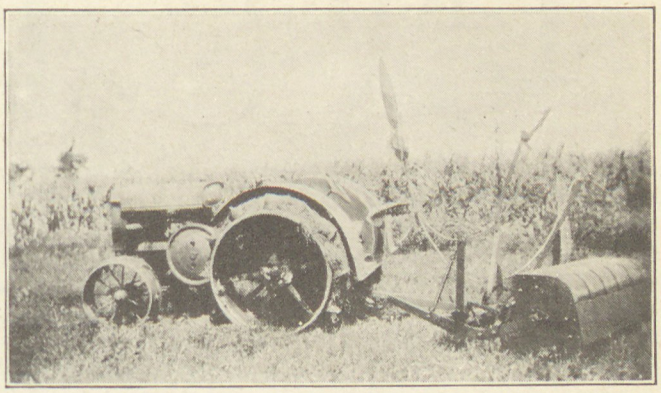
(Continued on page 64)

JUST OUTDOORS

Drawing by Everett E. Lowry

OH SLICK! GIVE BIRDIE A WORM!
I'M GONA MAKE SOME FISHWORM OIL OUTA MINE
I AIN'T GOIN' FISHIN', MA HONEST I AIN'T
BRING A BUCKET
THEY WON'T HURT YAH, FREDDIE
YOU KNOW ME, ELMER!
WHAT'S BECOME OF THE OLD GANG THAT GATHERED FAT FISH WORMS WHEN THE MAN CAME TO PLOW OUR GARDEN?
LOWRY

The sanctuary flooded by high water, from Rock River.



The tractor and slip used to clean ditch. A very efficient machine for this work.

A Little Sanctuary *in a* Duckless Land

By FRANK M. BYERS

The Experiences of an Amateur with a Small Refuge

MY experience as a duck hunter dates back only three seasons. My time as a hunter covered only one season, during which I killed the grand total of eleven ducks. That was not bad sport, considering that this country is truly a duckless country. I say it is a duckless country, for while it is in a line of migration, the Mississippi River, yet very few ducks alight in this locality. Every pond, swamp and river front is patroled by an army of hunters who keep the birds on the move. This may be a good thing temporarily for the ducks, but it sends more of them on south to meet their destruction.

I looked forward to my second season of duck hunting with that great anticipation that only the experienced in this sport can understand. I built my blind on the Rock River, a week before the season opened, and that blind was a work of art, as I had studied all the hunting magazines, and knew what the experts had to say about the construction of blinds.

The first morning of the open season came, and by sunrise I was all ready. My wooden blocks bobbed idly on the water. My live decoys were splashing in the water, now and then giving praise for this much-needed bath by loud quacking which is music to the ears of every duck hunter.

I had been there only a few minutes when two men in a boat dropped anchor on the opposite side of the river. They took up their guns and proceeded to shoot at all the ducks that passed. Of course, their bombardment frightened the flocks to higher altitudes.

I returned to my blind the next morning to find that the two men in the boat were there again, and I found that they were camping across the river and expected to hunt, or perhaps I should say scare, during the whole season.

I returned home that morning very much discouraged. The little wife greeted me with her usual question, "Well, how many did you get?" And being empty-handed, I gave my usual reply, "You know I don't exactly hunt for what I can kill, it is the recreation, the anticipation, the beautiful sunrise and all that." She replied, "Yes, I have heard you explain that before. Here is a book that came in the mail this morning."

I looked at the book and it was one I had ordered a few days before. The title was "Jack Miner and the Birds." That night I read most of the book. *A bird sanctuary.* A place where birds and wild fowl can find food, and safety from their enemies, which includes man. I read how this great-hearted man has created a sanctuary where the beautiful Canadian Geese come in countless thousands. I read how one wild goose refused to leave his crippled brother and remained with him always. Jack Miner's book gives to the reader an understanding of wild life and a knowledge of man's responsibility to wild life.

I thought about the creative work of Jack Miner and his protection of wild fowl, and then considered myself, just one of a thousand fellows in my county, out to shoot at the ducks and drive them away.

I decided to try the Sanctuary plan. I took my five Mallard decoys and put them in a small swamp near the Rock River. There was not much water in this swamp, in fact the pool where I placed my tame ducks was only twenty feet in diameter. All this I did after the "Big Flight" had gone south and that is the only time we see many ducks here.

Three days after putting out my decoys I went to see them and much to my surprise four wild Mallards flew up. I had not expected any such immediate returns on my experiment and I was well pleased with the results. The four birds circled about the field a few times, and alighted a short distance from the tame ones.

The fact that these four wild ducks did not leave was a great satisfaction to me. Any nature lover who has experienced the pleasure of a wild thing ceasing to fear him will understand how I felt. I can assure the reader that the sanctuary plan affords greater pleasure and greater opportunity to see and study the birds than the mere killing of them.

Man doubtless inherits his hunting instinct from remote ancestors. Their killing was justified because they needed the food. Present day killing of wild life is not for us a means of subsistence. While a limited killing of wild things affords an excellent means of recreation for those who would not otherwise enjoy the out-of-doors, yet we should give serious thought to the future welfare of wild life. We should all be interested in the preservation and protection of all wild species that are valuable and beneficial to man.

My four wild ducks stayed until they migrated, their number increasing at one time to seven. However, the three new ones did not stay long, and one day I noticed that there were only three in the original flock. No doubt, the missing one had been shot or perhaps had joined some passing flock.

With the small success of that season in mind, I decided to enlarge my refuge to some extent. When the dry season came on the next July, I took a tractor and a revolving Pacific slip and cleaned out the ditch through the swamp, and used it to make a small dam across the ditch. I placed a tile under the dam so that the water could be controlled. In this way I was able to have a pond of about one-half acre. I believe that the larger the pond, the more attractive it is to wild fowl, probably they feel more secure on a large body of water. Yet a very small pond will do. In fact, some varieties of ducks will alight on dry ground, and Canadian geese like nothing better than a green wheat field.

I put twenty-five tame Mallards in a small pen near my pond, and after they had been confined for two weeks, I turned them loose on the pond. Every night they would go back in their pen. They are great home lovers.

The fall of 1928 came on with its frosty mornings, and I wondered what my success would be. A few ducks started migrating, and my small flock was gradually increased by twelve wild ones. The first week in November the "Big Flight" came down from the North and about forty more joined them. There was much quacking, splashing and rejoicing.

Unfortunately the forty new ones were very nervous. They had cause to be that way, however, as there was shooting not more than a quarter of a mile away. For a

(Continued on page 70)

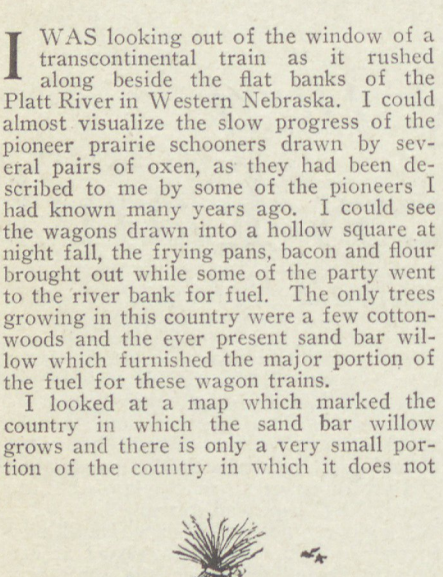
TRIPS Afield with Boys

Conducted by
Judge George W. Wood

Make a Whistle

I WAS looking out of the window of a transcontinental train as it rushed along beside the flat banks of the Platt River in Western Nebraska. I could almost visualize the slow progress of the pioneer prairie schooners drawn by several pairs of oxen, as they had been described to me by some of the pioneers I had known many years ago. I could see the wagons drawn into a hollow square at night fall, the frying pans, bacon and flour brought out while some of the party went to the river bank for fuel. The only trees growing in this country were a few cottonwoods and the ever present sand bar willow which furnished the major portion of the fuel for these wagon trains.

I looked at a map which marked the country in which the sand bar willow grows and there is only a very small portion of the country in which it does not



WOVEN WILLOW HUT

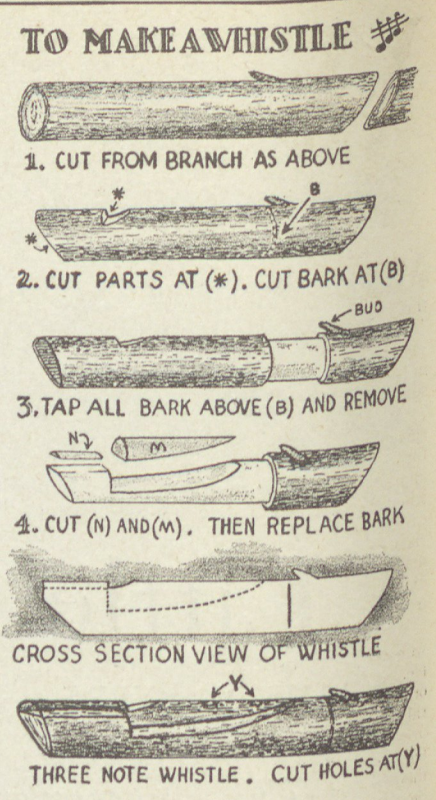
thrive. So hardy is the willow that you may cut a branch, thrust it into almost any soil and it will grow. It has many uses for the out-of-door's man.

If you wish to anticipate the coming of spring, go into the woods in February, cut a few slender twigs of the pussy willow, which is distinguished from the more common sand bar variety by darker reddish colored twigs. Take them indoors, place them in a jar of water, and soon you will have a group of fuzzy gray pussies, climbing the stems, while in the jar the twigs will soon develop long slender roots.

The first thing to be done out of doors is to make a willow whistle and one's education is not complete until you have done this. Take a green branch of the sand bar willow, with smooth bark, about the size of your index finger. Just above a bud make a cut around the branch. Just below the next bud cut across the twig at an angle of forty-five degrees so that the upper end of the cut comes out just at the bud. Now cut off the upper end of this diagonal cut leaving a square end about one-eighth inch deep. Just above the lower end of the diagonal cut and on the opposite side of the stick make a straight cut about one-eighth of an inch deep. Start lower down the stick and cut toward this first incision so that the bark is cut out to make a half moon. You are now ready to remove the bark, first moisten it, then tap it gently with the back of your jack knife, until the bark is loosened evenly. You should now be able to twist the bark off. Start with the straight edge of the half moon shaped cut and cut downward three-fourths of the thickness of the branch. From the lower end of the stick from which the bark has been removed, cut back to the straight cut as illustrated. Then cut a bit off the top of the diagonal cut, moisten the white wood thoroughly and replace the bark. By experimenting with different sized openings and sound chambers, you will be able to vary the tone of your whistle. A group of these willow whistles became the first musical instruments upon which the pagan god Pan played his first woodland melodies. I have been told that if you are fishing and the trout will not rise, if you will stop and make a whistle it will bring you luck.

The Crow and Black Feet Indians laced the slender twigs together with raw hide, and made wonderful beds. Other Indians took the slender branches, stuck them in the ground in a circle, bent the tops over, tied them together, covered this with bark or grass matting, and had a comfortable shelter. They also used the slender twigs to make baskets for storing grains. This was done by laying a number of slender twigs from which the bark has been peeled, on the ground, radiating from a common center, where they were securely fastened. Other twigs were woven around this circle, over one twig and under the next until a circle the size of the bottom was filled. The twigs were then bent upright, and other twigs woven to the height desired. The upright twigs should be woven in to make a secure binding.

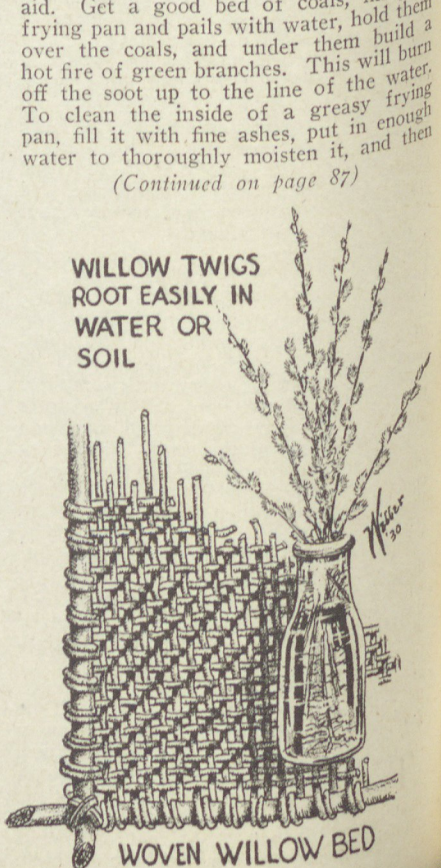
Along the Mississippi where the current tears away the soil and deposits it in the channel, the government has an effective way of protecting the banks from erosion. The workmen cut the bank to a sharp bevel, then bundles of small willows are laid in rows, over these they pile a layer of broken rock, then another layer of willow bundles, then rock again. The willows soon sprout, sending a multitude of tiny roots among the stones where silt is deposited and soon the whole mass is so bound together that even the mighty current of the Mississippi cannot dislodge even a portion of this rip rap. Among


TO MAKE A WHISTLE
1. CUT FROM BRANCH AS ABOVE
2. CUT PARTS AT (*). CUT BARK AT(B)
BUD
3. TAP ALL BARK ABOVE (B) AND REMOVE
N
M
4. CUT (N) AND (M). THEN REPLACE BARK
CROSS SECTION VIEW OF WHISTLE
Y
THREE NOTE WHISTLE. CUT HOLES AT(Y)

these rocks the crawfish breed and minnows dart in and out of the crevices. The big bass lie in wait for them and splendid sport may be had along these rocky shores.

When cooking out of doors, no matter how careful one may be with one's fire and cooking utensils, it is difficult to keep them free from soot. It seems to be almost impossible to keep this from the cloths with which one washes dishes. They soon become a dirty gray, soot gets on your hands and clothing. Nothing spoils a camping trip as quickly as grime and dirt. Here again the willow comes to our aid. Get a good bed of coals, fill your frying pan and pails with water, hold them over the coals, and under them build a hot fire of green branches. This will burn off the soot up to the line of the water. To clean the inside of a greasy frying pan, fill it with fine ashes, put in enough water to thoroughly moisten it, and then

(Continued on page 87)



WOVEN WILLOW BED

WOMEN—*Out of Doors*

Edited by *Betty Benton Patterson*

MAY will soon be here! Whatever this month may mean to others, to the fisherwoman May rings the rally-call, "Let's go." With fly or casting rod and varied lure or with pole, line and worms in a can—it matters not—the response sounds clear, "We're coming."

"Women—Out of Doors" has been received with gratifying cordiality. And for this we wish to express our pleasure and appreciation. We were not surprised when responses, and words of approval, came from sportswomen. But the enthusiastic response from women, whose demanding families might be expected to exclude such interest, has been a source of amazing joy to us.

We repeat the invitation to all girls and women to tell us of their tastes in outdoor pleasures, their observation of individual or club work in the preservation of natural beauty and wild life, that these pleasures may endure. Men, too, are invited to tell us of outdoor experiences enjoyed by their womenfolk. And we will be glad to hear from those women who hunger for these things which through circumstances or environment are denied them.

Judging from the numerous inquiries that have come to us concerning roads, leading to fishing and camping spots, spring has also brought its usual lure of the open road. These inquiries concern everything from when and where to fish to the price of gasoline. But the interesting point, to us, is that almost invariably the writer expresses a desire to do something for the Izaak Walton League.

"What can one woman do?" is the gist of these questions. "One woman" can join an active chapter of the League near her. She can declare her position on keeping fish and game laws, and guarding our forests and streams from destruction and pollution. Without fear on whom her disapproval falls, she can give her opinion of the poor sportsmanship and citizenship of those who disobey these laws. And of course she must personally adhere to the spirit, as well as the letter of "Waltonism." as Murdo Gibson terms our creed.

And this "one woman" can come to the National convention of the Izaak Walton League of America to be held in Chicago from April 4th to the 26th inclusive.

Chicago should be conscious of a surge of spirit during these days, the spirit of modern Crusaders wise in the knowledge that conversion to the cause must come through persistent and practical example and precept.

Every league member, every lover of the outdoors, every doubter of the efficacy of concerted thought and action for a cause, that offers no financial reward, should attend this convention.

Here will be shown what the League has done, is doing and plans to do. Here you will be touched by the contagious spark of inspiration from meeting women and men with a common interest. Here your beliefs in the tenets of the League will be crystallized into a stern determination to do your utmost to hasten the goal of accomplishment.

"TO me, hunting with a camera is more interesting and more difficult than with a gun," is the opinion of Uttie Vogt a Cincinnati girl. "Water-touring" in her Kayak type of canoe is Miss Vogt's favorite mode of travel. "I use my canoe for all of my trips. As it is large enough to carry a small tent and light, but adequate equipment, I am not compelled to stay in one camp all summer, but glide in comfort and safety to the hidden loveliness of remote places."

Miss Vogt holds that almost every girl would go in for out of door sports or just trips in the open if she were tactfully shown the right way to camp and hike. "I am very careful when taking my friends in my canoe, to make the first trip a short one. I never force the beauties I love on them. I go slowly, looking after their comfort, careful to tell them not to sit on cold bare earth or be chilled in their swimming suits. The method of introduction to the outdoors often determines the novice's future attitude."

Personally Miss Vogt does not care for fishing and shooting. She feels that such sports are merely incidental to outdoor pleasures. She keeps fit with brisk tennis, games of handball or cross-country rides, on her favorite horse. But she chooses canoeing with the bank-of-the-stream camp, "anywhere night finds me and alone or with another girl, I always feel perfectly safe."

In connection with her hobby, canoeing, Miss Vogt mentions the vogue of this sport with European girls who have jolly clubs and races with their full size canoes. "Canoes of a standard size are necessary for comfort and safety. I do not think there is anything practical in small canoes designed for girls or boys. Teach them to handle a real canoe."

Butterflies, birds and plants afford Miss Vogt specimens for study. She is equipped by education to be a professional botanist and, armed with her camera, seeks intimate picture-studies of growing things and creatures of the woods.

She expresses keen enthusiasm for Frederic F. Van de Water's exquisite "Rivers," which appeared in the March number of OUTDOOR AMERICA. "I wish heartily that all girls could read Mr. Van de Water's article, Rivers. There is something about a river—something that calls insistently, and I wish that every girl could hear that call and answer it."

MURDO GIBSON beloved by all readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA was host to Mr. and Mrs. Roger E. Hannaford of Cincinnati, Ohio, last summer at his wilderness camp on Lake of the Woods.

The Hannafords are ardent lovers of the out of doors and excel in the arts of camping and fishing. We are sure that every woods-lover envies the Hannafords the privilege of being in Murdo Gibson's camp. There is, in the direct simplicity of Mr. Gibson's letters from the wilderness,

(Continued on page 71)

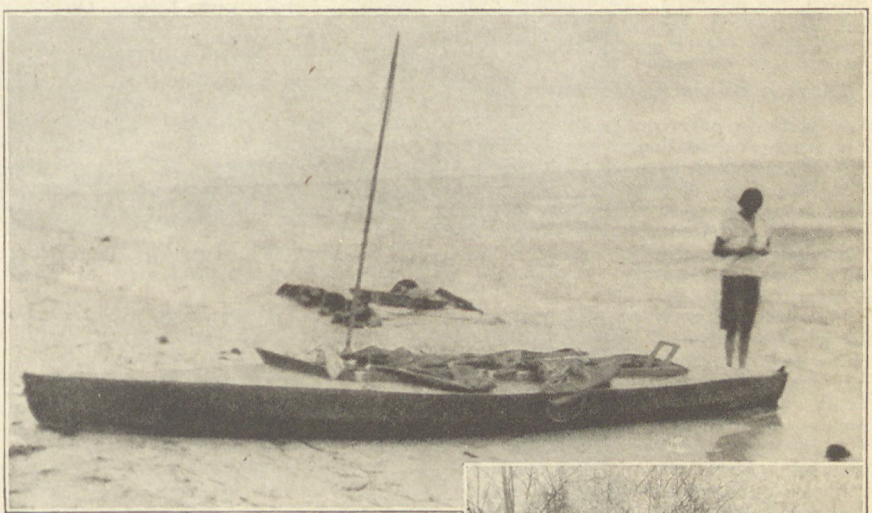
IT is my most earnest desire to enlist the help of all the women readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA in editing this department.

Send me short accounts of your outdoor hobbies and experiences, whether your hobby be hiking, boating, archery or swimming; whether your experiences be with big fish or little, with big game or small.

Women engage and excel in practically every phase of outdoor sports and each one's attitude and reaction to her favorite sport is interesting and encouraging to others.

By typewriter, pen or pencil, let me hear from you women who love the outdoors.

—B. B. P.



Miss Uttie Vogt of Cincinnati with her favorite canoe

and

Miss Vogt again on a hiking trip in Virginia.

What's Happening in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon
Conservation Director Izaak Walton League of America

A Monthly Resume of the Outstanding Conservation Events Throughout America

A Quarter Century!

THE United States Forest Service was officially organized twenty-five years ago through merger of the old forestry division of the General Land Office of the Department of the Interior and the Bureau of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture. The forest reserves, as the National Forests were then known, were turned over to the new organization on February 1, 1905. Other units have been added from time to time, this important public property now totalling almost 160,000,000 acres.

The quarter century milestone was fittingly celebrated on February 1 in Washington. A feature of the celebration was a nationwide radio broadcast through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company.

Three of the four chief foresters who have guided the destinies of this important unit of our federal government participated: Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Colonel Henry S. Graves, and Major Robert Y. Stuart, the present Chief Forester. Colonel William B. Greeley, Major Stuart's predecessor, sent a special message.

Roosevelt Policies Consistently Followed

AMONG the other outstanding men joining in the celebration, who have had an important part in shaping the destinies of our federal forest program, were Senator McNary of Oregon, Congressman Clarke of New York, Congressman Woodruff of Michigan, Congressman Leavitt of Montana, and Congressman Englebright of California.

The Forest Service was compelled to chart its own course, but under the able leadership of the men at the head, and the splendid group of loyal, trained men with whom they surrounded themselves, it has established a wonderful record of service to the American people. This is due to the fact that the policies developed by President Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot have been followed consistently year in and year out. The Service has attracted and held specially trained men throughout the years. Sixty-five of those in active service were on the rolls of the Forest Service when it was organized; many others have been on the staff for twenty years and better.

The Forest Service, even though handicapped for many years due to lack of funds, has made wonderful progress. The work is now receiving such universal support that the next quarter of a century will far outdistance the record already made.

Reelfoot Refuges

MUCH has been written about Reelfoot Lake, a sunken area in western Tennessee where some years ago a large lake appeared almost over night. In addition to becoming a famous waterfowl territory, Reelfoot has attained a reputation as a fish-producing lake from which, sad to say, hundreds of tons of black bass and other fishes have been marketed.

An ineffective effort was made by the former State Game Warden to establish an inviolate refuge for wild life on Reelfoot, but due to inadequate law and the lawless attitude of neighboring residents it was not a successful venture.

Laws to Be Enforced

THE 1929 Legislature of Tennessee, at the instance of Howell Buntin, Tennessee's present aggressive State Game Warden, decided to definitely settle this question for all time. On December 14, Governor Horton signed an act authorizing the establishment and maintenance of three game and fish refuges of not more than 250 acres each within the waters of Reelfoot.

We are indebted to Mr. Buntin for the photo below, a typical view of Reelfoot with its submerged and protruding stubs of trees dotted everywhere requiring the use of boats with reverse oars to prevent disaster.

We are assured by Mr. Buntin that the refuges will be properly established and marked, that bag limits and other regulations will be enforced, that game bootlegging and license evasion (for which Reelfoot has been notorious) will be stopped, and that Reelfoot will again become one of the noted wild fowl areas of North America.

View of the famous Reelfoot Lake area in Tennessee where game and fish refuges are being established.

John N. Cobb

WITH the passing of Professor John N. Cobb, Dean of the College of Fisheries of the University of Washington, Seattle, on January 13 at San Diego, California, after a prolonged illness, the United States lost another leader who was developing scores of young men to handle the scientific side of one of our most perplexing conservation problems, especially in the commercial fisheries field.

Dean Cobb was a native of New Jersey. He entered the service of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries in 1895. In 1904 he was appointed assistant agent for the protection of the salmon fisheries of Alaska and was connected with this work until he resigned in 1912 to become affiliated with the Alaska Packers Association. For a number of years he was editor of the official organ of the commercial fishermen on the Coast.

At the close of the World War, Dean Cobb became head of the newly-formed College of Fisheries at the University of Washington in which capacity he continued until his death.

Politics Taboo

"YOU must refrain from furthering the candidacy of any individual," said Director Hogarth of Michigan's Conservation Department, in a letter to all conservation employes of the Wolverine State ordering them to refrain from all political activity. How many state conservation officials have the courage to do what Director George Hogarth did? And not only do it but enforce it?

We know of a few; there may be others.

"If we lay aside the duties for which we are paid to work in the interests of candidates for public office we are not giving the full measure of service due the state, and are incurring the displeasure of those who do not agree with us in our selection of candidates," continued the order.

The Director urged every employe to exercise his right of franchise, but to "attend to the work for which he is paid."

Mighty sound advice, that! We have reason to believe the Director means to enforce it. The sooner every conservation department uses the funds for the purposes for which they are contributed instead of helping to maintain political fences the sooner conservation work will be properly financed.

Hurrah, Kentucky!

VARIOUS organizations have cooperated in the movement to save the Cumberland Falls, among the most prominent of which has been the Izaak Walton League, the National Conference on State Parks and the American Civic Association. Tom Wallace of Louisville has been one of the strongest supporters of the movement.

The last state administration in Kentucky was opposed to this power plan, but the present administration, led by Governor Flem Sampson and several members of Congress from that state, appeared before the Power Commission and urged that the application be granted.

Kentuckians Make Wishes Known

LAST fall the Federal Power Commission visited the Cumberland Falls. Following that inspection the Commission asked the Attorney General as to its responsibility in the matter, the unofficial opinion being that the Federal Power Commission does not have jurisdiction in the case.

In the meantime the people of Kentucky determined to settle the matter among themselves. Senator Coleman DuPont again renewed his offer to contribute $230,000 for the purchase of the Falls and adjacent territory for presentation to his native state as a State Park. Bills were introduced in the present session of the Kentucky Legislature directing that this offer be accepted. The battle waxed warm, but there were far more Kentuckians who place scenic beauty above the mighty dollar than there were who would take a chance on a bird in the bush.

The Legislature passed the bill. Governor Sampson vetoed it. And *on March 10 the bill was passed finally over his veto* by twenty to eleven, a remarkable victory for the friends of Cumberland Falls! It is predicted that the power people will withdraw their application before the Power Commission, as they surely will not push it in the face of the expressed desire of the people of Kentucky.

Mammoth Cave Park Assured

THE Kentucky Legislature also passed an appropriation for $1,500,000 to purchase the Mammoth Cave area and present it to the Federal Government for a National Park; victory number two for Kentucky!

The Legislature also amended its organic law governing the Game and Fish Commission, so that hereafter that body shall consist of five members instead of four, all members to be appointed for overlapping terms from a list of not to exceed six names recommended for each vacancy by the Kentucky Izaak Walton League, Kentucky Fox Hunters' Association and the Kentucky Game and Fish Protective Association. Hereafter the Commission shall appoint the Executive Agent, the chief administrative officer, and fix his salary instead of that official being appointed by the Governor. Score victory number three for the conservation forces of Kentucky!

1930 has certainly been a banner year for the conservationists of the Blue Grass State. Fine work!

A rare photograph of a flock of Florida wild turkeys.

The Wild Turkey

THE wild turkey, the Thanksgiving bird of our early settlers on the Atlantic Coast, is still with us, thanks to modern protective measures and the sagacity of this bird. In some localities it is gradually losing out to the advance of civilization; in others it is staging a comeback that is truly remarkable.

Wild turkeys are still found in sufficient numbers to furnish real sport almost every year in the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky, but the turkey's great stronghold lies in that vast favorable region south of a line drawn from the southern boundary of Utah eastward to the Atlantic.

A few states other than those named north of this line, such as Missouri, Nebraska and Ohio are making a valiant effort to bring back the turkey, but unfortunately there is such a limited supply of desirable stock available that it is a slow proposition. Many of the breeders have introduced enough domestic blood to make the birds tractable, as genuine wild birds rarely do well in captivity. This plays havoc with the desirability of the offspring for stocking purposes on free range. The wilder they are the better fitted are the birds to fight the battle for existence when stocked on a new range.

Status in South Encouraging

BELOW is published an unusual photograph of a flock of genuine wild turkeys furnished through the courtesy of C. C. Woodward, State Game Commissioner of Florida, where the turkey is holding its own against great odds. This photograph induced an inquiry to game officials of various southern states, the responses to which are most encouraging.

Mr. Will J. Tucker, Executive Secretary of the Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, states that Texas has more wild turkeys now than five years ago. There certain large ranches zealously protect game, especially the turkey. Stock has been trapped from these ranches for distribution in suitable turkey cover at other points in the state. Where landowners have taken little or no interest in the birds they are not doing well.

Protecting Hens Has Helped

MR. I. T. QUINN, Game and Fish Commissioner of Alabama, states that whereas five years ago turkeys were found in only about thirty counties, today they are found in sixty-five of the sixty-seven counties. He says they are increasing nicely, due largely to the fact that Alabama allows the killing of gobblers only. Several other states in the south attribute their increase in turkeys to the gobbler law.

Mr. Peter S. Twitty, Game and Fish Commissioner of Georgia, reports that turkeys are holding their own in his state, where, as elsewhere, they are more abundant in certain favorable areas. Mr. Twitty reports that one of the biggest obstacles is a season that is entirely too long, and that predators have not been controlled as they should be.

Mr. A. A. Richardson, Chief Game Warden of South Carolina, reports that wild turkeys are much more plentiful in his state than they were five years ago, due largely to a better public sentiment for their protection, and that they have scattered into territory where formerly they had been shot out.

All indications are that wild turkeys can be brought back wherever range conditions are favorable if an earnest effort is made to that end.

Oil Wastes

IN 1924 Congress passed a law to stop the dumping of oil into our coastal waters as a protection to property and wild life. The War Department is charged with its enforcement.

This law has helped materially, but does not go far enough. Congressman Hudson of Michigan has recently introduced a bill (H. R. 10625) to extend the provisions of the present law to all inland navigable waters. It will prohibit "the discharge or escape of oil by any method,

(Continued on page 94)

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH, *Angling Editor*, OUTDOOR AMERICA

"WAKE ROBINS"

I throw my line back, beginning my preliminary cast, and lo, I hook something. A tangled back-cast. Blankety-blank, the blank-blank! But stop! Look! Tangled on a wake robin, or trillium. Can't complain a bit, for if there is another flower more dear to the heart of an angler I am unacquainted with it. Tangled up in Beulah Land!

TROUT fly fishing is never at its best until warm weather sets in in earnest. Oh, I know we can take the sly rascals on Opening Day, no matter how cold and disagreeable the weather may be, but that is not trout fly fishing as I conceive of it. Why, there are days in early season when a man must just put on a small shot, submerge his flies and all that; but that is not practising the gentle art, exactly. Wherein such fly-fishing differs from simon pure worming I can not for the life of me understand just why it should be considered more sportsmanlike. But let all that pass for the nonce, we are thinking of honest-to-goodness fly fishing.

In early season one never knows just what his game will ask for, nor in what manner it will condescend to accept his offering. If there is a more unreliable and quixotic fish than the early season trout I have yet to find it. Today everything is lovely, he of the many spots rises with avidity to almost any combination of feathers; tomorrow refuses everything but perhaps one fly, tied just so, perhaps refuses all of the eight thousand or more named patterns. "Why?" Ask me something easier. I don't know. That is one reason why early stream fly fishing is so intriguing. The angler doesn't know, and doesn't know why he doesn't know; furthermore, when he thinks he knows, he knows less than when he doesn't know. I realize that some unusually lucky fly-man will rise up to object right here, but tomorrow, when his luck changes, he will agree.

I regard with suspicion all those fellows who say, "On Opening Day I always use thus-and-so and never fail to secure a mess." "On Opening Day, no matter what the weather conditions, I never employ anything but flies." "Stream conditions, environment, weather, it is all one to me, I never use anything but flies and I always get my share." And the three statements are bona fide quotations from letters in my files. Now I have grown old at the game, and today I am less certain and cock-sure than ever. I just don't know, that's all. Sometimes they do, then again they won't. Just the same I am still courting, studying, admiring, loving.

So whatever I may say in this article as to what to use and how, should be taken with a grain of attic salt, for while not written in Pickwickian sense, still it will all be in the subjunctive mood, if you get what I mean. I have given up advising. I only suggest what *may* work out successfully. In my own fly fishing I like to succeed, but am just as well satisfied when I don't, for then there is a problem to solve. In fly-fishing it is not the actual taking of trout that makes the game so alluring, but the knowledge that you can take fish. Chew on that.

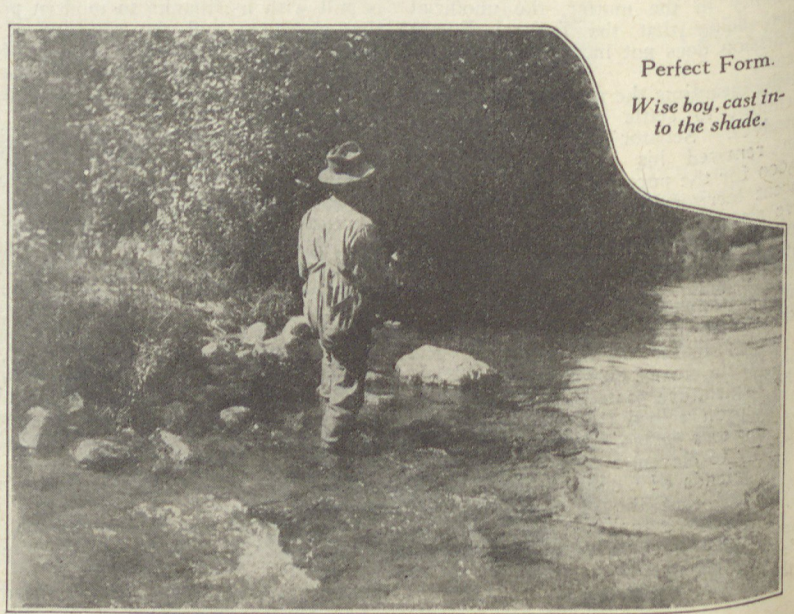
In early season I incline to rather heavy tackle, for as a rule the larger flies seem most alluring, and then, the larger fish may roll over lazily and connect up. There may be sport in trying conclusions with a three pounder on a 3-ounce rod, there are thrills a-plenty in it, but tragedy, grim and stark, lurks around the corner. I love my light rods too devoutly to hazard smashing one of them. So for early season and general stream purposes I am recommending a 5, 5½ or 6-ounce 9 or 9½-foot fly rod. Considerable latitude there you will say, but that is as it should be, even so the "advice" will get me in bad. Streams are more than likely to be high, the water heavy, and cannibalistic monsters up where they will almost never be found in midsummer. I have already said I am a lover of ultra light fly-rods, so don't criticize, but wait for midsummer when I may tell you more about them.

"The reel for fly-fishing is not so important," I read, and I have said much the same thing myself I suspect, for by and large it is true, though not quite. The heavier rods recommended in the last paragraph will allow of more weighty reels, for a reel must properly balance the rod. The readers of this column are surely acquainted with the old rule, sometimes observed in the breach, the reel with its complement of line should weigh once-and-a-half as much as the rod. If you possess an ultra light reel and wish to use a heavy rod, you will find that adding a bit of weight to the butt of the rod will correct an awkward "pitch" or "plunge." Right here is where one can use the modern automatic with joy, and by the way, there are some wonderful auto-reels on the market these days. A whole chapter could be written on how, and how not to use them. The reel is more important than some realize, something more than a "mere line-holder."

Some very good fly-men do not use the reel in playing their fish, letting the surplus line trail away on the current. I am always and forever getting mixed up in a bad tangle when I do that, either stepping through a loop, or letting the fish dash through one. All my fault I know, but my fault or no, it is very disconcerting. I play my fish from the reel, then when old leviathan connects up, I have him at a certain disadvantage; for it is much easier to crank a reel than it is to handle a line with the left hand, and do a dozen other things at the same time. Those who like the automatic, and are self-possessed enough to use one, have every advantage over the fish.

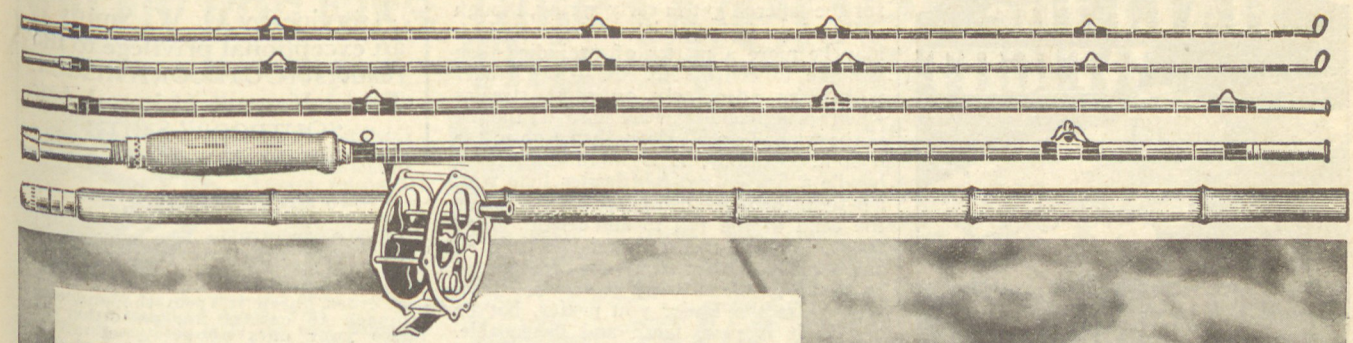
We can dismiss the line with a brief paragraph today, the subject being so important that to do otherwise would be absurd. A half a loaf may be better than no bread, but a half discussion is worse than no discussion. There is no question but that a double tapered line, which fits the rod, handles the fly better than does the level; though I have no quarrel with the level, using one in some of my fishing. I think that as a rule we can use a larger calibered line than we do to good advantage, all of course depending upon the rod, its weight and action. A thirty foot line is long enough in all conscience for general trout fishing. Turn it end for end once in a while so as to wear it evenly. 'Nother thing, keep it clean and well dressed.

In early season fishing I would recommend a bit heavier leader than one employs when streams are low and clear. Invisibility is not a matter of so much importance when streams are usually a bit murky and the trout not ultra shy. If a leader is a bit heavy it gives a certain cast-



Perfect Form.

Wise boy, cast into the shade.



The Beautiful Action and Backbone of a Winchester Bamboo Rod

—are due not simply to the quality of thick-wall, butt-cut, Tonkin cane, but to the exclusive process by which this stock is browned.

The browning is not a painting process—not a surface coloring—but a special scientific treatment which extends all the way *through* the cane, adding materially to the strength and action of the rod and lessening the likelihood that the joints will take a set under normal fishing conditions.

And this is only one of many Winchester features. In the Winchester Kilde, 9 ft. fly rod shown above, for instance, you will find nickel silver fittings that will not corrode but just become dull enough to kill sun reflection. You will also find the Winchester screw-type reel seat, solid ringed cork grip and machine welted, serrated, waterproofed ferrules. The butt guide is of imitation agate while the snake guides are of file hard steel. The rod is equipped with a steel angle tip. Extra tip joint is provided in a bamboo tip case as shown. Ask for Fly Rod No. 6050—$12.00. Winchester Reel No. 1336 fits nicely with this rod.

There are Winchester Bamboo Fly Rods from $6.00 up. And bait casting rods from $4.00. Ask to see them and also the attractive line of Winchester tubular and solid Steel Rods and also Winchester Reels. It is angling equipment that will win your affection as completely as a Winchester Gun. If your dealer cannot furnish the numbers you wish, send us his name and address with price and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

FREE—write for booklets describing fishing tackle, guns and ammunition, flashlights and all other products made by Winchester.

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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

New Haven Conn., U. S. A.

WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK

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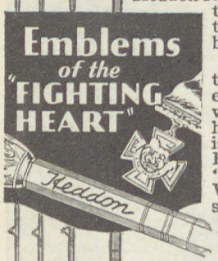
Heddon Rods

"Tempered" Bamboo

(Split—Not Sawed)

You can trust their springy, scrappy qualities, their sturdy strength and matchless endurance, because they are made of "Tempered" Bamboo. Rightly named *"The Rod with the fighting heart."*

Built out of six precision-tapered tight-grained strips of split bamboo—the pick of the crop—seasoned for years, "tempered" like the steel of old Damascus by the exclusive Heddon process, joined into a solid elastic shaft and silk wound at frequent intervals, each Heddon Rod is a match for the gamest fish that ever grabbed a lure.



Just as the "Victoria Cross" is the emblem of MEN with the "fighting heart," so Heddon is the emblem of RODS with the "fighting heart." Wherever true sportsmen gather, you hear thrilling tales of the matchless strength and endurance of these famous rods. Their lighter weight makes casting easier. You get increased distance and greater accuracy. Heddon Rods do away with wobbling, tiresome weave, and vibrating at your wrist. They add immeasurably to the sport of casting, whether you are using baits or flies.

There is a Heddon Rod for every purpose and every purse. Bait Casting Rods, $3.50 to $50. Fly Rods, $10 to $50. Salt Water Rods, $20 to $35.

Fly Rods — Bait Rods

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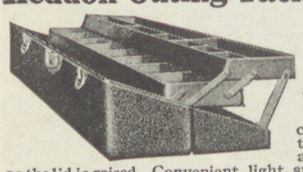
Heddon-Outing Tackle Boxes

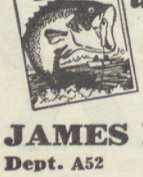
In Colors



Water-tight always—no seams to open

Their Cantilever construction lifts the trays and lays all your tackle out as the lid is raised. Convenient, light, strong. Round corners. Made in several styles and colors.

Prize Angler with two trays. Dark olive green. Two lengths, No. 1516, 16-inch, $6.50; No. 1521, 21-inch, $7.50.



Write for Free Catalog and Bait Chart

Interesting and valuable to every fisherman. Catalog shows complete line of Baits, Reels, Rods, Tackle Boxes, etc. Heddon's New Bait Chart and Fishing Guide tells how to "give 'em just the bait they want when they want it." Write today. (57)

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS

Dept. A52 **DOWAGIAC, MICH.**

ing advantage, depending of course upon the action of the rod. No great necessity for the tapered gut in early spring, though some of us feel that it acts better, which may be more a matter of prejudice than we like to confess to. A 6-foot leader will serve adequately on most streams when spring conditions are normal; though if the water be a bit clear, then I go to the 9 foot. Frankly, it is more difficult to handle a fish on a 9-foot leader than with a 6-foot, for if the fish prove heavy, there's the bend of the rod to add length, so to speak. Believe me, a rather "bendy" rod and a 4-pound trout on a 9-foot leader will hatch up problems when it comes to netting. Use the leader you prefer, but be certain it is new, fresh and dependable. Old leaders are not as trustworthy as old friends. Test 'em out ruthlessly before you essay the first trip, for some weighty old monster may be lurking in an unfrequented pool, and if he take and your leader break is to have the sun set at midday, realize the inadequacy of the English language and all that.

So we come to the matter of flies, with which we started out, or had in mind when we began the conversation. I have before me a number of "favorite lists," culled from wide reading and a voluminous correspondence, not to mention my own predilections and prejudices. (I am more kind to the book-writer and my correspondence than I am to myself. "Predilections and prejudices" is right!) I doubt the value of such lists, for much depends upon local stream conditions and the angler's own crotchets. Now I know there is no more successful all around fly, spring, summer and autumn, high water and low, fair days and foul, snow and ice, sunshine and torrid days, than the Royal Coachman. It does not in the least resemble any known trout stream insect at that! How much is my own faith in the beautiful counterfeit presentment responsible for its success with me? Let the psychologists answer. I only know that I am persuaded there is no other fly to compare with it.

Then the Royal Coachman heads my list of early season flies, though it is not the only fly I pin my faith to, 'deed no. I want a few Black Princes or Black Gnats, preferably the first, in various sizes. I must have a brown concoction, say Wickhams Fancy, Brown Hackle or perhaps Cinnamon, just to meet certain early spring conditions. Fact is, for rainbow, there are May days when the Brown Hackle is sure good medicine. Now don't think from that statement the brown will always win, for it won't. I largely pin my faith to the three types, if you please—Royal Coachman, Brown Hackle and Black Gnat. Along in the middle of the season, streams low and preternaturally clear, you may find a tiny Wickham pushing all others off the board; but we are not dealing with midsummer conditions, which differ materially from those of early season.

Perhaps I have not offered a word of worth in all this advice, though I have simply given you my own conclusions. Here is a point to remember, while three colors are successful on the average, still there are days and streams when and where none will prove alluring; consequently I am carrying quite a wide assortment of colors, just for luck if you please; and now and then some one of those flies will prove successful, successful when recognized patterns fail. That is the great attractivity of fly-fishing, spring, summer or fall, one never knows, certainly, absolutely. Then, too, the great attractivity of the gentle sport lies in that it takes a tired and weary worldling, surfeited with noise and commotion, out where he can rest, where the free breezes blow, and Silence comes like a benediction to heal the blows of sound.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

BONING SUCKERS

Dear O. W.: Here is a way we have found very satisfactory in treating a "bony sucker." Take your fish after it is scaled and cleaned ready for the pan and cross hatch it from the end of the stomach to caudal fin, on either side; make your cuts about ¼ of an inch apart. Then cut lengthwise three or four times, also cross hatch along backbone; put in hot fat and fry to a crisp brown. You won't have any bones to bother.—V. H. C., Mich.

Sir: We certainly appreciate your interest in this cooking business, even if it is cooking a sucker, an "animal" some people think is only slightly removed from cooking a carp; but I have eaten suckers, and as I have said before in our department, they are actually delicious. Doubt very much if many fish are not fit for food. I know a sheep-head, fresh water drum, is good, and you know anglers do not so consider them in the North. I have never yet experimented with a gar-pike, but I will yet, so help me. I am going to try your method of "cutting up" the sucker's framework.—O. W.

MORE ON SUCKERS

Dear O. W.: We had in Mo. three sorts of suckers, black, white and hog. The black sucker was found in water fed by Big Spring and covered by moss, except their runs, where we caught them. Two boys with a dip-net some nine feet long, with good bag, would set it some hundred feet downstream, while another would drive a horse through the water, so chasing the suckers into the net. Good catches would be made this way. Black suckers were considered fit eating for a king, while the white and hog were not rated so highly, being more bony. You evidently had not heard how to prepare suckers for the pan so that the bones would not bother, when you answered R. M. R. Here is the way to set about it. Clean fish and cut with sharp knife from head to tail on both sides the backbone. If you listen carefully you can hear the bones crackle as you cut. Flour, and place in a fry-pan with plenty of smoking hot fat. The fine bones will disappear when the hot grease comes in contact with them.—Q. C. B., Okla.

Sir: Just acknowledged a letter which gave the same method of preparing a sucker for frying so as to eliminate or destroy bones. However, what you say is so interesting, aside from the cooking end of it, that I am going to use part of your letter. Interesting to hear of your method from Michigan. And I never heard of it at all. Well, live and learn. I never professed to be right over 49 per cent of the time, anyway. I shall try out your suggestion myself, and I know the man who started it all with his question will be delighted. Come again.—O. W.

SUCKER-CAKES

Dear O. W.: R. M. R., Wisc., will find suckers very good eating and the bones of little moment if he will cut the meat from the larger backbone and grind meat and small bones in a meat-chopper, make into cakes and fry over a slow fire. Fry in butter. Love to read Outdoor America.—L. B., Kan.

Sir: Thanks for your method of "chewing up" sucker bones. It is a new one for me and I can't see why it might not pan out successfully. Rather strange, is it not, that we sometimes find a sucker with bones so arranged that we miss the pin-cushiony section, and when we do, oh, boy, "ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?" The flesh of the fish in early spring, or when taken from a cold brook, is sweet and flaky. We sure are going to publish your method for the good of the clan.—O. W.

TRAVELED AMERICANS

A group of tourists were looking over the inferno of Vesuvius in full operation. "Ain't this just like hell," ejaculated a Yank.

"Ah, zese American," exclaimed a Frenchman, "where have zey not been?"

You Fly Rod Fans:

Meet "Whiskerbug" and Family —*Killingest of Lures*

Here is the one that's made history—the fly that lures the biggest browns, rainbows, salmon—that has brought new records with Small-mouth—that has taught skeptics that the BIGGEST Large-mouth *will* hit the fly—*and how!* Pickerel? Yes! Muskies? Again, Yes!

Weedless. Fish it in the best water—among snags, rushes and lilies. It's a riot for raising strikes and how it hooks and holds! Our own factory men's first choice; carries our 100% recommendation. 12 patterns, sizes 4, 2, 1/0.....60¢

With attached Nickel Spinner.....75¢.

Welcome, Brother "Whiskerakle"

A new version of the Whiskerbug (illustrated above). It is tied with more hackle to float higher but is not so weedless. Use it in more open or fast water. Size 4, 60¢. Sizes 2 and 1/0, 60¢.

Weber "Autograph" *Combination Wet or Dry Fly*

A typical Weber departure, now nation-wide in popularity and going bigger. Divided wing, hollow point hook, turned down eye or to gut. All patterns.

Sizes 4 to 12, doz.....$1.75
Sizes 14, 16 and 2..... 2.25

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Standard Flies, Tested Specialties
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Squirrel, Hair and Bucktail Flies
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Streamer and Salmon Flies
"Henshall" and All Standard Bass Flies
Barbless Flies. Spinner Flies.

"Plugakle"

New hair-and-feather image of large wood lures yet airy light for Fly Rod. Use wet or on surface. White or fawn body, red or black head. 3½ in. with size 1/0 hook, also smaller sizes, each 75¢.

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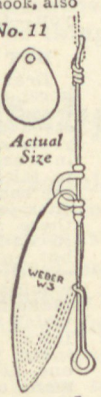
"Aklenat" Dry

Fuzzy high-riding floater. Ostrich body, quickest fly to dry on backcast; stays up longest. Good with earliest hatches and all season. Best hollow point hook, eyed or to gut. 12 patterns, each 20¢. Doz., $2.25.



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Superior construction. Brightest flash; sure-working, easiest pick-up. Won't cock the fly.

No. W3..... 50¢
Popular "Colorado" style, No. 11.....25¢

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It is easier to learn than bait casting, and your nearest lakes or streams — even if considered "fished out" — will surprise you!

Don't put up with a makeshift outfit. Start *right* in the sport that lasts for life—is never out of the blood—that takes you everywhere.

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Free! A wild-fire hit that is everywhere replacing metal boxes. Carries leaders moist in pocket without leakage. A nifty that you'll welcome. Free with this Lucky Offer.

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"The Fly Fishing Encyclopedia"

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YOU must send 25¢ and dealer's name for this book showing Weber Tackle and Life-like lures. Besides all standard items, it features Fly Tackle specially studied out and tested for American fishing conditions and for ALL fresh water game fish as well as trout. Every page packed with practical suggestions. This offer is the sportseeker's biggest quarter's worth, for you get your 25¢ back TWICE! We credit you 25¢ on your first order of $1 or more from the book or from this ad, and send you at once your choice of either 25¢ item Free. Say which you want FREE—Pouch or Fly.

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Or Best of All, pin a dollar-bill or two, a five-dollar bill or check of any amount to Coupon below and get goods to that value plus Catalog and choice of one 25¢ item free at once.

Weber *"Henshall"* Fly Reel $5

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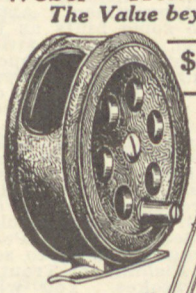

$5

No reel to equal this for value, service, satisfaction. Fit for a king. Beautiful brown-finish Bakelite. Extremely strong, very light. Bronze-bushed hub; oversize click, adjustable. Hardened guide-opening equals agate. Only successful universal model for ALL uses, lightest to heaviest fishing. 3¾" over all; holds 100 ft. C-line. Unmatchable value at $5.

"Monogram" *Split Bamboo* $15 Fly Rod

A Weber triumph — first worthy medium priced hand made rod. Trust it on our say so. 3-piece only 1 tip.

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Other Weber Rods $25 and $35

Foremost in Gut Leaders "Straintest" and "No-C-Um" (*Camouflaged*)

Greatest range and highest standards of test and selection. Quality only. Every size, length and variation—straight or tapered, for every fishing requirement. Example: "Straintest" brand, Level, 6-ft. Trout, 5-lb. Test, half dozen in Reddi-Moist Pouch, $2.25. Others, 3-ft., as low as 7¢ each.

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Most satisfactory made Long-lasting. Soft, pliable, no kinks. Waterproofed under pressure, hand-finished. Level or double-tapered. Brown color. Example: 100 ft. level, size E, weight 1½ oz.....$ 4.00
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ROD, Reel, Line and Leaders, featured here, when *selected in proper relation to each other,* form the basic principle of the Weber Balanced Outfit for American Fly Fishing — easiest casting, most satisfactory. Get our willing help in shaping your outfit correctly from the ground up.

New Fly Rod Mouse

Feather-light, weedless, easy on rod. Bucktail, very light. Weedless. Natural color and size of young field mouse. Lifelike imitation that fools big trout or bass. Hook size 2 and 1/0, each 75¢.

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Fuzzy, luscious, insect-like tempter with a killing record. High floater; alights softly; easy pickup. Sure luring and hooking. 12 patterns. Trout, 4 to 10, 60¢. Bass sizes, 65¢.

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Most practical little fingerful you ever had. Roll-up grain-leather cover. Sheepwool pad better than felt. Improved line dressing compound, surpassing Old World secret formulas each ..... 50¢
Extra compound, 1½ oz. can..... 25¢

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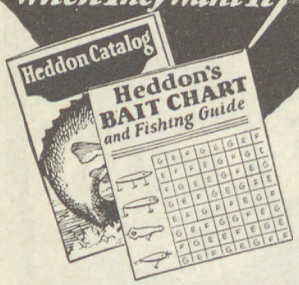

"Your bait catches fish where all others fail."
Fred Godwin and party, Fairbanks, La.

Heddon's FREE Fishing Chart Tells HOW!

Revised and improved for 1930. Get one for your Tackle Box. Folds to vest pocket size. Tells just what Bait to use under all fishing conditions, and for all kinds of fish. Chart will be sent to you free on request, together with Heddon's complete 1930 Fishing Tackle Catalog. Write or use coupon today.

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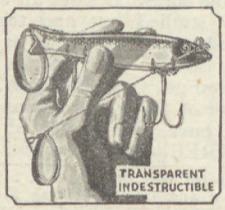

Heddon's New "SPOOK"

In addition to minnow shape, minnow color, and minnow action, the "Spook" has a fourth priceless feature—true "Fish-flesh" appearance. It is a sinking bait with two flashing spoons. It can be sent deep to tempt the lazy big ones. This super-Dowagiac is the greatest artificial Bait improvement in 25 years. Made of Heddy-lin (like Pyralin). Won't break, crack or mar. A new one free if it does. Comes in six finishes. **Price, $1.50.**

Guaranteed to outlast a dozen wooden Baits. If dealer can't supply, sent postpaid on receipt of price.

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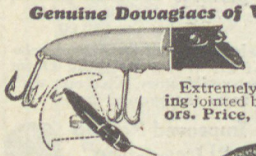
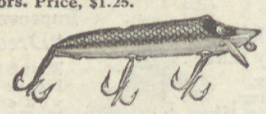
Genuine Dowagiacs of Wood and Metal



Zig-Wag
Extremely erratic and lively-acting jointed bait. **All standard colors. Price, $1.25.**

Vamp
Famous everywhere. Floats, dives, swims with rolling motion. Sizes: "Regular" and "Baby," $1. "Jointed," $1.25. All standard colors.



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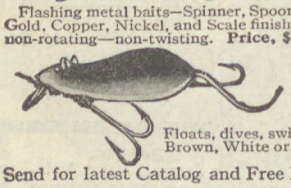
Flashing metal baits—Spinner, Spoon and Fly combined. Gold, Copper, Nickel, and Scale finishes. Semi-weedless—non-rotating—non-twisting. **Price, $1.**



Meadow Mouse
A mouse that IS a mouse. Flexible tail and ears. Floats, dives, swims. Three colors—Brown, White or Gray. **Price, $1.**

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JAMES HEDDON'S SONS (55)
Dept. A51 - - - Dowagiac, Mich.

James Heddon's Sons, Dept. A51, Dowagiac, Mich.
Gentlemen: Send me your complete 1930 Catalog, and the new Heddon Bait Chart and Fishing Guide. I am especially interested in

☐ "Spook" Baits ☐ Bait Casting Rods ☐ Reels
☐ Other Baits ☐ Fly Rods ☐ Tackle Boxes

Name _____

Address _____

THAT DOUBLE-BUILT FLY ROD

Dear O. W.: I am thinking of getting a double-built split bamboo fly-rod. What do you think of them? My friends say they are too expensive, but I sort o' want one. What size line would you recommend for this rod?—R. C. B., Kan.

Sir: The double-built rod has its critics, as we all have and everything has. "They say" that only the butt joint and second joint are double-built, therefore the rod is no stronger than the tip. Well, I have used a double-built in a great deal of my fishing and I have no fault to find with it. It is a bit heavy, and that is what we want in bass and heavy trout fly-fishing. The rod has casting power and wonderful action. I doubt if you will go wrong in purchasing the rod you mention. As to expense, well, with care the rod will last you a lifetime and it is a thing of beauty, which some one has told us is a joy forever. I do not consider a fine rod an expense if one can afford it. The heavier and longer the rod, the larger and heavier should be the line. That is the general rule; you can only tell for sure by trying out. I find a double-tapered working better on such a rod. I would suggest you try a D or C. But better tell your dealer just what you want it for when you get it.—O. W.

EVIDENCE

Mother: Willie, I heard that instead of going to Sunday school this morning you played football.

Willie: That isn't true—and I've got a string of fish to prove it.

AN ICHTHYIC BOOKWORM

Dear O. W.: Your article in the January, '30, number on books was wonderful and wonderfully illuminating. I am a bookish angler, too, but never suspected there were so many books dealing with the subject. Now I want to know how to set about collecting, as I can see a completed fishing and hunting paraphernalia in the near future, when spare cash could be devoted to the matter. If one has a flair for first editions, would they not prove a good investment? Anyway, please give me some hints as to methods.—P. P., Wash.

Sir: I am a bit surprised how much interest my "Nibblings of an Ichthyic Bookworm" created. Literally dozens of letters have come to me asking all sorts of questions. As to how to begin collecting, well, just begin. The field is so wide, the gleaning so good, that one can go into almost any book-store and discover angling books. As to first editions, well, they require a mint of money, some being all but unobtainable, like Walton's "Compleat Angler." Perhaps a good beginning would be to secure "History of Fly Fishing for Trout," Hills, published by Stokes. You will want "Fishing from Earliest Times," Radcliffe, published by E. P. Dutton. These books are rich in material. Of course, if you could secure "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," Westwood and Satchell, London, you would have a gold mine, a list of books down to 1813. They list 3,115 editions and reprints. Book is out of print and at a premium and can be secured only through second-hand men. Get in touch with several such, remembering they are in the game to make money out of **you.** As to future value of such libraries, I of course can't say, never thought of selling. It is rare fun is this fishing in a book, and when your creel is full maybe it will not be against the law to sell the catch.—O. W.

MUSKIES OF LAKE OF THE WOODS

Dear O. W.: Am rereading your "Book of the Pike" for the steenth time and note what you say as to the weight of 'lunge. Last season I was up in Canada, Lake of the Woods, caught a 32 and 38 lb. 'lunge, and saw one weighing 48. It is not unusual to get specimens over 40 lbs., while sportsmen do not remove anything under 25 pounds. I caught a "jack fish" weighing 35 lbs. A "jack" is a northern pike. Up there a "jack" is considered a nuisance and the fishermen actually thank you for taking them out; they are thought of as rough fish, and hated as we hate carp. All the "wise" muskie cranks use No. 12 spoons with nine hook gangs, but we used various bass lures and caught more fish than the experts. Some of my plugs were chewed up as if a bulldog had been playing with them. As you say in your good book on the pike, the northern pike is fully as game as the muskie, in some cases more so. Sometimes it is hard work to pull the "jack" on board. I plan on going back the first of next July and would like to have you join me. Don't suppose there is one chance in a thousand that you could do it, but thought I would ask you anyway.—C. C. W., Wisc.

Sir: I am mighty glad for your comment on the weight of muskellunge taken from Lake of the Woods. Of course, I had the U. S. particularly in mind when I wrote "The Book of the Pike," and did not know anything about Canadian 'lunge fishing save from correspondents. How long will the fish run large, the fishing continue good, if more and more sportsmen go up there? Am particularly interested in what you say about the northern pike, for I did not suppose they could be so common. I had just as soon take one as a muskellunge, pound for pound, though other anglers do not agree with me. If we could just lift some of those too numerous "jack" out of the lake and dump them in our exhausted waters, what a wonderful thing it would be. I certainly appreciate your invitation to join you next July, but if nothing happens, I will be on the western coast at that time. Don't forget to let us know how your trip pans out. Think that must be the accepted expression, "pans out."—O. W.

FOOLS 'EM ONCE IN A WHILE

Dear O. W.: I certainly appreciate and thank you for your good advice in the angling pages. You have helped me a lot. I am not much of a fly fisherman. When I tell you that I have never seen a real fly-caster at work, you will realize what a dub I am. Just the same, I keep at it, taking a fish now and then, just enough to prevent my giving up the game entirely. I would like to know where I can get a "Hopper Coop," a tin box with a sliding cover at one end?—B. D. M., N. Y.

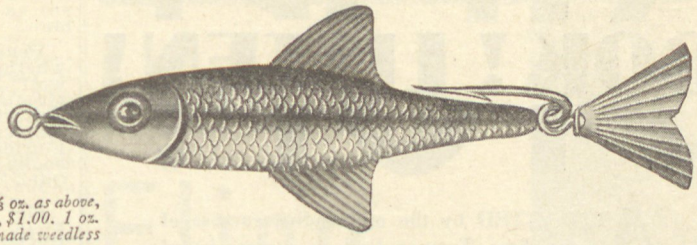
Sir: I certainly appreciate your kind words for the department. Never does any harm to praise a fellow a bit, and I guess I am old enough not to let it go to my head. Your experiments with fly-fishing are very interesting. There is just one way to learn how to cast a seductive and winning fly, and that is by casting. I mean this simply, there is no royal road to casting skill. Books will help some (I must say that because I write 'em!), but information, even the best, will not take the place of continuous effort. I have told over and over again how I kicked my bait-pail into the river, determined not to go back to bait until I had mastered fishing with artificial flies. It took a long, long time, but I can catch more trout in fly-time with artificial flies than the wormer can with his bait. Keep at it. Grasshopper fishing for trout is the nearest approach to fly-fishing of any method of live-bait angling. I like to throw the seductive 'hopper in haying time, when fishing a meadow stream, though I am free to confess I lose a great number of the seductive insects. I do not know who makes the "Hopper Coop," though I always keep one or two in my kit, getting them from local dealers. Presume almost any mail order house can supply you.—O. W.

BUT HOW'D YOU FOOL THESE?

Dear O. W.: We have a mud-lake here, clear water and pure, the bottom being covered with moss, which was stocked with largemouth bass several years ago. It was fished hard for a time, in season and out, until we got the state to take care of it. For the most part, the bass were taken on plugs, some good ones, one up to 8 lbs. 14 ozs. I know there are plenty of bass in the lake. Recently I went to light tackle and flies, but have not had great success, taking exactly 3 fish last season. Now what would you suggest? Our Chapter is planning for a large artificial lake, which we will stock with bass.—D. D. C., Iowa.

Sir: Your problem is an old one and one never fully solved. There are so many elements entering in, so many unknown and unknowable elements, that an answer is impossible. How can you be certain that there are a great many fish remaining in the water? You state that until recently the lake was fished hard, in and out of season, and unless stocking has been resorted to it might seem probable that the stock is reduced. How about small fish; do you see many of them? I mean, of course, yearlings. Have the bass good spawning grounds? As to your difficulty in taking them on flies, would say that unless you see them feeding on the surface, "jumping," you are due for trouble in getting them to look at artificials. If they do feed on the surface, you should be able to get them from sundown to dark any time when they are in the mood for feeding. Undoubtedly they have been "educated," plugged to death," which should only render fly-fishing more successful. Am

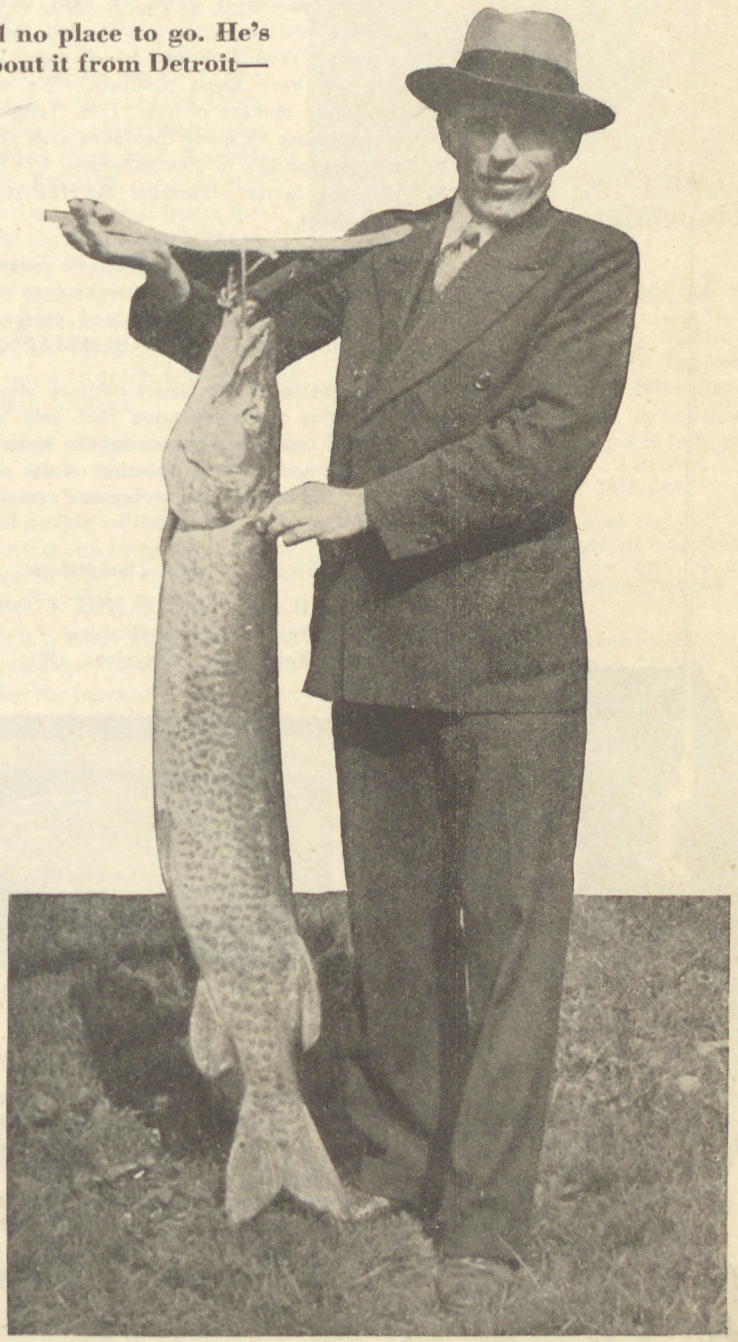
TIN LIZ



Three Sizes. Standard ⅝ oz. as above, $1.00. ¾ oz. Baby Liz, $1.00. 1 oz. Big Liz, $1.10. (Also made weedless at the same price.)

Lands 35-lb. Musky

Photo shows John Field all dressed up and no place to go. He's been there already! and HOW! He writes about it from Detroit—



"I always wanted to catch a big musky and Tin Liz finally delivered after I had tried all kinds of baits and found them useless. The big boy weighed 35 lbs., was 54 inches long and took 30 minutes to land. Caught in the Cheboygan River, May 28. The Cheboygan paper wrote it up, as this is the largest musky taken there for a long while.

"Tin Liz is now the only bait I use. I have all three sizes, using the Big Liz for Musky and the smaller sizes for bass."

Mr. Field is a good sport. He not only uses a neat, sporty, single-hook bait, but is willing to tell the other boys when he has found a good thing.

It's My Baby

My Tin Liz is the first successful single-hook metal minnow ever offered for sale; the first with flexibly attached tail-spinner. Its phenomenal success is bound to bring out imitations by certain manufacturers, famous for their lack of new ideas and infamous for their hoggish greed. They make a whole mess of poor imitations of smarter men's ideas—I specialize on a metal minnow and "that's my baby"!

Don't be fooled! When a better metal minnow is made its name will be TIN LIZ and it will be manufactured by—

Fred Arbogast

No. 3—Water St., Akron, Ohio

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

ATTRACTED by the outstanding success of the True Temper Rod—a success based on merit alone—imitators are trying to copy it—then offering these imitations to sportsmen in an attempt to "cash in" on the popularity created for one piece, solid steel rods by True Temper.

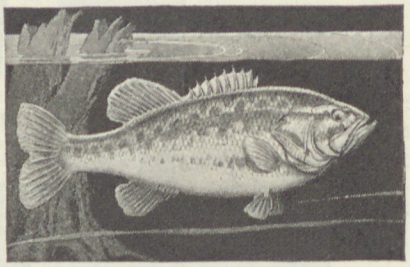
The facts are that we originated the one piece, solid steel rod—spent years of hard work and thousands of dollars to perfect it—and then gave it the name "True Temper," which name is used only on our very finest products. We are the EXCLUSIVE makers of this True Temper rod. Its sales increase by many thousands each year due to its proven ability to give fishermen LIVELIER SPORT and better all-around SATISFACTION than any other.

We believe the above facts should be pointed out to sportsmen—men who are working to restock our streams, restore wild life and preserve the traditions of AMERICAN SPORTSMANSHIP.

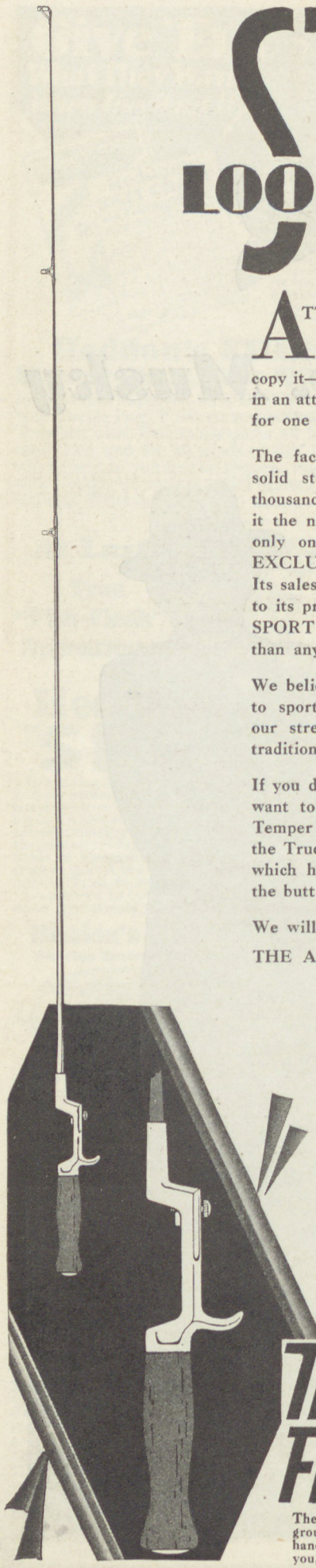
If you do not favor the tactics outlined above and want to enjoy the satisfaction that only a True Temper rod can give, you can rebuke imitators of the True Temper Rod by insisting on the *genuine*, which has the words "True Temper" stamped in the butt of each rod.

We will gladly send a catalog on request.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
Sporting Goods Division
1931 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



A print of this bass, suitable for framing, gladly sent to nature lovers on receipt of ten cents to cover postage and wrapping.



TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

The True Temper Toledo, forged from rapier steel, hand ground and with a clock spring temper; offset reel seat handle, full agate mountings. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

wondering what flies you have tried, for if one pattern doesn't take, experiment with another. I should be inclined to investigate the merits of feather-minnows and bass bugs; try some shade of brown, or a buck-tail in white and black. It is an interesting problem, one that intrigues us, and I hope you will solve it. Your Chapter is on the right track. More power to you.—O. W.

MUSKELLUNGE IN OHIO

Dear O. W.: Will you please tell me whether or not your friend the "gray wolf" (muskellunge) is found in the streams and rivers in the vicinity of Vanceburg, Ky.? Are they found in the eastern coast states as far south as Florida? Will you suggest the best books on muskellunge and trout?—K. W., Ohio.

Sir: Says that little booklet from the Field Museum upon "Pike Pickerel and Muskallonge": "The Chautauqua Muskallonge or Ohio Muskallonge is found in all parts of the Ohio River basin, from the headwaters of the Tennessee in the French Broad River at Asheville, North Carolina, and from Northern Alabama on the south to Chautauqua Lake at the head of the Ohio on the north." The Ohio muskellunge is nowhere common today, in fact the fish is slowly but certainly disappearing throughout its whole range. The pamphlet referred to above, for sale by the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, Ill., is terse and to the point, and not too scientific. Sells at 75 cents, I believe. Other than that, or my "Book of the Pike," you will have to look in books on general angling for the information you seek. "American Food and Game Fishes," dealing with all common fishes, is good, but I am afraid a bit out of date. As to books on trout, well, they are legion. Perhaps the latest is Lad Plumley's "With the Trout Fly." It deals with fly fishing. My own volume is a general treatise.—O. W.

MORE ABOUT PIKE

Dear O. W.: I should like to ask you to answer the following categorical questions. 1. Is the species **esox lucius** called indiscriminately pickerel, pike, Great Northern Pike, Northern Pike, and Jack Fish? 2. Is there a distinct specie of this family known as the Northern and Great Northern Pike? 3. If your answer to the last question is in the negative, then is it true there is no fish separate and distinct from the above specie of common pickerel (Esox lucius) known as Northern or Great Northern Pike?—H. P. K., Minn.

Sir: I hasten to reply to your "Categorical questions." No. 1. Yes. No. 2. Classification of Jordan and Evermann, yes. No. 3. No. Answering your questions with a "Yes" or "No" does not clear the matter, instead renders it a bit more confusing. Let me begin at the bottom, so to speak. There are three pickerels, not using the term to designate the great pike: "Banded Pickerel," **Esox americannus,** reaching a length of 12 inches, and found east of the Allegheny Mountains. "Common Eastern Pickerel," **Esox reticulatus,** attains a length of 2 feet, and is found east and south of the Alleghenies. "Little Pickerel," **our** pickerel, known by many names, **Esox vermiculatus,** rarely exceeds a foot in length, and is found in the Mississippi Valley. Those fish have both cheeks and gill-covers fully scaled. The Little Pickerel should be found in southern Minnesota, and if I am not greatly in error I took it from waters in Big Stone County thirty years ago. There is a pickerel in our territory, then why apply that name to the fish I term Great Pike, called by Jordan and Evermann, "Great Lakes Pike," **Esox lucius?** You know, of course, that any small pike, be he pickerel, great pike or 'lunge, is often called pickerel; in other words, a small pike is popularly, "pickerel." The Great Pike has the gill-cover scaled above, the cheek fully scaled. The muskellunge, **Esox masquinongy,** found in the Great Lakes region, has cheeks and gill-covers scaled above only; which is, of course, true of the Ohio muskellunge, **Esox ohiensis.** Now Jordan and Evermann give a 'lunge, the gray fish of your state and Wisconsin, the name Great Northern Pike, **Esox immaculatus.** Which is the fish some folks consider the "only true muskellunge." I much doubt if the fish can be differentiated from the other 'lunge, scientifically I mean. I think you must agree that my position is well taken: use the name pickerel only for **vermiculatus,** great pike for **lucius,** 'lunge for **masquinongy** and **immaculatus,** if the latter continues.—O. W.

A ROD-BUILDER

Dear O. W.: Please let me know where I can get glued-up but unmounted split bamboo sticks, at some variety of dimensions at a given length. I know of several retailers who handle a few different lengths, but they do not give a choice of weights. What I am interested in particularly at present is a fly-rod of approximately 6 ounces, 9 feet long, with an action not so stiff as the usual rod, and a 10 inch handle. Could you give me the correct caliper dimensions of such a rod? You may be interested to know that I purchased a copy of your "Trout Lore" about ten years ago, and have read and reread it several times with a great deal of pleasure and profit, and often refer to its various chapters. You may count on my getting a copy of any book you may write, especially if it deals with dry-fly fishing for trout.—F. M. B., Md.

Sir: I have your good letter of recent date, and in answer would say that any sporting goods dealer can get you glued sections of cane I am sure. Abbey and Imbrie, New York, used to specialize in rod materials, and Shakespeare Co., Kalamazoo, Michigan, will serve you well. In fact, most of the larger firms carry materials. Am sorry but I am unable to give calibrations. Get Perry D. Frazer's "Amateur Rodmaking," or Dr. Holden's "Idyl of the Split-Bamboo." I am certainly delighted to know you value "Trout Lore." I have long thought of getting out something on dry-fly fishing, but, while the "spirit is willing, the flesh is weak," and the pocketbook will not stand the strain. Publishing an angling book is always a venture of faith, sometimes a financial disaster.—O. W.

TIES HIS OWN

Dear O. W.: I was very much interested in your recent article on "Trout and Fuzzy Wuzzies." Glad to discover that you agree with me as to the importance of intimate stream acquaintanceship. I began fishing with the fly in 1928, catching 11 trout that year. In 1929 I caught 47 fish, thanks to your writings and others. I have learned to tie my own, and enclose a sample of my workmanship. I have over a hundred red patterns, and if placed on a sheet of cloth it would look like an old fashioned quilt. I caught the 47 on 9 patterns. While my catch may appear small, still I enjoyed each victory tremendously, even if the fish did not run large, never over 15 years. I do some stocking, too, ten of us planting 120 cans last year. If you ever are in my town you have a standing invitation to call upon me, and if in season, we'll go a-fishing.—R. L. I., N. Y.

Sir: Am greatly pleased with your fly for while it might not pass muster if inspected by a professional fly-maker, it shows an understanding of what trout want, which is the highest art. Too often we think a fly must appear perfect, when the thing to be secured is fish-taking qualities. Some of the bucktails, patterned after well known flies, look little like them, yet are fish takers. Sometimes I find myself believing that more depends upon the angler's skill and understanding than upon the particular pattern, then comes a day on which only a certain pattern will win at all. The mere fact that an amateur finds it almost impossible to produce a smooth fly should not deter him from fishing with his handicraft, for the trout are not as particular in that particular as are the anglers. After all, there is no indoor sport—unless it be talking about one's neighbors—which can compare with fly-tying. Always glad to hear from you and know of your progress in the home-craft science.—O. W.

CAN'T HOOK 'EM

Dear O. W.: Though an old fisherman, I am in trouble. The lake I fish is well stocked with bass, which are found amid the tall rushes along shore. While I can get them to take a live frog, I seem unable to hold my fish; they rush away in the reeds, tangle up and break loose. I doubt if I get more than one out of 25 I hook.—W. A. M., Ill.

Sir: I am afraid I can't help you much, for you have an unusual problem. In my experience black bass ordinarily hook themselves hard and fast, especially with live bait, when one gives them the time you apparently do. Have you tried a secondary hook, reaching down between the frog's legs? You can procure a double live-bait hook that may be of some aid. It seems to me the fish must be "biting short," merely mouthing the frog and not reaching the hook at all. Try the double bait hook.—O. W.

YOUTH..

Has its Fling...

The "Flinging" in this instance was with Shimmy Wigglers in the hands of these youngsters, most of whom are under school age and hardly large enough to wield a bait-casting rod.

The largest child, the leader of this infantile gang, is the son of Dave Bacharach who operates the largest sporting goods store in Baltimore. Dave is ALL ANGLER, one of the uncanny kind who "brings home the bacon" when most others fail. These children are all his pupils and he has instilled into their youthful minds the importance of light tackle and AL. FOSS PORK RIND MINNOWS, if they really want to catch fish and not just be fooling around.

Now boys, what do you suppose these kids would think of your judgment were they to see you splashing around with a lot of puzzle witted baits, using a stiff rod and a line large enough for a fish stringer? Well they would just laugh themselves sick.

AL. FOSS PORK RIND MINNOWS are not an experiment. They have been on the market for fourteen years. Hundreds of thousands of anglers use them exclusively and they would not give a five cent piece for a bushel of the other kind.

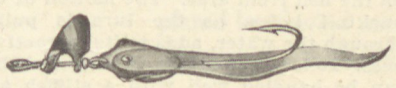
If you cannot catch more fish with them than you can with other lures, there's a screw loose somewhere, better tighten it up before it falls out!

Mr. Bacharach's letter follows:

"I am enclosing a picture of the "Al. Foss Junior Shimmy Wiggler Club" of Frog Mortar, Maryland. Everyone of these boys are Bass Casters. All of them use Shimmy Wiggler exclusively.

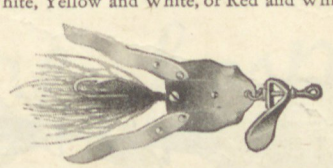
"There are two additional members of this club, but we regret to say we could not take their picture as they were out trying to convince themselves whether the Dixie Wiggler was better than the Shimmy. Teach them young and treat them rough, that is their motto."

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
Al. Foss Department, No. E
Cleveland, Ohio



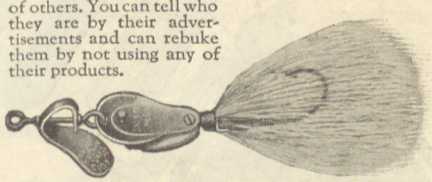
New Egypt Wiggler 75c. Equipped with new spinner. Weight ½ oz.

Oriental Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Black and White, Yellow and White, or Red and White



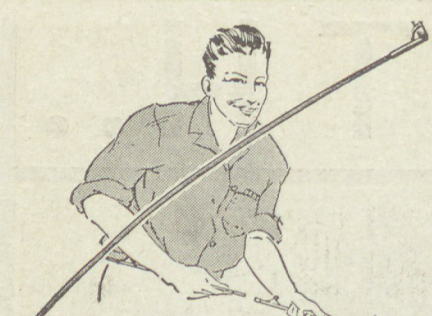
Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00. No. 12—⅓ oz. 1/0 hook. No. 11—¼ oz. 3/0 hook. Larger hooks if ordered. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers

Just a word of CAUTION: The SUCCESS of the AL. FOSS PORK RIND MINNOWS has brought forth a host of imitations by men who do not have inventive ability enough to create anything themselves, nor sportsmanship enough to prevent them from copying the ideas of others. You can tell who they are by their advertisements and can rebuke them by not using any of their products.



Shimmy Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers

AL. FOSS PORK RIND BAITS



Do You Smile when you take your rod apart?

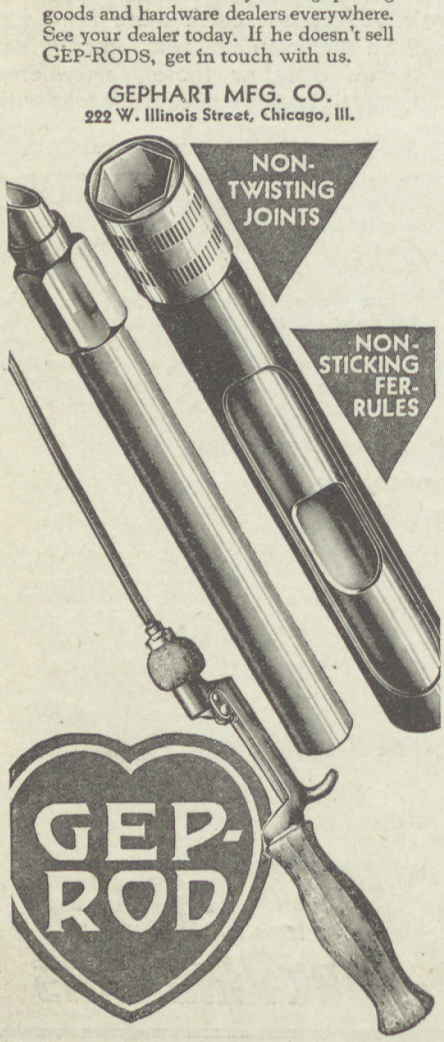
YOU always will—if it's a GEP-ROD! Only GEP-RODS have the patented alloy lined joints. Never stick. Never rust. Always easy to put together or take apart—the smiling way to begin or end a perfect fishing day . . . And that isn't all. Each joint has a patented hexagon socket-and-collar lock. Your GEP-ROD never twists out of alignment. That's the way to *keep* the day perfect.

Interesting Circular FREE

Write for circular describing exclusive GEP-ROD features such as cam or ring type reel locks, non-twisting rod locks, non-sticking ferrules, alloy lined joints, etc. Includes complete line of solid or tubular chrome-vanadium steel GEP-RODS.

GEP-RODS are sold by leading sporting goods and hardware dealers everywhere. See your dealer today. If he doesn't sell GEP-RODS, get in touch with us.

GEPHART MFG. CO.
222 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Ill.

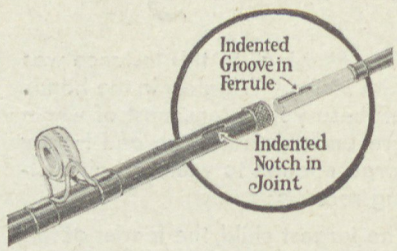


ANGLER'S CABINET

From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—EDITOR.

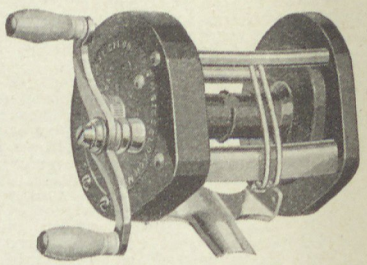
Let O. W. Smith advise and help you with your selection of tackle for your spring and summer fishing trips.

AN IMPROVED TUBULAR CASTING ROD



Now and then we have the privilege of trying out a rod that delights beyond words to describe. Here is a rod with unequal joints, distributing strain and augmenting action, for the tip is longer in proportion to the other joints, and yet it stows away in a brief compass. Reinforced construction. Has a screw-lock for reel, reel-seat is chromium plated on brass, won't rust. And this rod has interlocking joints, won't twist in use. Can't set it up out of alignment. It is a wonderful, well-made and beautiful caster.

A GREAT CASTING REEL

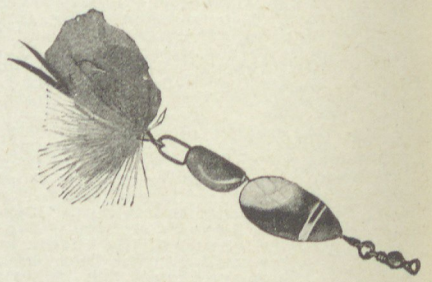


This number is one that should appeal to every caster, for it has a spool made of Bakelite, a material so light, yet withal strong and beautiful, that it starts with the slightest impulse, hence can be used with extremely light lures. The reel is of black bakelite, moulded in an original shape, so that somehow it fits the hand, so to speak. Is a level-winder of course. It has been a long time since we have tried out so pleasing a bit o' tackle.

A PICKEREL AND MUSKY LURE

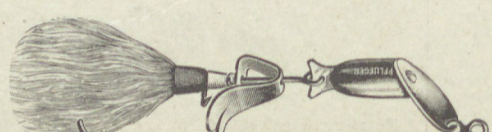
Here is an improvement on an improvement, so to speak, for this is one of the lures we wrote up last month, but with a buck tail instead of feathered hook. Has the same streamer attached to the spoon, which waves through the water most energetically indeed, waving on the fish from afar. The motion of the bucktail hairs, as the lure is pulled through the water, adds to its attractiveness. It is planned for casting rod, but can be handled well with a stiffish and heavy fly-rod. This will stir all members of the pike family.

FLY ROD LURE



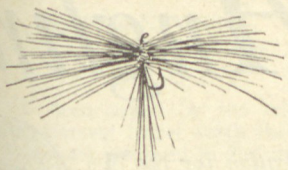
Here we have a finely polished bug-like spinner with an inverted wing fly attached. The spinner-shank is weighted so as to prevent snarling when cast, a wonderful advantage. Spinner revolves easily and has motion if slowly trolled. Fly can be removed if you wish to do so. Practically weedless and very attractive to all game fish. Comes in various colors.

A LIGHT SPINNER



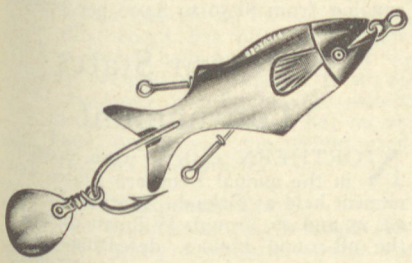
Here we have a small spinner, a sort of a jazz-spinner as it were. Casts well from a light casting rod or a bit heavy fly-rod. Has a special arrangement for holding pork rind, while the hook rides point up and is practically weedless. Sure has a snappy wiggle. Seems to deserve the name I have attached, jazz-spinner.

A FLY LIGHT AS THISTLE-DOWN



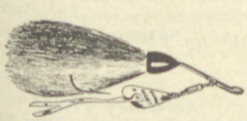
Here is the lightest, most ephemeral fly we ever cast. Thrown out on the wings of the wind, it will eddy and dart exactly as a thistle-down does. It is a dry-fly de luxe, for a few passes in the air dries it thoroughly. It is a good bundle to take along when after the big ones. Comes in a variety of colors. Look into this, you fly-cranks.

A 1930 LURE WORTH WHILE



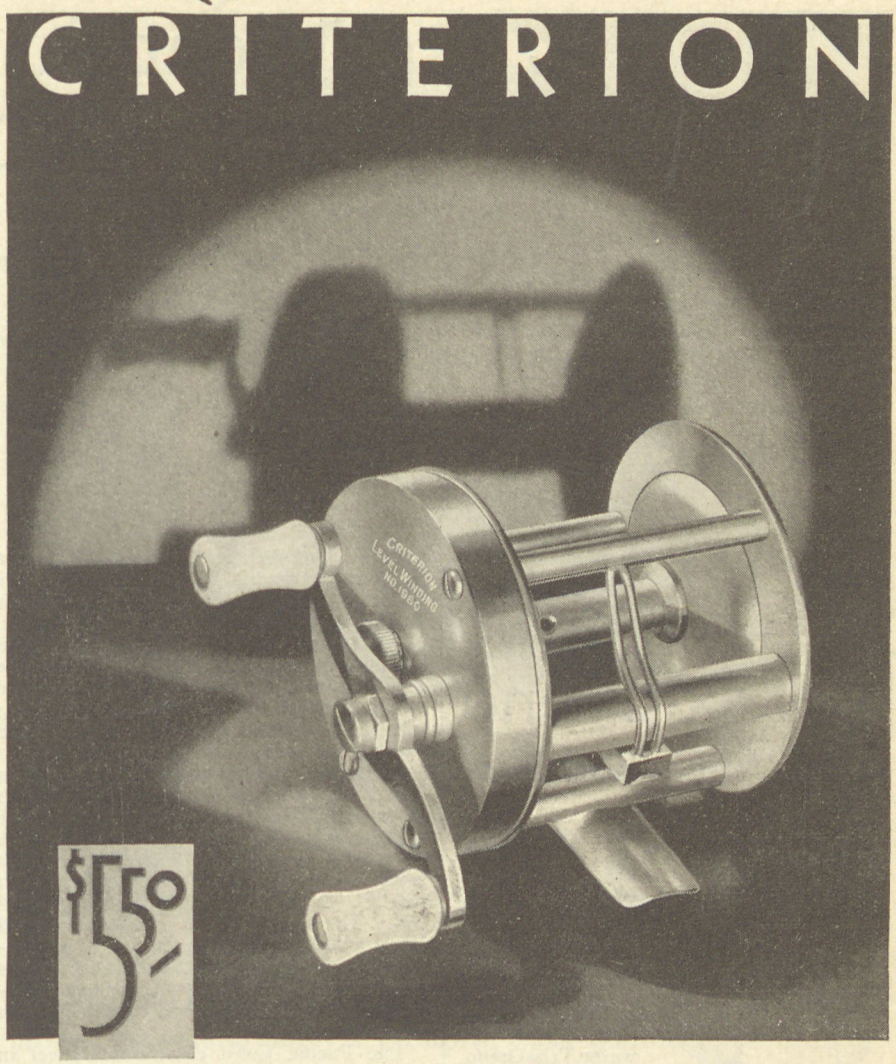
I think no season has brought out as many fishful lures as 1930. The makers seem to have been taking council with their experience on river and lake. Here is a minnow-like metal lure, planned for use with pork rind, bucktail or squirrel tail if desired. You can see the loops for attachment in the picture. It is an under water lure and it sure is original.

A WIGGLER THAT WIGGLES SUCCESSFULLY



In this lure we have a casting spoon and minnow in combination, one that has a cutting spoon to clear the way when drawn through the weeds. The glittering metal and red bucktail makes a very attractive lure indeed. Heavy enough to cast well at that. I know of nothing that will more certainly move the bronzebacks out of the weeds with success. Of course it is practically weedless. You had better look up this number.

CRITERION



$5.50

America's *greatest* Reel Value

Listen to this, anglers! Shakespeare reels are all good, but here's one that is the biggest reel value in America—the Criterion at $5.50. Originally priced at ten dollars, this Criterion reel has been continuously refined and produced in larger and larger quantities until now it is listed at the surprisingly low price of five dollars and a half.

It's a genuine Shakespeare smooth-running masterpiece, precisioned like a fine watch, with jeweled spool caps, chromium-plated level-wind mechanism, and perfectly balanced friction-less action—in fact, a reel to give you a lifetime of satisfaction.

Shakespeare challenges the world to produce its equal at this price. Just ask to see the Criterion level-winding reel at the nearest dealer's and you'll surely add it to your kit. Shakespeare Company, 532 N. Pitcher St., Kalamazoo, U. S. A.

Shakespeare FINE FISHING TACKLE

CRITERION REEL

GOOD FOR A LIFETIME

The Trix-Oreno
A NEW Fly-Rod Lure

No. 593 Trix-Oreno Trout Size

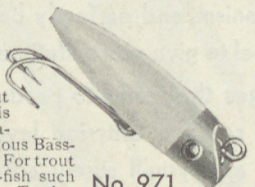
No. 594 Bass Size

Very different is **Trix-Oreno.** Different in size, shape and action. As a thin, light metal piece flutters, slips and dips in the water, Trix-Oreno, without any rod manipulation whatever flutters in startling manner to attract Trout or Bass, also Perch, Crappies and Sunfish. It's a marvel fly-rod lure. Six colors. **75 cts.**

No. 961 Fly-Rod Surf-Oreno

More like a bug than a bug itself is the crawling action of the Fly-Rod Surf-Oreno. It's tiny—a mere 1½ inches. Loose revolving spinners create a life-like bug buzzing unusual for fly-rod trout and bass angling. Six lacquer colors. **75 cts.**

THE TROUT ORENO



No. 971 Trout-Oreno

Another of the tiny, but crafty fly rod lures is Trout-Oreno—a miniature edition of the famous Bass-Oreno. 1¾ inch length. For trout yes, but also for pan-fish such as perch, blue-gill, etc. Twelve lacquer colors. **65 cts.**

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Scientific Angling

Edited by *Frederick J. Lane*

[OUTDOOR AMERICA *is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine.*]

San Francisco Tournament

THE thirty-sixth annual mid-winter tournament of the San Francisco Fly Casting Club was held on Washington's Birthday at Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park. Despite rain up to 9 a. m., a threat of a strong southeaster and the fact that the steelhead trout season was open and the streams a counter attraction, 25 casters turned out to take part in the four regular events and one novelty contest.

The novelty event proved interesting in San Francisco and other clubs may wish to try it. The target was a toy rubber balloon anchored between 65 and 70 feet. Five-eighth ounce plugs were used. These were equipped with three phonograph needles set into each plug at the forward end. The men shot in regular turn, and when a balloon was punctured it was replaced with another. These targets proved very difficult as they were continually moved from side to side by the wind.

The Pacific Coast casters will meet in the Western Association tournament at Seattle during the summer, and it is now expected that teams from the Seattle and San Francisco clubs will attend the National tournament at Buffalo.

The scores of the mid-winter tournament follow:

New Plan of Scoring Used
Accuracy Fly

J. P. Cuenin	98	R. B. Thompson	94
Jay Packard	97	T. C. Kierulff	92
L. F. Guerin	96	H. H. Unger	85
C. H. Kewell	95		

Dry Fly, Unknown Distance

J. P. Cuenin	97	C. W. Hayes	87
R. B. Thompson	95	W. F. Lockwood	86
C. H. Kewell	93	H. H. Unger	82
Jay Packard	91	P. J. Thomas	82
L. F. Guerin	91	F. A. Webster	81
T. C. Kierulff	89		

Five-eighth Ounce Plug, Unknown Distance

R. B. Thompson	97	Jay Packard	92
J. P. Cuenin	97	L. F. Guerin	92
H. H. Unger	93	H. B. Sperry	87
C. H. Kewell	93	A. Sperry	83

Delicacy and Accuracy Fly

T. C. Kierulff	94	R. B. Thompson	88
L. F. Guerin	93	Jay Packard	85
J. P. Cuenin	92	H. H. Unger	82
C. H. Kewell	91		

Novelty Event: Five-eighth Ounce Plug Casting at Toy Balloons

R. B. Thompson, 1st H. H. Unger, 3rd
J. P. Cuenin, 2nd

The Buffalo Tournament

THE only possible obstacle to the greatest tournament ever held anywhere at any time has been removed.

It was thought last summer when the Association was invited to Buffalo for the 1930 Convention that the water in Park Lake might not be in the best possible condition. Happily, we are now able to report with confidence that the events will be cast in pure spring water. The Commissioner of Parks has assured us that the water at the casting pool will be perfect for the occasion.

The committee on hotels has already begun to function.

The headquarters of the convention will be at the Markeen Hotel, situated at the corner of Main and Utica Streets in the City of Buffalo, not far from the casting pool. This hotel is famous throughout the western part of New York State for its food, and the prices are most reasonable, ranging from $1.50 to $2.00 per person.

Southern States Tournament

NORTHERN casters were prominent in the annual Southern States Tournament held at Orlando, Florida, February 24, 25 and 26, though Willman carried off the all-round honors, defeating his opponents by a good margin, winning half of the events. "Speck" Washburn was the best in the Junior Events and evidently a younger brother is following close behind him, judging from his score in the novice event. Edwards, a new caster, cast second to the champion. Buckwalter made a long cast of 285 feet with ⅝ distance, and his teammate Foss threw a 279 foot cast. New system of scoring was used.

BOYS' ACCURACY BAITS

⅜ Accuracy

Washburn	95
Barker	90
Peval	90

⅝ Accuracy

Washburn	97
Peval	96
Barker	95

Novice ⅝ Accuracy

W. Washburn	96
A. Harmon	94
H. Harmon	91

Distance Fly

Willman	92 ⅓ feet	94 feet
Moulton	89 ½ feet	91 feet
Hurst	89 feet	91 feet
Foss	87 ⅓ feet	

Salmon Fly

Willman	134 ⅓ feet	135 feet
Foss	126 ⅓ feet	127 feet
Hurst	122 ⅓ feet	126 feet

Accuracy Flies

Accuracy		Dry "Unk"	
Hurst	98	Hurst	92
Foss	95	Willman	88
Willman	94	Foss	86

Distance Baits

⅜ Dist.	Ar.	L. C.
Hurst	232 ⅔ feet	256 feet
Willcox	210 ½ feet	226 feet
Willman	209 feet	216 feet

⅝ Dist.	Ar.
Willcox	268 ⅓ feet
Hurst	248 feet
Willman	240 ½ feet

Accuracy Baits

⅜ Accuracy		⅝ Accuracy	
Willman	97	Willman	96
Edwards	92	Edwards	95
Foss	91	Foss	94

More About Distance Bait Casting

By Fred N. White

National Champion ½-ounce Distance Bait 1927-28

I HAVE been asked by the editor of this department to set forth the fundamental principles involved in distance casting. They are, in my estimation, as follows:

Relaxation

The writer has found that a good many distance casters make the mistake of "tightening up" when they are casting, especially so in a Tournament. The folly of this is very strikingly explained in a recent article by Mr. Edward J. Davis, in the February number of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Mr. Davis, by the way, is the National Champion ½ oz. Accuracy Caster for 1929. His remarks in regard to relaxation apply to distance bait casting as well.

Proper Feel of Weight

The novice should begin by experimenting to ascertain at what length he can acquire the best "feel" of the weight. This can be determined by permitting the weight to hang from the tip of the rod, swinging forward and backward for a time until the caster has found the length at which the weight seems inclined to be the heaviest. When this length has once been determined, it should be a fixed length for the individual weight, and adhered to at all times. However, the lighter the weight used, the longer this lead will be; on the other hand, the heavier the weight used, the shorter the lead will be.

Preliminary Cast

The first preliminary cast is made forward, and slightly downward towards the tape in front of the caster. It is made slowly, slowly enough to allow the weight to follow through with an even smooth pull from the tip of the rod, keeping the weight in line as near as possible with the tip of the rod. The arm is extended forward and downward and out.

Back Cast

As the forward cast is completed, it will be observed that the weight has reversed itself, and is now pulling the rod instead of the rod pulling the weight. At this point, without hesitation, taking particular care to maintain this same pull of the weight, the cast is converted into the back cast, the weight following the tip of the rod in the same even, smooth manner as it did on the forward cast. When the arm reaches about even with the shoulder on this back cast, it is "broken" in the elbow; following this, the point is reached where the caster's wrist should turn backward with the rod, the rod being taken backward as far as the caster can reach and to where the weight again reverses itself into position for the final forward cast.

The Cast

This cast should be started rather slowly after the completion of the back cast. It is of utmost importance in the change from the back cast to this forward cast, that all signs of hesitation should be avoided to prevent putting a "kick" into the cast which is responsible for breaks. The weight must be brought through smoothly. When the rod reaches the point about even with the caster's shoulder, shoulder high, force is then applied, increasing as the drive continues, the arm going forward in the same manner as when we youngsters used to throw an apple off the end of a stick. As the arm reaches

MONTAGUE RODS OF KNOWN QUALITY

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IT'S downright skill that lands fish and records, plus a rod that's tempered to the scrap—a rod that leaps into the fight—and holds. Montague offers a group of Split Bamboo bait casting rods, for use of plugs and lures, as well as live bait, that leaves little to the fisherman's imagination—for instance:

Montague Manitou Casting Rod at $20.

Short butt and long tip built up of selected TONKIN CANE aged and heat treated for exceptional action. The 18% nickel silver ferrules are waterproof, hand welted and serrated. Hard rubber reel seat is equipped with locking band and hood. Double, solid cork grips. All guides and tops are large, genuine agates, perfectly mounted. At guides, ferrules and grip, the rod is wound with purple and pongee silk and heavily varnished. Packed in heavy sateen partition bag and aluminum rod case with watertight screw cap.
Lengths: 4, 4½, 5 and 5½ ft.

Here are a few other Montague Casting Rods of exceptional value:

Montague Red Wing	*$15.00*
Montague Flipline	*10.00*
Montague Fishkill	*8.00*
Montague Splitswitch	*6.00*

A Special Montague Fishkill Combination Fly and Bait Rod. See it at your dealer's. It is priced at . . . $13.50

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WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN THERE'S GOOD FISHING OR GOOD FISHING TACKLE

These signs along the way tell you "here is good fishing tackle"

Now—Montague Rods are registered as to style and type, at the factory. This new service to fishermen adds a thrill of delight to the ownership of fine rods. Montague Registered Rods are also obtainable in matched sets. See them today—at your DEALER'S.

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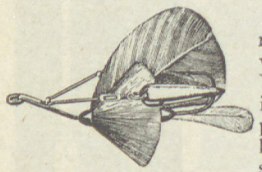
An Incurable Habit of Game Fish

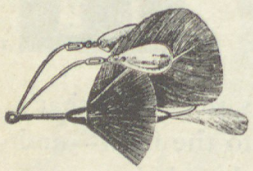
Whether it's drilled into 'em by their forefathers, or whether it's just plain commonsense, game fish have an incurable habit of hiding in weeds. Hence the popularity of these fish-getting weedless lures, made under J. P. Shannon patents. Fish in a hay stack if the fish are there!

SHANNON PERSUADER



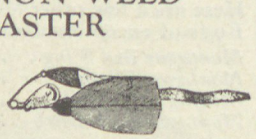
A new and mighty fish-getter with a pedigree. You'll surely want it for bass, pike, pickerel and muskies. The tapered spoons, mounted on swivel guards, are as natural as birds' wings in action. Standard colors, feather or bucktail fly. Price each, 95c.

SHANNON TWIN SPINNER



Most of you know this old timer as a kindergarten chum. And it still holds its spell of witchery over game fish as much as ever. There never was and never will be a fish-getter to equal it. Standard colors, feather or bucktail fly. Price each, 90c.

SHANNON WEED MASTER



You simply can't be without this super-weedless lure if you want to catch the big boys. Detachable tail strip forms a yielding body which aggravates the fish to hang on. Feather or hair fly, in standard colors. Price each, 90c.

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Good fly fishermen all use barbless hooks because they're sportsmanlike . . . . effective . . . . humane.

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JAMISON BARBLESS HOOKS
TRADE MARK
SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS

the point where it is about to straighten out, then the wrist is snapped forward with as much force as one can use, in the same manner as throwing a baseball with an overhand throw. This wrist action is known among casters by the term of, "The Jam."

Gripping the Handle

Contrary to accuracy casting, in distance casting, tight gripping of the handle causes the weight to travel faster and farther; therefore, the fingers should press the handle of the rod against the palm of the hand.

Foot Action

Proper foot action is more essential in this kind of casting than in all the other events combined.

There is nothing that will throw a distance caster off form so easily and so much as to get his feet in the wrong place when about to cast. In my own experience, foot timing causes me more grief than anything else.

The caster, taking his position at the tape, faces forward with the body slightly turned to the right, and the left foot extended in front of the right foot. As the forward cast reaches the turning point, the left foot is brought back even with the right foot, as the cast is carried backward. Some casters repeat this once or twice. When the final cast is started, the right foot is thrown forward and then the left extended and at the drive or finish of the cast, the right foot is brought up even with the left. Both feet should be kept solid on the ground at the finish.

Thread

The finer the thread used, the more distance one will obtain. For my own part, I prefer thread which averages 4,000 yards to the ounce. As it is reeled on, it is run through a patch of felt, containing oil in order to lay the fuzz.

Leader

There is some difference in opinion as to the lengths one should use. Some prefer a long "tail" to their weight, others a short "tail." However, it is a matter for the novice to work out his own way; therefore, I would suggest to begin with twenty feet, gradually shorten to the length which will carry the caster past his "jam." For my own part, I enjoy a tapered leader of eighteen feet in length. The first six feet is of 8 lb. test line, second leaders of twelve feet is of 4 lb. test line.

The Rod

Every distance caster has several rods, one for each individual weight. Some believe that the lighter the weight, the longer the rod should be. We have some who are so critical that they believe an extremely short rod is essential in a high wind. Others insist their rods must contain certain specific calibrations, etc. However, let them believe as they may, I don't agree with any of them. In my estimation, one rod will answer the requirements for casting the different weights, it only being necessary to use the proper length of "lead" to the individual weight to be cast. I generally select wood in the raw stage. The length is obtained by standing the butt of the handle holding the rod on the ground in an upright position. At the point where the rod reaches the tip of the nose, it is cut and this gives me the correct length of rod. The tip end is either eight sixty-fourths or nine sixty-fourths inches in diameter and twelve inches back it will taper off to either nine sixty-fourths or ten sixty-fourth inches. From here back to the handle, the rod is dragged or scraped until the action is softer, giving me a rod with rather a firm stiff tip end to get away, as much as possible, from vibration. After this the rod is painted with duco, ferrules and guides set, and usually three guides are employed. The rod can be left in one piece or cut into a two piece rod.

The Reel

In distance casting, I prefer to have a separate reel for each event. It is a time saver and money saver as well, and eliminates the annoyance of rebalancing the reel each time for a different weight. My present ½ oz. distance reel is a No. 2 free spool, with a 1 inch cork wood arbor. The spool is 1 inch by 1 inch and ⅛ inch and weighs approximately ⅞ of an ounce when ready to cast. The bearings are three thirty-seconds of an inch in diameter, with a large bearing on the left side, fitted rather tight, just close enough to keep from freezing.

For ⅝ oz. weight, I have a second reel of the same specifications. In fact, either reel will handle either weight equally well.

For the ⅜ oz. weight, I use a No. 2 free spool with a 1⅛ inch cork wood arbor, medium bearings, 1¼ inches wide, weighing a trifle less than one-half ounce when ready to cast.

The writer by no means intends to convey the idea that the foregoing methods are the best. There are many others. This is written more for the novice or for those unable to work out and find a proficient method and form.

Something Unusual

(Continued from page 7)

the little beach the pool could not be seen at all. Between Mr. Hetter and the Duke, and the part of the pool under Dome Rock, was a huge white fluffy hill of foam. It was soap-suds.

"I say, what!" exclaimed the Duke. "Amazin', what?"

He did not know what that huge floating island of foam meant, but the fact is that every time one of the skidders skidded down Dome Rock he—or she—took along a lot of the soft-soap and, churning around in the pool, beat it up into foam and suds.

Well, Mr. Hetter was absolutely disgusted. He opened his mouth to explain how disgusted he was, but just then Clarence appeared at the top of Dome Rock and he had just called out "I say!" when his feet went up and down he skidded.

I don't know whether it was Clarence's outfit that scared that rainbow trout, or whether it had just got tired of being socked on the head by people who shot down Dome Rock, but when Clarence hit the water a twelve-inch rainbow leaped out of the pool, up over the eight-foot mountain of soap-suds, and slammed against the Duke's chest with a sort of hollow thump. Instantly the Duke grasped it and the next moment it was in his creel.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "Extrawdnry, what? You Amur'cans are really amazin'!"

"I said I'd show you something unusual," Hetter said, with great presence of mind.

If you doubt this you can read it yourself in the Duke's book, "Reminiscences of a Duke," chapter XXI, page 453, where he tells the whole story under the chapter title of "American Fishing Customs." He has the rainbow mounted on a birch slab, hanging in the ducal castle.

So if anyone tells you a rainbow always breaks water twice, you can tell him this one leaped only once—but it was a mighty good leap.

Trout of the Black Hills

(Continued from page 31)

we had removed from Squaw Creek. It proved to be a most interesting visit, replete in information and where-to-go kinks. Not the least of these informative bits was the suggestion that we try Sylvan Lake, for there were rainbow trout in this tempting body of water, we were told, that would pull the marker down to eight. What was more, we were directed just exactly where we would be most successful in our piscatorial endeavors should we fish there, also the lures that should prove the most killing. The long and the short of it was that we repaired, come morning, to Sylvan Lake, which body of water I viewed for the first time. There is something so picturesque about Sylvan Lake, nestling as it does at the foot of Harney Peak, as to cause one to stop half in surprise and half in actual wonderment. It is like a flawless gem in a perfect setting; a limpid-pure, spring-fed body of water that stands out in my memory as one of the finest I have ever looked upon in any mountain region.

Upon our skirting the shore of this lake our attention was attracted to a man fishing on the shore. Coming closer, my eye detected the fact that he had been successful and had a fish attached to a rope. When I say a *rope* I mean it. It was no less than a cow rope, and the fish that the lucky fisherman displayed before my eyes was none other than a brook trout, *fontinalis,* that would go no less than four pounds weight. Yes, I was told, there were a number of brook trout in the lake and rainbows, too, but the rainbows were harder to catch and you needed a boat for the purpose. Generally, I was told he (the fisherman) got all the trout he wanted by fishing right from shore, using salmon eggs and worms for bait.

I can remember a certain summer evening when the sunset colors were overwhelming the western heavens as though the whole horizon was being swept by a conflagration. The scene was on Sylvan Lake. The grotesque, grey rocks, in needle and spire form, stood out silent and impressive, guarding an enchanted land. It was as though all things sympathized in the universal quietude that held the surroundings charmed, truly the vesper hour of the gods in their cloud-kissed domain. . . .

Coming back to things terrestrial I heard an earth-voice saying: "And listen, Big Boy, listen to what I tell you. I'm not using the fly-rod this evening. You can have that pleasure all to yourself. What I am using is the bait rod and this fat-bellied mouse, you see, that floats. Mark my word, if the big rainbows down in the valley take to the mouse bait sunken deep these rainbows up here ought to grab them off when they feed on the surface."

"Well," I said, "you may have success slamming a plug on the water, but it's my impression that the less noise you make the better. The cigars are on me if you win."

Phil was rowing the boat, and in short order we were working into grounds that were tempting to say the least, so tempting in fact that one would be willing to wager that every cast into each inviting nook would produce results. I started my fishing with a yellow sally fly, backed up with a gold spinner. C. M. made his first cast off of a group of rocks, and let the mouse ride the water, moving it now and then with a twitch of the rod tip. I will admit that I was struck anew with the possibil-

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The following are leading baits in the PFLUEGER Line especially recommended for the kind of fishing indicated by (X) in chart.

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Three Sizes—Nos. 7, 9, 12—Spotlite Finish Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00 each	X		X	X		X	X	
Pflueger TANDEM Spinner (Luminous)								
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Two Sizes—3¼ and 4¼ inch *15 Finishes.* Prices, 75c to $1.00 each	X		X		X	X	X	
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ONCE YOU HAVE USED IT YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE ONE OR MORE WITH YOUR TACKLE.
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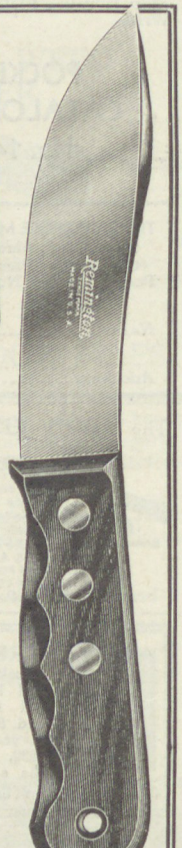

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ities in a lure of the sort, and as the boat rode the water silently, I kept the movement of the lure well under observation.

Be it said to the credit of C. M., he has more patience as a fisherman than the average. Nine out of ten failing to obtain a strike within so many minutes would have retrieved the lure and cast elsewhere. C. M., however, kept the lure in the water, and by those seductive twitches of the rod tip imitated the movements of a mouse on the water almost to perfection. Nothing occurred to break the calm, and I was about to vote the water by far too still for fishing when our attention was caught by a swirl in the water near the foot of the rocks. I was on the verge of making a cast when C. M. halted me. "Just a moment," he said, "and I will prove once and for all that a rainbow trout will take a mouse lure." Whereupon he suited word to action and planted the lure just ahead of where the swirl had been. I had not the least idea in the world that anything would happen.

And I was on the verge of making a statement to the effect that it was fast getting dark and I wanted to get in a few casts further up in the bay when a swirl in the water encompassed the mouse lure. C. M. had both hands on his rod at the time, and when the swirl came and. I should judge, the strike, he set the hook with a jerk that would have torn the head off a tuna had the hook been lodged were it should have been. As a matter of fact, while the rainbow struck at the bait it apparently missed it. C. M. was just one move ahead of the fish, and the bait shot swiftly from the surface of the water, piercing the upper ether like a sky-rocket and descending with a vicious, stinging snap far out in the lake. It was some time before C. M. could regain his balance, having thrown three or four muscles and his back out of gear. When, however, he had collected his senses and his equilibrium he remarked in profound wonder: *"Did you see that?"*

Thus far into the night merriment reigned free and easy, and whole-souled pleasantry held the boards. *But—*

Later on (it was two days after the above historic event) we camped down in the Squaw Creek country again, the decision being to essay for a nice creel of ten and twelve inch trout. Instantly my mind set itself on a certain pool, where I had lost a certain husky trout in a manner hereinbefore related. C. M., however, beat me to it and was on his way upstream before I knew what he was up to.

To this day C. M. avers that the trout was caught on a mouse lure, and there is no one who can prove otherwise. I remember Phil and I were busy at noon that day over the fire, preparing a bacon-and-trout dinner fit for a king, when we heard sounds, a joyous tintinnabulation of laughter unrestrained that seemed to fill the whole atmosphere and joined itself becomingly with the gentle cadence of the breezes. As one, Phil and I rose from our individual tasks and moved cautiously around the car. C. M. was coming our way with a trout borne in front of him—a trout that would cause the most thrill-hardened old-timer to open his eyes a foot. A trout that would go (and did go) six pounds three ounces.

There are times when it has crossed my mind that C. M. stacked up on us somehow or that, perchance, the fish was caught on a worm. But here the story rests, with that lordly trout dangling before our eyes in vivid memory, just as it did in reality, *on none other than a floating mouse lure!*

Daniel Webster—Outdoorsman

(Continued from page 28)

dred. The tutor was so astonished and so delighted that he exclaimed: "You may have the whole day for pigeon shooting!"

It was at Elm's farm, three miles from his birthplace, the town of Salisbury in New Hampshire, that he spent the greater part of his childhood and youth. They had very few books and the few books they had were considered not only for reading once or twice, but almost committed to memory. Among the literature with which the young lad's mind was nourished were the verses of Chevy Chase, with its tale of the most exciting deer hunt, in which "before high noon, they had a hundred fat buck slain." The first poetry of Sir Walter Scott was beginning to appear and the verse Webster loved best, his Secretary says, was one from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"The stag hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged in dreams the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale moor."

A boy thus bred could not, in the nature of the case, turn a deaf ear to the call of the wild.

Many a line did he wet in the Merrimac and in Punch Brook upon which are located his birthplace and the "Big Pasture." Lake Como also attracted him; a place which "abounds in perch and pike" and of course, Mr. Webster ever had a fish house out there—and a boat in which he was accustomed to fish, and to permit his friends to enjoy the pleasant recreation of angling.

Elm's Farm was the birthplace and the mountain farm of Mr. Webster. Marshfield will always be known as the home preëminent of the distinguished statesman. Marshfield being only thirty miles from Boston, Mr. Webster for years had a regular law office in the city. He confessed, however, that it was with utmost difficulty that he tended to any legal business while at his country residences. Telling of his "green bag," in which he frequently carried important law papers which he proposed to study while at Marshfield, he says, "When I arrive at this place, my mind becomes so taken up with its manifold enjoyments that I forget all about the Green Bag, unless there happens to come a rainy day. The truth is you cannot mention the fee which I value half as much as I do a morning walk over my farm."

Here it was that he indulged in his agricultural hobby, the raising of fine cattle. But Marshfield also abundantly testifies to his love of flowers and trees. "The flower garden, for example, covers nearly an acre of ground, and contains the richest and most beautiful varieties of plants peculiar to the country. Of forest trees, too, there is a multitudinous array of every size and every variety; it has been estimated that at least one hundred thousand of them have grown to their present size from the seed planted by Mr. Webster's own hand. Of fruit trees there is also an extensive collection; and while one orchard contains some three hundred trees, that remind one of the Pilgrim Fathers, so weather beaten and worn in their attire are they, another of a thousand trees presents the appearance of an army of useful warriors."

In the immediate vicinity of the mansion there was a trio of little lakes, all of them fed by the purest spring water. Here

Daniel Webster experimented in befriending wild geese and duck anticipating the famed Jack Miner by many years.

As on the Mountain Farm, so also at Marshfield, Daniel Webster had his Arbor Days. The ceremony of the planting of two small elm trees to the memory of his children, Julia and Edward, is touching. "Mr. Webster had been missing from his study for an hour or more, when he suddenly made his appearance before his son Fletcher with two small trees and a shovel in his hand, and summoned his attendance. He then walked to the spot already designated, and, having dug the holes, and planted the trees without any assistance, he handed the shovel to Fletcher, and remarked in subdued voice, as he turned away, "My son, protect these trees after I am gone; let them ever remind you of Julia and Edward."

Daniel Webster loved Marshfield and the seashore. He loved them more than his business; he was no absurd slave to the business of making a living. He knew how to live and how to enjoy life. But no one would ever understand the life of Marshfield without appreciating the companionship of Daniel Webster and Seth Peterson. "As Mr. Webster was an early riser, he had a standing order that when he was at Marshfield, Seth Peterson should have the very first interview with him, and, while this was obeyed as a duty and considered a compliment, it resulted in a systematic arrangement for the day's sporting."

Like all true sportsmen Webster was at heart a conservationist. Waste, plundering nature, wanton destruction of game alike were hated by him.

To the Boston gentleman who visited him one day at Marshfield and who in his excitement exclaimed as he saw a flock of quails cross the road, "Oh, if I had only a gun I could easily kill the whole flock!", Mr. Webster very calmly replied, that he had a number of guns but that no one was permitted to kill anything on his property. He then went on commenting on the slaughtering propensities of the American people, remarking that in this country there was an almost universal passion for killing and eating every wild animal that chanced across the pathway of man.

"This is to me a great mystery," said he; "and so far as my influence extends, the birds shall be protected." That he was conservation-minded is evident by the rather singular fact, "that the only law which he drew up and caused to be passed when for a short time in the legislature of Massachusetts, was a law for the protection of the common trout and other game fish."

And now since the fame of Daniel Webster will grow as the company of Waltonians and conservationists increases, it will doubtless be gratifying to all to know of the Birth of the Great Angler.

In the spring of his fifth year, when a barefoot boy, he happened to be riding along a road near his birthplace, on the same horse with his father, when the latter suddenly exclaimed:

"Dan, how would you like to catch a trout?"

Of course, he replied that he would like nothing better; whereupon they dismounted, and the father cut a hazel rod, to which he attached a string and hook out of his pocket, baited it with a worm from under a stone, and told his son to creep upon a rock and carefully throw in on the further side of a deep pool. The boy did as he was bidden, hooked a fish, lost his balance, and tumbled into the water over his head, and was drawn ashore by his father, with a pound trout trailing behind.

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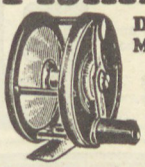

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THEY DO CATCH FISH

An Unpleasant Customer

By Ralph Fenwick

NO, he's not a pleasant thing to meet; however, it is not an uncommon happening in the muddy bayous of the South. The alligator loves to hide. He loves muddy water and he loves dark deeds and he's never too young to begin at this work. Until he can get at a chunk from a man's leg he satisfies himself with swallowing all the fish in the bayou.

Our party went out for big cats and other game but were not expecting such formidable adversaries as the three big alligators whose ugly heads came up from the muddy bayou for air.

You get a thrill when you see such as that, I'll say. And getting them makes more thrills and some scares thrown in. Their roar when wounded is much like that of a mad bull with an undertone of hoarse anger that sends one scurrying. Small alligators come to shallow pools but the huge fellows stay in the deeper water and woe be to the fisherman who dares to go too far in his fishing zeal.

Three years ago a Houston man waded too far into a pool when fishing and lost his leg through the bite of a big 'gator. His cries brought guns to his aid but it was hard to kill the 'gator without killing the man and the leg was too far gone to save when the monster was finally killed. After a year in bed the man spent his days in a wheel chair and made a joke of matters by wearing a pair of shoes made from the hide of the big 'gator. He called them his $300 shoes and valued them highly.

Very often the biggest fellows will leave the water to sun themselves in the grass. One man I knew shot an alligator that measured seventeen feet in length with a head as ugly as they make 'em.

If the shot had not found him in the eye the 'gator might easily have gotten the man as they fight with their tails and can break a leg with one fierce stroke. Men who know how to fight them go prepared with a good axe and reliable gun. A well placed blow on the tail just back of the hind feet paralyzes the action of the tail and this takes away much of the danger to life and limb until a good shot can be gotten.

One day in a bayou in Louisiana I was walking around and saw at the edge of the water what I supposed was a big log. Being tired, I sat down on it and had the fright of my life when the log began to move away. I was not weary any longer. The log proved to be the largest 'gator I had ever seen. Just why he made no movement to use his teeth I cannot say.

Alligators are being made quite an object of commerce from Louisiana bayous. Hundreds are caught yearly by hunters who are prepared for this dangerous work and the pay is considered good. It is claimed that steak from the tail makes very fine eating but that is not first hand knowledge with me and I'm willing to let it remain hearsay.

Frederic Maurice Halford

(Continued from page 41)

or dyed. It remained for Mr. J. W. Dunne in his "Sunshine and the Dry Fly" to drive home conclusively the importance of translucency

But making every allowance for subsequent discovery, the work remains a monument of enormous industry and very considerable achievement—and it is a notable fact that at the present date, seventeen years later, few catalogues of the more considerable firms of fishing tackle makers do not include the entire list of 33 patterns. It is safe to say that if they did not by their values command a considerable sale they would not be advertised after this lapse of time.

Halford produced one more considerable book in 1913—in it under the title of "The Dry Fly Man's Hand Book" he endeavored to sum up the net effect of his teaching of a lifetime Weighing, as the volume did, some 2 lbs. 9 oz., the title "Handbook" might perhaps lend itself to mirth.

It is a somewhat tragic feature of this work that though it was published as late as 1913 Halford showed himself still ignorant of the methods of wet-fly fishing as it should be practiced on a chalk stream. and on the strength of his mistaken data on the subject, intolerant of any use of the wet-fly on chalk streams, definitely ranging himself on the side of the purists.

Taking it at large, the work was a summary of Halford's life work on the Chalk Streams and as such it had its interest for and earned its welcome from the fly-fishing public. But if Halford had never written a line after the 1889 Edition of Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice, his title to a supreme place in the anglers' Valhalla would rest secure. He did a great work in that volume, and produced an effect on methods of angling for trout which will probably never be wholly lost.

In the Spring of 1914 he went to his rest. May the turf lie lightly over him.

Tiger! Tiger!

(Continued from page 13)

"Nice 'lunge," said my friend. "Guess I better gut him right now, otherwise he might spoil before we get back to camp."

"Good idea. What do you suppose he will weigh?"

"Around twenty pounds—maybe a pound or two more. That's just the right size fish to put up a real scrap."

It was growing dusk when we finally reached the trail that meant a portage across to the waters of Little Virmillion. Several loons had joined us an hour earlier, rending the atmosphere with their laughing cry at frequent intervals. The forest was awakening, while the waters of Cedar lake remained silent, save for an occasional splash of a muskrat or beaver.

The trees surrounding the lake took on an aspect of living sentinels standing guard over the unpolluted, clear, healthy waters of Cedar lake as the fast approaching darkness crept softly forward. The opening to the trail seemed like the mouth of a cave as we pulled the canoe upon the shore and made ready for the portage.

I walked back to the water's edge and peered across the lake through the gray dusk. Evening insects and night birds filled the atmosphere with song. Out there —somewhere—I heard the hoot of an owl, and from across the lake the mournful cry of a loon joined the array of wilderness talent. While we were preparing to hie for camp and slumber, nature was awakening.

"Well,—you going to stand there all night?" suddenly came from a voice at my rear.

Turning, I saw my guide with the canoe partly balanced on his shoulders, a rod case in one hand and a ruck-sack on the ground beside him. Standing close by was my pack-sack and tackle box, ready for me to carry over the trail.

"All right, old scout, I'm ready—that is I'll go," I replied.

As we walked along the trail my thoughts centered on the muskie carried in my pack. He certainly proved a fighter—no doubt about that. Tiger? Goodness knows they deserve the name, for what species of 'lunge can out-battle these mighty striped inhabitants of Ontario? And what lucky fish to live in a lake that rarely sees an angler. No wonder they fight like tigers to protect themselves from the destructive hand of man.

Bill Takes a Lady Fishing

(Continued from page 27)

inch by inch I progressed into the fast moving stream. The water was to my knees and almost sweeping me along with it, but Bill had said "fish at the riffle," so riffle it had to be.

I became dizzy from looking too long at the moving water and hastily closed my eyes and prayed to keep my balance. I come from a family that never knows when it's licked, so I stood my ground casting from the vicinity of that log from eleven until after four o'clock in the afternoon.

The sun was beating down fiercely all the while. I moved around some to ease my position and wondered why the fish didn't warm up under the sun even as I. The lack of life was amazing, not a bird or any moving thing was there, only the occasional leaping of a trout. The lone-

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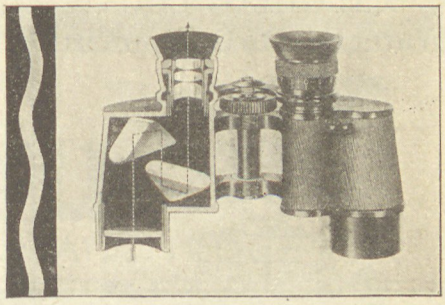

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liness of the place oppressed me. I cast again and again and often something seemed to strike at my fly.

The sun was slithering down behind the Tetons. Clouds gathered overhead, for it had been raining upstream for a long time. There! something hit at my hook again. Listen, what was that? Suppose a great wild animal came out from behind that rock and attacked me. My arms were like lead. Surely it was about time to go home. The river seemed to be rising a little, the log was entirely submerged, but like the boy on the burning deck, Bill would find that I also had not fled.

I thought I heard thunder in the distance. Hark! There it was again. I turned. A mere speck on the edge of the high bluff where we had left the car was Bill rolling boulders to attract my attention. He had returned by another route and left me to pick my way back alone, so floundering out of the water I began to patiently stumble over the cobble plain until I came to the low water. Not remembering the shallow part where we had crossed in the morning I wandered along the bank hesitating to advance. I waded in. Do or die. Unluckily I had plunged into the deepest part. The water rose to my knees, higher and higher until it began to trickle over the top of my boots, but I would not call for help if I drowned. Maybe I *would* drown. That ought to soften Bill's calloused heart. I began to cry. These smaller cobbles were even more slippery than the large ones in the river.

I cried some more and thought about my pioneer grandmother. No doubt she had had a lot of wading to do, too, in early days. A few steps more and the water suddenly became shallower and soon I was across, but there still was the bluff to surmount. My mouth was dry, my boots dragged at my waist, but the young trees which dotted the sides of the bluff were scraps of comfort to cling to. I was making it, except that with every step I had to disentangle my line. My heart was pounding, so I thought it would jerk me right over the top. I was sobbing and breathless, but before the final pull, I stopped to dry my eyes, wipe my face and pull up my Levis. I'd show Bill the stuff of which women were made. Then in as jaunty a manner as I could muster, I scrambled over the ledge.

"Hello, get any fish?" I saluted, swaying a little.

"Hell, yes, did you?"

"No, but just lots of them took hold of my hook,—but they always let go after a bit." Immediately he went haywire.

"Well, strike me dead and bury me in several places, why didn't you give a quick jerk on your line when a fish struck?"

"You didn't tell me to."

"Ye gods, what did you expect? Did you think they would swallow the fly and climb up the line and maybe jump in the bag and fasten down the flap?" He looked at me curiously, "Say, don't you know anything atall?"

Too weary to answer him, I oozily sank down to remove my boots. Nothing more could hurt me now. Something in my face must have softened him a little for his eyes crinkled into a smile.

"Hungry?" he asked gently.

"Yes," I gulped.

"Here, I saved half my sandwich." My heart leaped like an affectionate puppy.

I had to open both gates on the way back. But I *think* Bill will take me again and THEN!

My Boy and I Contest

THIS contest will run until January 1, 1931. Three prizes will be given, 1st—$15.00, 2nd—$10.00, 3rd—$5.00.

Entrants must send outdoor photographs of themselves with their sons or daughters, accompanied by letters, not over 200 words in length, recounting their experiences together in the outdoors.

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PLEASE MENTION OUTDOOR AMERICA

The Vanished People

(Continued from page 17)

parable to a blow on the point of a man's chin, to the brute-brain itself. Ordinarily it would have hardly fazed the animal, but on top of all his other wounds it made him reel.

Some one jerked the fallen man out of the way. The rest rushed in on the now helpless foe with such weapons as they could muster. He lumbered to his knees, gave one last trumpet blast of defiance, and rolled on his side. The noble, ancient life went out of him in one deep gasp.

This was the signal for a wild celebration. The hunters danced, shouted, slapped each other on the back, yelled and laughed, just as Adam's countrymen were known to do after an athletic victory, all that remains of their old carnage beside the Ice. When Sea-Hawk got to his feet, not hurt in the least, and took part in the orgy, the men's joy knew no bounds. Only one man remained aloof—Adam himself.

He was suffering a severe reaction from the excitement just past. Satiated by the red wine that had flowed so bountifully, he felt sickened, vaguely ashamed. For the moment he knew no kinship with these spear-throwers, these blood-letters, these blond beasts dancing about the body of their prey. But presently Doctor Weismann, who had taken no part in the hunt, who was removed from these howling savages by ten thousand years of culture, but who stood by Adam, like an older brother, even in his follies, counseled gently in his ear. This man of science was ever just. He always followed the compass needle of fact, and was not turned aside by the gales of emotion sweeping the seas of life. Now he set Adam right.

"You needn't feel ashamed," he counseled. "You too are a blond beast under the skin. And these men have committed no wrong. Their battle with Zwei-Tag was bloody and terrible, but not half so brutal as the shooting of African elephants by our own countrymen. They killed not for sport, not to call back the forgotten rapture of cave-days, but so that they themselves may survive."

And Adam's heart bounded up. Joining the group, he too took pleasure in the great bulk of the trophy, and the noble curl of the tusks. At the same time he felt a growing unity with these men who had fought so bravely at his side. All had made war together. All were comrades-in-arms.

Watching these tribesmen, it was a considerable time before Adam noticed that they were also watching him. In their eyes was an eagerness and enthusiasm which he had aroused in his team-mates but twice before in his life—once, the day of the biggest of all games, when he had made a hole through left guard for a ten-yard plunge to a touchdown, and once when he had guided his platoon of doughboys out of machine-gun fire to the shelter of a cemetery wall. It was not servile flattery, but the salute of one's peers, a man-to-man tribute which was strangely satisfying.

But he did not presume upon it. When the men were ready to start home, and Strong Spear turned to him, as if to let him lead the file, Adam slipped into his former place. He noticed that they were all careful not to touch his bow.

VIII

The home-coming ceremony showed a new side of the Cro-Magnon people. Like many primitive folk, they had a flair for extempore dramatics. When the hunters were still a mile from the village, they

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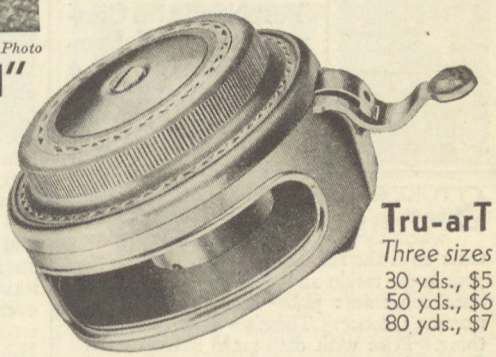

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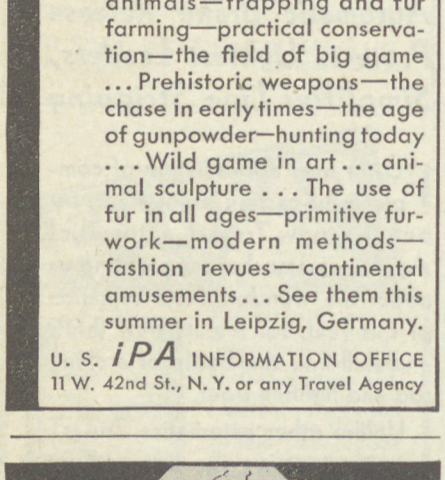

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suddenly raised their voices in a loud chorus. *"Vo quimo—vo quimo—ug hed ig Zwei-Tag vo quimo."* (We come, we come, from the fields [heath?] of the Mammoth.) The men had strong, rich voices, and the chant rang thrillingly over the wastes.

From the distant village came the answer—fifty voices raised as one in a long-drawn minor note that made the short hairs creep on Adam's neck. *"Og blut hun?"* (Have you killed? Literally, perhaps: Is there blood on the hands?)

"Gi, og blut hun," the hunters chanted. *"Gi, og blut hun."* (Yes, we have killed.)

Straightway the waiting villagers broke into the triumph-song, rising and falling over the tundra, quavering and almost dying away, only to swell to pipe-organ volume as the hunters swung down to the village. This was no doubt the "Woman's Song to the Returning Hunters," a song that was old when London was a tide-marsh, and when the mammoth trumpeted on the Seven Hills of Rome. One line of the song recurred again and again, gaining power with each repetition: *"Quimun veljo, quimun binu mas, quimun formirom."* (Come home, [dwelling?] come to the good meat, come to our arm-warmth.)

When the hunters reached the Meeting-Place outside the temple, the women were massed in a group behind Dian. She was lovelier than ever, her face radiant with pride, her gold ornaments flashing in the sunlight. The hunters grouped themselves opposite, and when the song ended, Sea-Hawk stood before his priestess and began a thrilling recital of the hunt. Much of it he acted out—the stalk, the rush of the dogs, the bard's own narrow escape from death, and finally Zwei-Tag's fall. Several times in the recitation he mentioned Tal-Eika, meanwhile pretending to shoot a powerful bow. Thus Adam knew he was not without honor in the tale.

How great was this honor he did not yet imagine. Presently Dian walked to him, took his hand, and led him out in front of the hunters. She addressed him earnestly, in an exalted voice—evidently praising him, his deeds, and his great bow—and then pressed both her hands to his breast. "Come to me, in my dwelling, after the songs are sung," she told him in English.

When the groups broke up, and a hundred men and women were sent the meat and ivory, Adam made his way to Dian's igloo. His step was light and swift—hastening him to the rendezvous—but his mind was troubled. Presently he crept through the long tunnel, and heard her calling him to the warm, secluded room beyond. When he crawled through the inner aperture, eager hands seized his, drawing him erect.

The sun was low, and the room dimly lighted. Yet he could see the girl's cheeks flaming, her eyes almost preternaturally bright. "Tal-Eika," she whispered, as if she lacked breath to speak aloud. Her hands crept back of his head and drew his face down to hers. She kissed him with all the ardor of her pagan soul.

They were alone. The room, hushed and remote, was voluptuous with soft, rich furs. The girl was the most vital, the most splendidly beautiful creature that had ever come into his life. No wonder her strong, bare arms could hold him close! He could not contemplate or fear the future; sufficient to this moment was the evil—or the good—thereof. He met her halfway.

But when she saw his eyes kindle, her smooth muscles stiffened, and she held him motionless in her arms. "Dian wants you," she told him. "She will give herself to you, but not for a moment's play. She chooses you as her mate, to share her place, to lead the people. But first you must stand with her, before the First Fire, in the temple, and repeat the Old Words."

"When, Dian?"

"Now—tonight—if you like. Dian is ready. Her arms ache, her lips thirst, her soul yearns. We will strike the gong and call the people to witness."

"What are the Old Words? What do they mean?"

"They are the words that my first father, Re the Sun, said to my first mother, the Moon, when he led her to the rest-place. They will make our mating sacred in the eyes of the gods. If you do not say the Old Words before Dian lies in your arms, the Ice will rise and cover the land."

A moment before, Adam had been ready to take all that Dian would give—returning a physical love ardent as her own—but now she had shown the matter in a new light. He tried to drive off the warm mist clouding his brain, and see where this trail led. It could be no careless adventure, to accept Dian's proposal. No matter how lightly he might take the pagan rite, it would establish a marriage bond in Dian's sight, and as such he must regard it.

She was in no sense fair prey to a man, but a maid and a princess of her own people. He could not possess her except by her own, honorable terms. And there was not enough dishonor in his own make-up to let him betray her—to speak the Old Words with his tongue in his cheek and his fingers crossed. She herself realized that his visit to the Moss Country might be brief, and would marry him just the same. Even so, the marriage could not be a mere subterfuge on his part, but a solemn contract entered in good faith, for its ancient purposes.

Did he love Dian? His acquaintance with her was so brief that he did not know. Certainly he could never forget her. The kiss she had given him still haunted his lips; the thought of possessing her—her lips, her silky fair skin, her strength, her vital body, and the fullness of her love—brought a flood of exquisite fancies. Moreover, she awakened all the slumbering romance in his being. He could not think of her scientifically; her youth, her bright wild beauty, her warmth and her strangeness intoxicated him.

But if he did love her—if the hunger and passion and longing she wakened in him had no other meaning—it made his decision all the more difficult. It simply was not in him to enter into a temporary alliance with a girl he truly loved. If he bound himself to her by vows, he must keep those vows; with all his worldly goods—and his worldly hopes—he must her endow. This is an old law, not just a worn-out form. What he accepted he must return; he must play fair.

"Dian, you ask me if I want to stand with you in the temple and say the Old Words," he said at last. "I do want to—more than I can tell you—but I don't know yet whether it will ever be possible. There is a matter confronting me that I can't describe to you. Until it's settled I won't know how long I am going to stay here, if I stay at all. When the crisis is over I will come to you, and then we will decide what to do."

The girl smiled, held him close in her warm, strong arms, kissed him many times in childlike eagerness, and let him go. Because it was genuine, not false, her pride had taken no hurt by his answer. Truly he had never known any one who looked on life with such clear eyes, and with such simplicity and grace, as this pagan princess of the Cro-Magnons. His arms ached too; like hers, his lips thirsted and his soul yearned.

He avoided Belgrade that night, but in the morning he took the bull by the horns and went to see him. He found him surrounded by a crowd of hunters, mostly Ug Paddrin, but a few of the Temple cast mingling with the others. They were fingering and admiring the Slav's rifle.

"I suppose killing is the most popular human pastime," Belgrade began in his best vein. "These men are far more pleased with this gun than if I had brought them a new religion. Where have you been keeping yourself, Weismann? I have had a serious matter to discuss with you. I looked for you, but you are either gone hunting, or looking at pictures—you beat me to those, you rascal—or visiting in houses where I, Karl Belgrade, am not invited. Confound my dark skin! These people treat me as though I were an inferior being."

For a moment Adam forgot his solemn errand and laughed aloud. "You have always been on top the heap before, Professor. I think this will do you good."

"Perhaps, but it won't do them any good. When I return to civilization, and make my reports, they shall see plenty of darker skins than mine. By the way, Weismann —where were you last night, after the hunt?"

"I slept in the Guest House. Before that, I talked awhile with Dian."

"So?" The word had a metallic ring.

But Adam did not take the challenge. He had no desire to antagonize Belgrade at this stage of the conversation. "We'll talk later about that. Did you find your hunting trip interesting?"

"Very. I turned out quite a hero to men of my own caste." He smiled dimly. "Do you know, Weismann, this Moss Country is a hunter's paradise. When we give our reports to the world, sportsmen will throng here from every country, and there will be a trading store to sell ammunition on this very river. I saw a number of new species. I was especially interested in *Rhinocerous Antiquitatis.*"

Once more Adam was chagrined by his own lack of vision. He should have anticipated this. Where there are woolly mammoths, there would naturally be woolly rhinos. They are invariable companions: their bones lie side by side in Pleistocene gravels.

"The hunt itself was child's play," Belgrade went on. "I spotted the animal across a small lake, and before the savages could blink their eyes, I put him down with one shot. Now they think I am Jove himself."

Adam stole a look into the sallow, deeply-lined Slavic face. He could well believe that killing a rhino would be, indeed, child's play to this cold-blooded scientist. His iron nerve would naturally make him an expert marksman.

Adam now asked to speak to him alone, whereupon the two strolled off and sat down on a massive stone seat, overlooking the river. "What have you done about repairing the seaplane?" the American asked.

"That's what I want to talk to you about. For some reason, which Jim-Hull does not seem to understand, Dian has posted guards near the ship, and won't let me go near it. If she should persist in this course for a matter of nine days, what under heaven would we do? How would you like to spend your life with these savages?"

"What is one man's life?" Adam spoke grimly. "You have expressed your contempt for it, several times."

"I expressed contempt for the lives of the herd—the countless million who breed and die—not for the lives of scientific men. My life is of great value to science;

(Continued on page 80)

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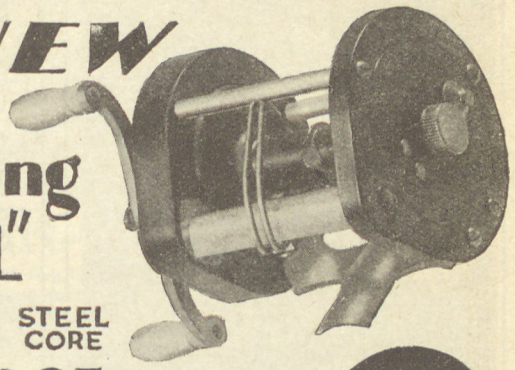

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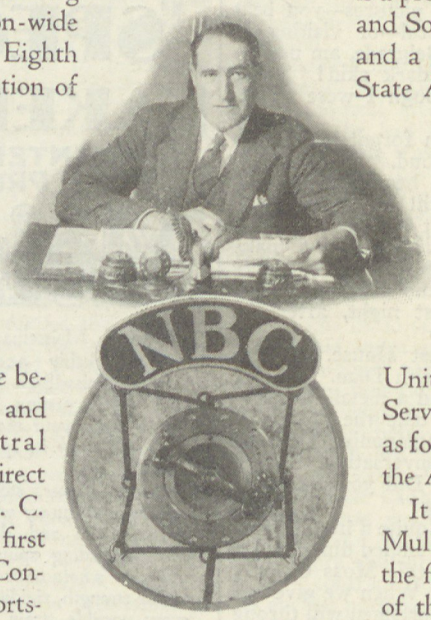
SEVERAL national figures in conservation will speak over the National Broadcasting Company's nation-wide chain during the Eighth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, to be held at the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, April 23,24,25 and 26.

The broadcasts will be made between 11:45 A.M. and 12:30 P.M., Central Standard time, direct from the N. B. C. studio, during the first three days of the Convention and Sportsmen's Show.

The programs will be under the direction of Frank E. Mullen, Director of Agriculture for the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Mullen, to whom the instigation of a farm program on the air is the culmination of a long cherished desire, is a product of Nebraska and South Dakota farms and a graduate of Iowa State Agricultural College. He has had a wide experience as a radio editor and farm editor in the middle west and spent two summers in the United States Forest Service and two years as forestry engineer in the Army.



Frank E. Mullen, Director of Agriculture for the National Broadcasting Company.

It was through Mr. Mullen's work that the first radio chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America was inaugurated. He has identified himself with conservation for many years and is a loyal supporter of the ideals and fundamentals of the Izaak Walton League.

Convention Dates, April 23, 24, 25, 26

A Little Sanctuary in a Duckless Land

(Continued from page 43)

successful sanctuary the shooting should be as far away as possible, the farther the better. After abiding with me for three days the forty new ducks took to the air, and after considerable circling in the vicinity, voted against returning. The original twelve wild ones were up with them, but did not succumb to their wanderlust, and soon I saw them return to the refuge.

This flock of fifty-two ducks was the largest that I have ever seen in this locality, although I understand that ducks in large numbers sometimes take refuge during snowstorms on the Mississippi River, which is near here.

During the remainder of the season my twelve ducks stayed. Single ducks and pairs would join them for a few days. Then came a hard freeze, the last of November. There was no open water, and the wild ones migrated, with the exception of one drake that stayed until I took my tame decoys away.

My neighbors were very considerate of my refuge, and I believe were surprised at the modest results I obtained. While they did shoot on their own land, which they had a perfect right to do, they helped me keep other hunters away from the refuge.

The future success of my refuge is limited by its small area, and the nearness of shooting. I have had the satisfaction, however, of having wild fowl in my refuge when there were no others in the locality, and so far as I know it is the only sanctuary in this county.

I believe that the sanctuary plan is going to grow. The development of sanctuaries will not be accomplished primarily to provide game for hunters to kill. The main objective should be for the preservation of our wild life, and an opportunity for the public to study and enjoy wild species.

Just as our cities have, in the past, lacked foresight in the purchase of land for school sites, parks, and play grounds, so have our counties and states been asleep on the purchase of land for state parks and sanctuaries.

Women—Out of Doors

(Continued from page 45)

something as stable, restful and withal as majestic as the forest itself.

One of the accompanying pictures shows Murdo Gibson and Mrs. Hannaford snapped in camp. Mr. Gibson makes the comment, "Mrs. Hannaford brought her own sunshine, so these pictures 'came out' very clear."

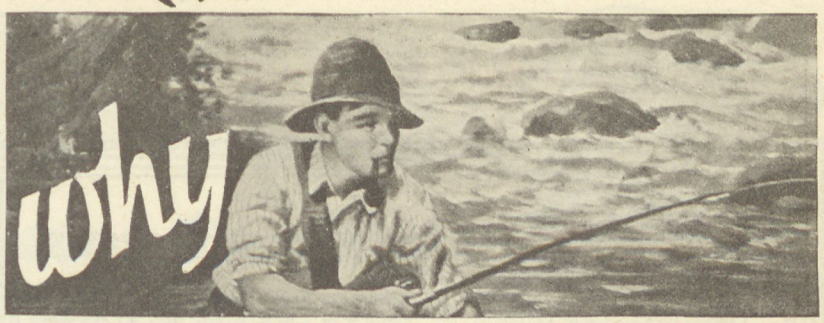
Mrs. Roger Hannaford of Cincinnati and Murdo Gibson, Outdoor America's camping editor, at the latters' all year round camp on Lake of the Woods.

Mrs. Hannaford is shown below with a beauty-catch, a small mouth bass weighing three and one-half pounds. This with Mr. Gibson's notation, "Mrs. Hannaford caught more and better fish than her husband."

Mrs. Hannaford with a three and a half pound small mouth bass.

Mr. Gibson knows the practical value of short cuts in camp cleaning. Now that most of us are planning vacations the appended "camp-kink" will be particularly welcomed.

In the form of a Saturated Solution, washing soda is an excellent cleanser for camp utensils and badly soiled dish cloths. While in permanent camp, I keep a supply of it on the soap shelf. Into a friction-top can, filled with dry soda, I pour as much water as the container will hold. Soon, it acquires its maximum strength and is ready for use, as required. This, I find, is a very convenient method for adding to washing waters the required amount of chemical assistance. It obviates the necessity for breaking up hardened crystals, prevents waste, and saves time.



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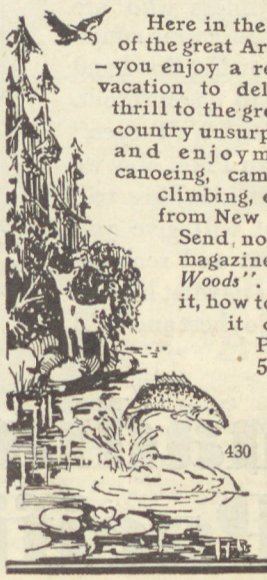

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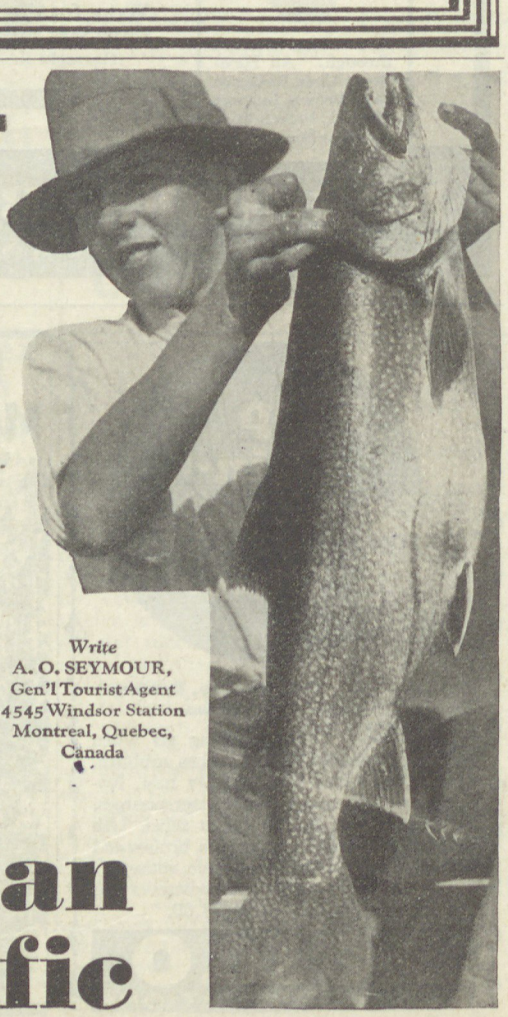

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Roadside Possibilities

(Continued from page 25)

good top soil used around the roots of all plants, and the planting conducted in the spring to prevent loss from alternate freezing and thawing; severe pruning at the time of planting is desirable.

Temporary snow fences are being maintained by most highway departments to prevent snow from collecting in drifts on the highway. It is more effective and usually cheaper to establish rows of evergreen trees to serve this purpose. For these reasons it is good stewardship on the part of a highway department to use evergreen trees for snowbreaks wherever practical. Where the consent of the property owner can be secured, a double row of evergreens, such as red pine, Norway spruce, Scotch pine and arbor vitae may be planted at distances from the road where temporary fences have proved effective. Trees two feet in height planted 4 by 4 feet apart will be effective if maintained at heights of 8 to 12 feet.

Road intersections, odd corners, and unused areas along the roadsides will be greatly improved by leveling and planting with low-growing trees, shrubs and vines.

It is generally conceded that shade trees add a utility as well as an esthetic value to highways. The utility value of protecting the roadway, preventing slides and outlining the right-of-way is small when compared with the beauty which will attract motorists from overcrowded highways. It is a fact that most people enjoy shade and the attractiveness of well-spaced trees whether planted in avenues or groups. Natural plantings are more desirable than avenues, but narrow right-of-ways frequently compel the use of the formal plantings. In most states avenues of trees will continue to be planted until wider right-of-ways have been secured. There is more opposition to the planting of shade trees along the highways than any other kind of planting. Utility operators, while thoroughly in accord personally, may be expected to fight to the bitter end to ward off a possible enemy that may grow to a height that will interfere with their service. Likewise, farmers who plant around their homes may oppose tree-lined highways because production of the soil beneath the trees may be reduced. These private interests must be protected, but it is gratifying to know that aerial and underground cables are being used to assist in overcoming the objection of utility companies, while trimming of lower limbs to a height of fifteen to twenty-five feet has been found a possible solution to the complaint of the agriculturist. If locations where these objections are not met are planted as soon as funds become available most states will have sufficient mileage along highways to absorb all possible planting for many years to come.

Plantings also may be used to advantage as screens to cut off undesirable views of automobile graveyards, quarries, railroad embankments, and public dumps. Flowering shrubs properly planted will not only screen these sights from view but will paint the rainbow's varying hues for the year-round delight of all observers.

The highway development plans herein suggested are not idle dreams; they are being carried out by the nation's highway departments who have an eye for the beautiful, with an increase in quality and quantity each year. In fact, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, during the year 1929, planted 5,753 shade trees from 8 to 10 feet high, 2,000 ornamental evergreens from 2 to 8 feet in height, 6,839 shrubs,

vines, perennial flowers and bulbs, 5,650 evergreen trees for snowbreaks, and 245,000 slope plants to prevent erosion. Of this number 6,500 plants that cost more than $5,000 were furnished by interested individuals and organizations. In addition to the planting, 70,000 square feet of sod were laid, 240,000 square feet of berms and gentle slopes were seeded, 58 scenic views and more than 300 traffic views were opened.

Nature lovers, that large body of influential citizens that are the backbone of our country, realize that development of the roadsides pays high dividends. Its benefits are many and far reaching. It lowers maintenance costs by checking erosion on slopes, reduces accidents, prevents slides, increases adjacent land values, promotes civic pride, controls drifting snow, equalizes the temperature on the roadway and provides a form of healthful recreation and enjoyment to the many millions who use the highways.

Is the American System Doomed?

(Continued from page 39)

the landowners and the sportsmen is a difficult task. Yet all that the average farmer wants is reasonable respect for his rights. When approached properly, the majority of them will welcome decent sportsmen to their lands without being paid for the privilege.

But there are two other important factors to consider. One is how to give that farmer protection against the vandalism that makes him despise all hunters, and the other is to get him to take an active interest in producing a game crop.

The former condition can be met by insisting that every hunter, trapper and angler wear a good legible tag or button on his outer garments while afield. Another invaluable aid is to encourage every Walton League Chapter and fish and game club to offer a standing reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of hunters, trappers or anglers destroying private property while so engaged, or violating conservation laws. Large placards generously distributed over the countryside announcing such rewards will have a moral effect beyond belief; very often they promptly replace the much despised "No Trespass" sign.

The second phase of the problem is not so easily handled, but I believe the 6,000,000 farmers of the United States can be induced to take an active interest in conservation without being paid for it.

Daily Fee Club Plan Suggested

To encourage farmers to produce a game crop and aid in regulating the kill is a difficult problem. To simply encourage charging for hunting privileges without requiring owners to do constructive things to maintain the game supply will not improve conditions. Many farmers are now charging for hunting privileges; Texas has a law specifically authorizing it. But mighty few, unless they are sportsmen themselves, do anything to produce a game crop.

I have given this matter considerable study, and have come to the conclusion that in thickly populated sections a modified club plan, somewhat comparable to the daily fee golf course idea, offers one solution to this problem.

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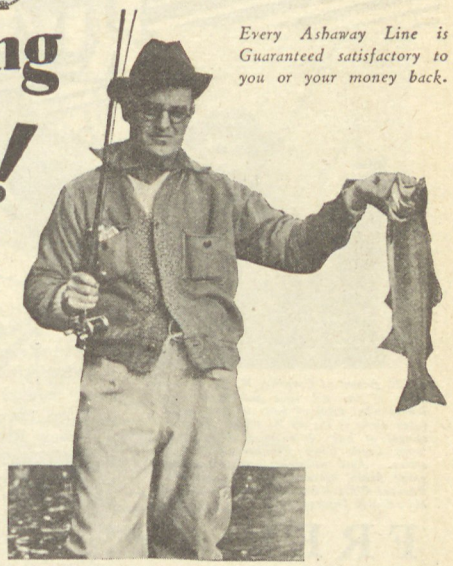

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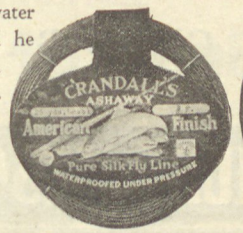

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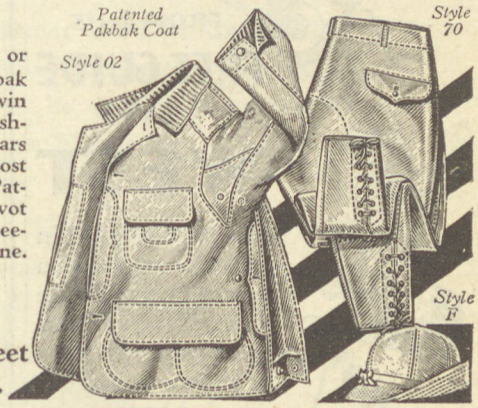

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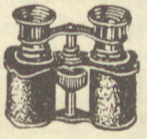

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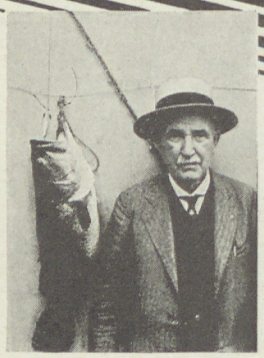

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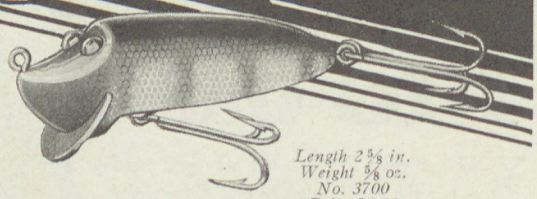

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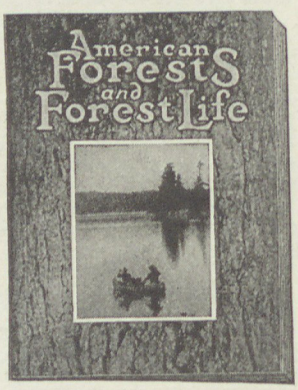

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American Forests and Forest Life

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Game for Our Drier Half

(Continued from page 36)

bands of mountain sheep and jack-rabbits are practically the only other game species of this vast semi-arid and desert domain.

At present jack-rabbits do not need encouragement; in fact, in many places control measures must be adopted. The other game animals mentioned, however, should be increased, distributed, and protected to whatever extent is necessary to maintain them in maximum abundance. Even with this done it is clear that so far as game production is concerned, there will remain an unutilized range, such as it is, that in area at least is nothing short of an empire.

What better use for it than the growing of game (and therefore valuable food) species, selected from the inhabitants of other arid areas of the world? The writer is fully aware of the dangers attending introduction of animals, but in general it is true that little risk is incurred by the naturalization of species which are popular objects of sport and which are useful as food. When it appears, therefore, that we have suitable and extensive ranges for some of these animals, that now have practically no occupants, are we not really negligent in failing to render productive these vacant areas?

Where shall we look for game species best suited to the purpose? As one considers the various dry tracts of the world it becomes apparent that none are more promising than those in the same latitudes as our own, in Asia and Europe, countries which have furnished most of our cultivated crops and domestic animals and whose fauna and flora are most closely related to those of the United States. Africa also has one group of game birds, the guinea fowls, which should not be overlooked in this connection.

In the mixed crop and pasture lands of Spain, tracts comparable to our fenced ranch lands in the semi-arid west, two of the most magnificent game birds, the great bustard and the little bustard, still thrive. The former species is a splendid bird of from 20 to 30 pounds in weight, and the latter is so keen a game species as practically to defy every method of hunting, only chance shots bringing it to bag. In lands another degree advanced in aridity, but still with occasional water-holes, the Indian or common peafowl and possibly some of the francolins should thrive, and in the wholly unfenced regions the Mongolian gazelle might succeed where our prong-horned antelope has failed. Sand grouse, while resorting regularly to water, have tremendous powers of flight, and range over country that may fairly be described as desert. For mountains in the arid region there are numerous game animals that seem better adapted to the conditions than our native species. Among these may be mentioned the wild sheep of western China, the takin of Tibet, and the ibex of southern Europe.

The last-named animal has been cunning enough to withstand persecution by the Iberian mountaineers throughout the ages. Indeed it seems that the Old-World animals in general are better adapted to contend with man and his abominations than those of the New. The majority of our common weeds illustrate similar qualities on the part of Old-World plants. The degree to which this may be true, and the cause, may be matters for contention, but the clear implication of the facts we now have is that it is well to look to the Old World for game species which have been

tried in the fires of adversity if we would insure success for our efforts. The increase of the introduced ring-necked pheasant and Hungarian partridge support this conclusion.

The question as to the best species to start with should be given the most thoughtful consideration, and every detail of the procuring, shipment, and care of the animals should be fully provided for in advance. After reaching the area where colonization is to be attempted, the animals should remain in the care of thoroughly interested and competent persons, and effort made to rear young from parents more or less under control. Young reared from this stock will grow up acclimated; they will know no other home and hence will 'take hold' better than animals merely imported and liberated, and migratory impulses will be discounted by the stronger homing instinct. Earnest, carefully planned, and controlled attempts at colonization should supplant the prodigally wasteful method of wholesale liberation that has been so often used in the past. More results at less expense will be the certain reward. A proper degree of legal and sentimental protection is necessary to success in establishing new game species, and open seasons after establishment must be in reason.

Objections to a program of introduction such as here suggested are not lacking. When we introduce animals in number we introduce their diseases; the imported species may be so resistant to these maladies that they are not dangerous to perpetuation of the race, while native species of related groups may succumb to them at once. However, the force of this objection is largely reduced because the present proposal is for the introduction of game species to areas where practically none now exist.

The greatest competitors of game in the arid regions are domestic sheep and so long as present methods continue improvement in the situation cannot be expected. But sheep as well as cattle and hogs can be produced in great numbers on farms of the humid region, and sportsmen can aid in turning the industry to these farms by cooperating in securing dog laws favorable to sheep raising, the lack of which is an obstacle to progress of sheep husbandry in a number of the States.

The habit prevalent in some sections of having firearms always handy, and making targets of every living thing, must be dropped if any game, native or introduced, is to stand the least chance of surviving. There are too many people in this country now, and too little game, for this practice to be carried on with impunity. We have reached the point where, if game is to be perpetuated, we must carefully protect it at all times except during conservatively defined open seasons, we must maintain numerous (the more, the better) absolute refuges, and we must apply the sound precepts of animal husbandry to our stock of game. In other words, we must look to the producing end of the business, we must [illegible]

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Gun Rack and Game Fields

By Alec Mermod *Gun Editor Outdoor America*

Wing Shooting

THIS fascinating sport is not indulged in by a great many shooters who enjoy the pleasure of the shotgun or rifle, because, to those who have not attempted it have an idea that to hit a moving object with a single ball is a very difficult feat, and only accomplished by experts who have had years of practice. As a matter of fact the hitting an object thrown up in the air is a knack that is soon acquired, provided that the shooter exercise a little patience, and gets off to the right start.

Of course we cannot all hope to be as expert as Adolph Toepperwein, Rush Razee, or Captain Hardy, but any one who really cares about the game can become proficient enough to derive quite a lot of pleasure with a 22 by tossing up tin cans, bottles, etc., and hitting them with a single ball.

A great many men are fond of rifle shooting who care nothing about the shotgun, while there are others who participate in both, but as a rule the interest is not equally divided, or their enthusiasm is not keen for either.

The devotees of the shotgun far outnumber the rifle enthusiasts, and I predict that the interest in rifle shooting will wane as time goes on.

Riflemen are divided into two classes, those who devote their time and energy to target shooting, and those who enjoy big game shooting in the open spaces, but this last is not always available to the majority of sportsmen, because it necessitates a long and expensive trip, while to those who enjoy shooting at a stationary target, at various distances, a suitable range is not always easily obtained, consequently sportsmen are apt to follow the lines of least resistance, and take to trap shooting or hunting in the field.

There are hundreds of men who enjoy shooting at a stationary target who have never fired a shot at any living animal, while the big game hunter seldom spends much time at the rifle pits.

One very good reason why the shotgun men outnumber the rifle men, is that there is very little game which may be killed with the rifle compared to that where a shotgun is used, and the majority of men experience a greater thrill smashing a clay target with the "scatter" gun than they do shooting at a stationary target with a rifle. Again it requires more skill and patience to become expert with the rifle than it does to become a fair shot with the smooth bore.

I have been shooting a rifle since I was ten years old, but after the novelty of owning a real gun that would shoot, wore off, I have never been able to take any interest in shooting at a ringed target, trying to score a bull's-eye, and in consequence have never been able to make a creditable score. Ten consecutive bull's-eyes would not give me the same thrill as would the smashing of a single bottle thrown up in the air.

The idea of trying to shoot at any moving object did not occur to me until one day when I was frog-shooting, and had killed about all the frogs in the pond and was starting home, I took a snap shot at a kingfisher as he flew over me. I had not the least idea of hitting this bird, just shot because there was a cartridge in my Flobert, and my surprise may be imagined when that unlucky bird came down with a flop. Fortunately for me there were several boys there who witnessed the performance, and believe me that shot was the talk of the town, and Alec Mermod was ranked, by the small boys, as a most wonderful shot, and I did not hesitate to toot my own horn. From then until I owned a shotgun I kept up the practice of shooting at tin cans and bottles and made an enviable reputation as a wing shot with the rifle, but after I had experienced the thrill of killing birds on the wing with my shotgun, I dropped the rifle for a number of years.

Nearly every small boy wants to own and shoot a gun of some kind, as it seems to be his natural heritage, and this ambition is further fostered by the influence of the moving pictures, so this youngster is given a cheap air rifle with which he breaks a few windows or he may shoot one of his playmates in the eye, consequently his "Bee-Bee" gun is confiscated by his irate parents, so he devotes himself to some other amusement, and after a time loses interest in shooting. However, there are a number of boys who stick to the air rifle till they are old enough to be trusted with a "twenty-two." Of this number maybe one out of twenty will change to the shotgun, while about one out of fifty will carry on, and eventually we will see his name in the list of winners at the great Camp Perry Tournament.

Above—Adolph Topperwein, crack shot.

Left—Uncle Sam in bullet holes.

The early types of the 22-caliber rifles made in America were designed for gallery practice, and were patterned after the old muzzle-loaders which were heavy and poorly balanced, which made snap shooting rather difficult.

A few years ago I picked up an old Stevens 22-caliber gallery rifle which was in splendid shape and still perfectly accurate, but when I attempted to break a small chunk of coal tossed up, I found that I could not hit more than one out of ten, for the reason that the gun was decidedly muzzle heavy and out of balance.

Until a few years ago our American manufacturers paid no attention to the "fit" or balance of their rifles, but since the advent of the small-caliber, high-power rifle they have been made quite a bit lighter and better balanced, so that running or wing shots are much more easily made.

In my rifle shooting, either at stationary or moving objects, psychology cuts quite a figure; for instance, when I was in practice I could break eight out of ten soda bottles set up at a distance of fifty yards, while if I shot at ten wooden blocks of the same size as the bottles I would do no better than six out of the ten, and the same applies to articles thrown up; I do much better shooting at anything that flies to pieces when hit than I do on chunks of wood.

My experience has been that shooting at moving objects is more a matter of intuition than aiming or sighting, for I do not notice that I have seen either sight, though I must do this unconsciously, for when I have removed the sights I do not do well. Again I do much better when tossing up my own targets than when they are thrown by some one else. I cannot account for this unless it is due to the fact that much of my shooting has been done when I was alone and was obliged to toss up my own targets.

I have often been asked how one must hold to hit any object thrown up in the air, but it is hard to impart this knowledge. The logical time to pull the trigger is when the object is stationary in the air as it stops in its upward flight, and this is a good way to start, though I do not always do this, nor do I believe it is the rule with the experts who follow this style of shooting.

Some years ago an attempt was made to popularize wing shooting with the rifle, and one of the manufacturers of clay targets and traps introduced a trap and composition balls for this purpose, but very little interest was shown, and the game died before it was started. One reason for this lack of interest was no doubt due to the fact that convenient grounds were not always available, for unless there was at least a half mile of open space there was danger of an accident. Another reason was that it is not in the cards for every one to become proficient at wing shooting with a rifle, for it is more or less a knack.

While I have witnessed the shooting of

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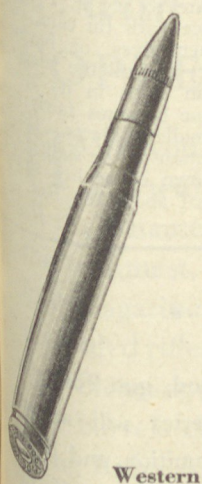

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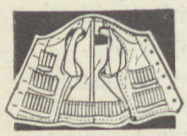

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several of the rifle experts, I am more familiar with the shooting of Mr. Adolph Toepperwein than with that of any of the others, and will cite a few instances of his remarkable work.

"Top," as he is known by all of his friends, and they are many, began his career in a newspaper office in San Antonio and divided his time in drawing cartoons and shooting with rifle and pistol, paying out all his spare cash for ammunition.

He capitalized on both his hobbies, for he was paid for his cartoons, and later was employed by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company to tour the country giving exhibitions, exploiting the merits of Winchester guns, rifles and ammunition.

While I have witnessed the shooting of several of the so-called trick shooters and have seen them do some things as well or better than Top, none are so versatile, nor do they intersperse their shooting with the line of talk, for which he is noted. Along with his other accomplishments, Top is gifted with a sense of humor which keeps the spectators interested and amused.

Some years ago (I have forgotten the date) Mr. Toepperwein conceived the idea of shooting at 50,000 wooden blocks tossed up at a distance of about 15 feet; the time set for this work was ten days. These blocks were cubes, measuring 2¼ inches on each face, and he was to use the famous Winchester 22-caliber automatic rifle.

The day was set for the start of this performance, the blocks ordered from the lumber yard, and the feat was widely advertised which attracted many spectators from long distances.

If I remember correctly, two men were employed to throw the blocks, and two more to load the two rifles he was to use.

After getting off to a good start, Top believed that he could increase the number from the original mark, and instead of shooting at 50,000 in the ten days he actually shot at 72,500, which in itself was a remarkable feat, but when the final score was tallied it was found that he had hit 72,491, only missing nine targets during the ten days, a record which will stand for a good many years, and I doubt if there is a man living who can equal this remarkable score. I will add that Mr. Toepperwein had several long runs of over 13,000.

In recalling my own experience when I shot at 1,000 clay targets with a shotgun, I asked Top how his nerves were affected, and he told me that at night he would have most fantastic dreams. Sometimes he would be using a bow and arrows, again it would be a cannon, and at other times he would be trying to hit the blocks by throwing stones at them.

Mr. Toepperwein has done some remarkable shooting in private practice which is not possible to accomplish in public exhibitions, such as riding a bicycle and shooting at objects thrown up by another man mounted on a wheel riding alongside or a few feet ahead of him. He has also done this from an automobile.

Top has had a great many amusing experiences while touring this country and Mexico, which, when in the humor he recounts in a very interesting manner.

When touring in Old Mexico, he gave an exhibition in some small town, and as he was obliged to lay over there another day, the "jefe politico" asked if Toepperwein would not give a private exhibition for the "jefe" and his family. To this request Top readily consented, and the party drove out to the grounds where the bull fights were held. After the performance was over the "jefe" asked Toepperwein to shoot a hole in a coin which he might keep as a souvenir. The coin was tossed up, but Top did not make a center shot, the coin being hit on the edge, causing it to fly over the stockade. A peon was told to cross the fence and find the coin, and when he failed to return after several minutes Toepperwein and the "jefe" went out to see what was causing the delay. They discovered the peon arguing with a withered old woman, who claimed that she had been sitting on her door-step praying to the good God to send her some money as she was starving, and at this moment this coin came down from Heaven sent her in answer to her prayers, and she was not going to give it up.

She was allowed to keep this God-given money and was also given a dollar with which she could buy the much needed food.

At another time when Toepperwein was making some of the smaller towns in Texas, he boarded a train carrying a couple of guns, and as the car was rather crowded he was obliged to share a seat with another man who was very much inclined to talk, while Top is very reticent when among strangers.

This loquacious man asked Top where he was going and where he was from, and when he learned that he lived in San Antonio, he said, "Oh, do you know Adolph Toepperwein?" Top came back with, "Yes, I've met him." The stranger went on to eulogize Toepperwein's wonderful shooting, and further stated that Top was a very good friend of his. "I go to San Antonio during the dove season and Top takes me out shooting, while I use a 12 gauge shotgun Toepperwein uses a 22 caliber rifle and kills more doves on the wing than I do with my shotgun." Top said, "I've seen him shoot but have never seen him do anything like that; he must be a good one or else *you* are a mighty poor one."

When Top reached his destination he gathered up his luggage, and as he left the seat handed this chap his card, with, "Well, friend, I'm glad that I met you, here's my card." The man glanced at the card and nearly fell out of the seat.

For a number of years Mr. Toepperwein was very ably assisted by his wife who developed into a really wonderful shot with shotgun, rifle and revolver, and was employed by the same company that I represented, American Powder Mills.

I had the pleasure of making several "barn storming" trips with this couple, and look back on these days with a very keen enjoyment.

To those who have not experienced the thrill of hitting a moving object with a single ball, and care to try it, I suggest that they commence with tin cans, either throwing them themselves, or having a friend do this. Try to pull the trigger at the instant the can stops in its upward flight, and after one becomes fairly good at the cans try smaller objects. Do not pay too much attention to the sights. The can should be thrown up rather straight and at a distance of about ten feet.

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PATRONIZE
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The Vanished People

(Continued from page 69)

yours also, no doubt. Moreover, if we are exiled here, it might be several decades before the world learns of our discoveries."

"That is true, I think. I hope it's true, otherwise the effort I am making will go to waste." Adam looked dreamily at the river. "I believe I could have the guards removed, if I want to."

Some overtone to the remark, not to be defined, made Belgrade start. "Why do you think so, doctor?"

"Because it was at my suggestion that the guards were posted."

Belgrade remained absolutely motionless, a posture that was far more sinister than any start or gesture. "You have deserted?" he asked quietly, at last.

"No. I never enlisted."

"Then you've gone crazy—stark, raving crazy." His voice dropped to a low murmur. "Weismann, do you know what they do to crazy people in this tribe?"

"Yes. They put them where they can harm no one."

"It's a good idea—a scientific idea, if I may say so. I believe in it, Weismann."

Adam searched the sallow face. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I don't propose to let any crazy man interfere with this great scientific work that I am doing. My life is mostly concerned with thoughts, not deeds, but I am not afraid of deeds when they are forced upon me, as you already know."

Apparently Adam did not turn a hair. If his heart was leaping against his ribs, it did not pump the blood out of his face. "You mean—out and out killing? In plain words, you are threatening my life."

"I have a rifle here." Belgrade still spoke in low, level tones. "I brought it in case of an emergency. You know me well enough to know that I wouldn't hesitate to use it, for the welfare of science."

"It wouldn't help science very much, or you either. You see, these tribesmen don't tolerate murder, no matter how fine the reason. You might survive me by an hour. Not longer than that, at the most."

"I'd take my chance on that. I have taken chances before."

"There's one other chance you haven't considered." Adam's eyes blazed up and his voice trembled. "I haven't a rifle, thanks to you, but I have a hunting knife. If you make one move to raise your gun, I'm going to give it to you."

Belgrade appeared to consider a long time. He made no move to raise his gun. "Perhaps we can settle this some other way," he observed at last without loss of dignity. "What is it you want, Weismann—equal honors for the discovery?"

"Nothing of the kind." Adam tried not to show his profound relief that the first crisis was past. "I want to make a proposition concerning these people here. You know, even better than I, how wonderful they are. They are the last of a great race: they have preserved something that will never come again on this earth. If it is destroyed, it can't be replaced."

"What, doctor?" Belgrade spoke impatiently. "Be definite, can't you?"

Adam's heart sank. "If you don't know, I can't tell you. You can call it physical beauty, for want of better words. At least, it's the oldest civilization in the world, practically unchanged since the ice-age, and I don't want to see it destroyed. I want to preserve these wonderful people, and I want you to help me, even at great cost."

"There's no way to preserve them. As soon as our discovery is made public, adventurers and hunters and traders will throng in here. They'll bring disease and civilization with them, which no people like these can stand."

"But why do we have to make our discovery public? Why can't we keep it a secret?"

Belgrade's jaw dropped. For the first time since Adam had met him, he seemed a human being instead of an intellectual machine. "What under heaven do you mean, Weismann?"

"Just what I said. We'll give each other our solemn word that we'll never reveal the existence of these people. Then we'll fly back to the ship, and tell the crew that we've been mapping the coast, or some other plausible story. They don't know we expected to find human beings, and they'll never suspect the truth. When we return to civilization, we'll take up our old work where we laid it down."

"But you surely don't understand. This course would not only deprive me of the honors I have fairly won, but would deprive the world of a great deal of valuable scientific knowledge."

"The world will get along all right, and you too. I don't think your honors, or the addition to the world's knowledge, is as important as saving this race from annihilation."

"It is the most absurd idea I ever heard of. You are not a true scientific man, but a crazy idealist. I won't even consider such a ridiculous notion."

"I didn't think you would. I hadn't any real hope that you'd agree. So I'll have to go ahead my own way."

"Your own way? What do you mean?"

"You will not be allowed to repair the seaplane."

The sallow visage turned faintly pale. "You're going too far, Weismann. Even you, a crazed idealist, would not be such a fool. It's apparent to me that you haven't considered the consequences."

Adam nodded darkly. "I've considered 'em."

"What if you persist, and prevent me from repairing the plane? In nine days the crew will think we are dead, and fearing the ice, they will return home. Not only I, Karl Belgrade, will be a hopeless prisoner in this village, but you too. You will never again look through a microscope at hidden life and win honor from your colleagues. You will never read another book, or hear a new truth, or talk again with men and women of your own race. You will spend the remainder of your days in exile among these heathen."

Adam's face looked gray. "I know all that. I don't see—what else I can do."

Belgrade shook his fist in the air, one of the few times Adam had ever seen him overcome by emotion. "Why are you such a fool, Doctor Weismann? Why are all your people—you blond imbeciles from North Europe—such damnable fools? You pursue the ideal instead of the reality. You do this and that against your own best interests. But if you must put your idiot neck in a rope, why put mine? Why do you force me to share your exile?"

"I've no special consideration for you. I told you I might pay you back for using force on me at the start of the trip, even if I have to cut off my own nose to do it. I haven't forgiven you for that, not for a minute."

"But revenge is not your motive. If it were, it would not be so foolish. At least, you could get a personal satisfaction out of seeing me squirm. Your real motive is bound up in the puerile idealism to which Americans are given. You are carried away on a wave of altruism, sentimental and illogical. What difference, what real difference, does it make to you whether or not these people die off? Aren't there plenty of other people in the world?"

"There are no others like these."

"I grant that. But what concrete benefits can you—you yourself—receive from their preservation? You will be dead too in fifty years, your life thrown away. Are you in love with the girl Dian?"

"I won't answer that. It has nothing to do with the case."

"She is mixed up in it, mark my words. You desire her, you want to remain with her, and since you know it is against your own best interests, you have sublimated that desire to chivalrous zeal for her people. Suppose you do keep me here with you. Do you fancy you can preserve these savages indefinitely? They will certainly be discovered in time."

"They are well hidden, behind the ice barrier. They may not be discovered for twenty—perhaps not for fifty years. By that time, perhaps our own civilization will be so advanced that we will protect them, instead of destroying them. I mean that we will declare this Moss Country a sanctuary—closing it to commerce as we did the Priblof Islands—and its wonderful race and wild life can be preserved for all time."

Belgrade's eyes had a cunning gleam. "You think this is more important than your work on Coral Fever?"

"Unfortunately, it is." Adam spoke solemnly, with an eloquence far beyond his usual powers. "Other men can fight that infection—as you yourself pointed out. It happens that I am the only one, beside yourself, who can fight the infection of civilization that will destroy these tribes to the last man."

"Very pretty." Belgrade got up, and Adam watched him guardedly. "You seem set on this insane course, and I'll argue it no more. But I won't agree to your terms, and I'll find my own way to get the plane repaired and return to the ship."

"Then it's trouble between you and me from now on?"

"Yes, unless you stop interfering with me. Why don't you be sensible, doctor? If you will, I'll see that you receive suitable honors when you return to civilization. I might even be willing to unite your name with mine—the Belgrade-Weismann discoveries, or something of the kind—in my formal reports. Certainly I'll give your name to some of the important physical features of the country."

"Even that doesn't tempt me," Adam answered bitterly.

Belgrade stiffened with anger. "Then watch out for yourself. I've given you a fair chance. If you continue interfering with my affairs, I'll take any steps necessary, no matter how extreme, to get you out of my way."

Adam shook his head. "You won't do that. For all your scientific zeal, you love life too well to throw it away for nothing. If you take a pot shot at me, Dian will have you in *Maun ig Mere* within an hour."

The flicker in Belgrade's eyes confessed that he knew this was true. "I'll find a way to get around you. I have matched with minds like yours before. I give you one more chance, Weismann. Will you, or will you not, help me to repair the plane and fly out with me to carry news of our discovery to the world?"

Adam slowly shook his head. "I will not."

(To Be Continued Next Month)

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Let's Talk It Over

Letters

WRONG—FOR ONCE!

Dear Editor:
Some time ago I wrote you protesting against running a fiction serial in Outdoor America, and I want to tell you that since reading Edison Marshall's "The Vanished People," I have changed my mind. I find an amount of research and study of primordial animals and outdoor customs that fully justifies your choice of the story. I was wrong, for once, and I admit it!

C. M. Miller.
Chicago, Ill.

ONE KNOCKOUT AFTER ANOTHER

Dear Editor:
Ben Ames Williams' story in your April issue was a knockout. It would have been a knockout even if I had illustrated it, and my trade being that of an artist, I wish I had had the privilege, but with John Held's drawings, the story was a knockout right.

Joe Butler.
Canton, Ohio.

A SKEPTIC SPEAKS

Dear Editor:
Being somewhat of a skeptic and believing that most publications trim their editorial sails to temper all winds, I was delighted to find in your April issue Congressman Cramton's vigorous article against the proposed crime of despoiling our national capital of its outstanding beauty, Potomac Falls. Straight from the shoulder stuff like that, showing neither fear nor favor puts me on your side and makes of me almost a believer in human nature.

Fred Wood.
Washington, D. C.

CONGRATULATIONS

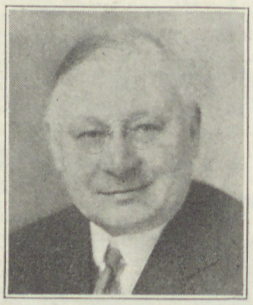
Dear Editor:
Please accept my congratulations on Dr. Ward's editorial in the April issue of Outdoor America. It was couched in most interesting and selective language and I enjoyed it as a piece of excellent English as well as for the sentiments expressed.

Nelson C. Brown,
Dean of the New York State College of Forestry.
Syracuse, N. Y.

About Our Contributors

The cover this month was painted by **Ed Lund** who has contributed often before to Outdoor America. Mr. Lund is an ardent fisherman and spends much time in a cabin up north on a trout stream which furnishes both beauty to his eye and trout to his creel.

Ellis Parker Butler, *Something Unusual,* was born at Muscatine, Iowa; he fished à la barefoot boy, in Muscatine slough for sunfish and bullheads, and in the Mississippi River for bass, perch and catfish; he has written humor from his high school days until now, about forty-five years; he wrote "Reformation of Uncle Billy," a fish story that Grover Cleveland told Richard Watson Gilder was the best he had ever read; later he wrote "Pigs Is Pigs," a classic in humorous short stories. He has fished deep sea, bay, river and brook, but prefers angling for trout to any other fishing. He is a member, governor and treasurer of the Tuscarora Fishing and Hunting Club, which has a preserve in the Catskill Mountains. He is an ardent member of the Izaak Walton League, having at one time been President of the Flushing, N. Y., Chapter.



Few writers of outdoor stories have lived closer to the subjects of their work than **C. R. Mitchell,** *"Nikko of the Sandhills."* Although only 29 years of age, "Mitch" has spent the greater part of his life in the out-of-doors; in his search for material and color he has held such jobs as lumberjack, riverman in North Canada, oil pumper in Mexico, guide and trapper. His working hours are divided between writing and managing a small ranch devoted to game bird breeding.

Last month we found **Cal Johnson,** *Tiger! Tiger!,* feeding quail from an airplane in the vicinity of Rantoul, Ill. A brief interview at this time reveals that he is busy tying flies, varnishing rods, dressing lines and digging around the attic for his waders—for the trout season is in the offing and Cal is already making plans to go fishing.

Judge Leon McCord, *Sentence 'Em to the Outdoors,* holds court at Montgomery, Alabama. He says: "In our eagerness to put down crime, we are overlooking the outdoors. I hold absolutely no maudlin sentiment for criminals, but if we can get the children into the outdoors and teach them wild life of the fields and forest and not wild life of the cities and towns, we are going a long way in the putting down of crime in the tomorrow of America."

T. F. Marston, *Down the Au Sable in Skiffs,* is a member of Michigan's first State Conservation Commission; a practical dairy farmer for years, owning the fourth oldest herd of registered Jerseys in the United States; he has been three terms on the State Board of Agriculture and is above all keen for outdoor recreation, working continually for more wild life, forestry and recreational area in his native state.

Everett E. Lowry, *Just Outdoors,* is as thorough an angler and outdoor lover as he is renowned an artist. Mr. Lowry lives and works in Chicago, but his heart, we believe, is ever with those rivers in whose behalf he has so valiantly fought in his hundreds of anti-pollution cartoons.

Arnold F. Keller, *Daniel Webster—Outdoorsman,* is the pastor of a church in Utica, N. Y. He was born in Cuba, is an equally devoted student of Americana and of angling; he says, "Since not many of my friends invite me to their private fishing waters (they fish on Sundays) and fishing has been only fair in my streams, I do much angling 'by the fireside.' Thus, I found Sir Walter Scott on the Tweed and Daniel Webster on the Marshpee."

"Dad" Lammon, *I Never Get Lost,* is familiar to Outdoor America's readers; his love of the outdoors, his interest in conservation and his frank good humor are unflagging.

Robert Page Lincoln, *Trout of the Black Hills,* is now making a motor camping trip from Kentucky to Washington, D. C. Thence north through the Catskills and Adirondacks into Ontario, back into Michigan, north over the straits of Mackinac to the Upper Peninsula, on to Wisconsin and home to Minneapolis! Some trip!

John W. Keller, *Roadside Possibilities,* is Highway Forester, Pennsylvania Department of Highways. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Michigan are the three states leading in the splendid and rapidly expanding program all over America of roadside beautification.

Cornelia Alexander, *Bill Takes a Lady Fishing,* is married and her prize possession is a good looking son 20 years old; she lives in an army post at Fort Riley, Kansas; her interests are the outdoors, story writing and golf about which she says, "The interest I take in outdoor things interferes terribly with my golf score. I catch sight of a covey of quail, get all excited and dub an important mashie shot. Once a hawk dropped a field mouse at my feet just as I was going to make the drive of my life. Another time while cleaning sand from a cup I tossed out a matronly toad with a cunning dime-sized infant so distracting that I lost a six-inch putt. Again I saw seven bluebirds trying to drink from the drip of a drain pipe. Their beauty stirred me so I found myself putting with a niblick."

W. L. McAtee, *Game for Our Drier Half,* is in charge of food habits research for the U. S. Biological Survey, and his forward looking plans for suitable game for our arid regions is well worth the earnest consideration of all conservationists.

George M. Skues, *Frederic Maurice Halford,* is one of Great Britain's best known angling writers. He is famous among anglers both abroad and in America as the author of several delightful angling books, perhaps the most familiar of which is his "The Way of a Trout with a Fly."

Seth Gordon, *Is the American System Doomed?* needs no introduction to readers of Outdoor America. His success as a practical conservationist in his home state of Pennsylvania is recognized everywhere, and since joining the staff of the Izaak Walton League as Conservation Director he has literally been at the "cross-roads of conservation affairs." Mr. Gordon is an angler, a hunter and an amateur photographer of professional skill.

Frank M. Byers, *A Little Sanctuary in a Duckless Land,* **Ralph Fenwick,** *An Unpleasant Customer,* and **Wallace W. Kirkland,** *Big Adventure,* appear for the first time in Outdoor America.

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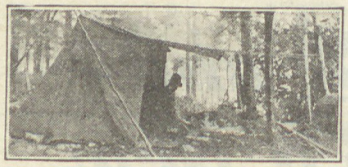
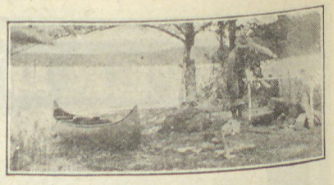


Camping

Where When How



This department belongs to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about* how *to camp, or about* when and where. *If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.*

Camp Questions

Rabbit Skin Blankets

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

While in Canada last summer I heard a good deal about rabbit skin blankets, and I know they are used in this country too, but I can't find anybody who knows anything about them. I wonder if they are really practical, and if they are suitable for cold weather. Rabbit skin seems awfully thin to me. Is the fur left on? I suppose it is. Anything you can tell me about the rabbit skin blanket I will appreciate.

R. C. Skelly.

Manitowoc, Wis.

The rabbit skin blanket is very well known among Indians and trappers, and lumberjacks and others who live a good deal in the woods, though it never has become popular among vacationists. It is a very warm blanket—the warmest there is, next to the eider down robe. Single rabbit skin blankets are all that are used in the dead of winter in the north. They are too warm for use in any but cold weather—say from twenty above down to twenty below. I have rolled up in a rabbit skin blanket at the latter temperature and been perfectly comfortable.

These blankets are not noted for their cleanliness, and in a general way will never meet favor with vacationists. The way to make them is described clearly by Dr. Claude Fordyce as follows:

One should tan a number of rabbit or cat skins and cut them into strips one-half inch wide and in a circle around the edge of the skin, so that when you have finished the skin is in one strip. Now cut the strips in lengths proper for the width and length of an ordinary small bedquilt. Next attach one end to a solid support with a tack, and twist the other end so that the leather side is rolled in and the furry side out.

These strips are used to weave the blanket, and you should make a frame the size of the blanket and then tack all the long, furry strips to the frame ends so that they are parallel. Now, one end of the cross strips is tacked on one frame side and woven under one long strip and over the next, then under the third one and so on. Repeat this with the remainder of the short strips. It is a tedious job and requires a number of skins to furnish the strips, but when finished you have an ideal cold weather camp blanket.

MURDO GIBSON.

What Is Sour Dough?

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

Will you please explain to me the difference between sour dough and baking powder biscuits and camp bread? I am planning a rather long canoe trip this summer, and am confused about these items. I must further confess that I don't know what is meant by sour dough, although I have read about it and know it is used extensively in the far north. Is it practical for use by an amateur camper? Of course I know how to make baking powder biscuits.

Axel Olsen.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Sour dough consists of a mixture of flour, water and yeast. To a pint of flour add a couple of yeast foam tablets, and enough water to make a fairly thin paste of it: thin enough so it will barely run. This is then placed in a can that has holes punctured in the lid, and set either in the sun or beside the fire so it will "work."

That is the start of the sour dough The same batch should be maintained throughout the trip by adding small quantities of each ingredient as you use up the supply in the can. In making dough for bread, use this as you do baking powder. A good sized tablespoonful of sour dough is equal to about one teaspoonful of baking powder. When I say tablespoonful I mean as much as you get when you dip a spoon into the paste and haul it out again with all that it can carry.

It is important that the supply of sour dough should not be used up all at once. At least half of it should always remain in the can, adding as much as you take out each time you use it. And don't let it get cold. Keep it in the sun or near the fire whenever possible. This is what makes it work, and the more it works the better it is for the purpose.

Sour dough is preferred by many woodsmen primarily for the reason that it is more healthful than baking powder. A steady diet of baking powder is not conducive to good health, as yeast is. Yeast is very beneficial in itself, whereas baking powder is purely a chemical for artificially "raising" the dough. It forms a gas when water is introduced, and this gas, held captive by the dough, makes the "lightness."

Bread made with sour dough has a much better flavor than that made by baking powder, but it is not so appetizing. It lacks the lightness, and often is actually heavy. Sour dough is seldom used for biscuits. The best part of biscuits is their lightness and fluffiness. Sour dough is used mostly for making bannocks. Bannocks are slabs of bread about two inches thick. I have found this to be by far the best woods bread ration. Bake the slabs in a reflector oven or even in a frying pan—bake enough for a week—and let it thoroughly cool and dry before using it.

SHERWOOD HOUGH.

Something About Axes

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

What do you recommend, a double bit axe of about two pounds weight or a single weight half-axe for general summer camping?

C. C. D.

Atlanta, Ga.

That's a hard question to answer without more information. If you are going into the north woods where the firewood is "big," that is, where you have to cut up large dead tree trunks or stumps, or where you may find some hard chopping on the portages, then take a double bit axe, but if you plan on camping along streams further south, where you will mostly pick up your firewood or else use dead lower branches that can be cut broken off, the single bit is the thing.

The single bit has the advantage of the flat end for driving tent stakes and similar uses. The doublebit has the advantage of two cutting surfaces and much better balance for serious work. Up north, the rock ground means that tent stakes are seldom used. Good sized tree trunks or branches, weighed down by stones, replace them. I would not recommend going into any of the forests of northern Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Maine, etc., without a good double bit axe. For more casual camping, the single bit.

MURDO GIBSON.

Where to Camp

GEORGIAN BAY

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I am figuring on taking my family on a trip this summer through southern, central and eastern Canada and will be glad if you will give me some information on good camping and fishing places.

C. A. Tilghamn.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

You will find the Georgian Bay region of much interest to you. Below French river, close to the little Indian village of Shawanaga you can get some nice bass and wall eyed pike as well as great northern pike fishing. This applies to the fishing region of the region south of French river, and French river itself is quite a profitable fishing territory. Now for eastern Ontario when you get to Peterboro just north of there, Story, Deer and Lovesick lakes provide very good musky fishing at times, as well as bass. A little farther east near Fichbourne is excellent bass and wall eyed fishing.

Doubtless you will go as far as Montreal, and north of there within a hundred miles are numerous places for trout fishing, such as are to be found in the Kiamika region. Early season is best.

Some of the most excellent bass waters to be found anywhere are no farther than 35 miles north of Ottawa, Ontario in the McGreggor chain of lakes.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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Illustrated booklet, price list, etc., will be furnished on request.

Reservations should be made as early as possible as only a limited number of guests will be accepted.

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Our camp is located on an island in the most picturesque section of the bay, a perfect gem in a perfect setting; a true fisherman's camp where you can really feel at home.

Best musky fishing July 1st to the middle of August. Lake trout fishing most remarkable through June.

Be sure and make your reservations early; 1930 promises to be another great fishing season.

— ADDRESS —

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—We offer unusual musky, lake trout and bass fishing in the most excellent locations in the Province of Ontario. Lake trout fishing best in May and June. Musky fishing splendid in July. Red hot bass fishing in July, August and September.

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TWELVE HUNDRED MUSKIES

including 220 over 30 lbs. and 12 over 45 lbs. were taken last season at our Camps in the

LAKE OF THE WOODS

Unexcelled fishing for Musky, large and small mouth Bass, Lake Trout, Wall-eyed Pike, Great Northern Pike, etc., in the thousands of lakes around our string of camps located in the wilderness far from civilization.

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Open May 10

Five Lakes in Border Forest

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Hortense Quimby, Averill, Northeastern, Vt.

Lake Shore Property for Sale

45 Acres, good sandy beach, 7 room cabin, 2 car garage in basement, ice house, caretakers cottage, boat house, located on Big Sand Lake, Itasca county, in the heart of the fishing and hunting country. May be turned into summer resort or private club if desired.

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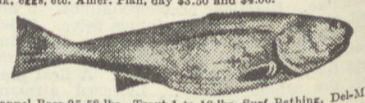
Guides, Power Boats with Cabins and awnings. A-1 Hotel, 50 double rooms, 30 connect-baths. Sea Foods, Home Grown vegetables, fresh milk, eggs, etc. Amer. Plan, day $3.50 and $4.00.



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Ask for illustrated Trophy Catalog

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Camping

(Continued from page 84)

Maine or California?

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I plan to camp out in rough style during the coming summer, and I desire data as to locations, particularly those along lakes, but none too far from highway and center of population. Can you give me some such data and the probable cost to me, per month, for plain food, cooked by myself?

J. V. Shields.

Long Island City, N. Y.

This should be the easiest question in the whole world to answer, but really it is quite difficult. You have given me the whole world to choose from as to the approximate location of your proposed trip, but I hesitate to go into detail about any places I know for fear they would not fit your plans. If you will be good enough to write back, indicating whether or not you care to stay within shouting distance of New York, I'll arrange to get the dope for you. If you don't care where you go, give me some idea of your likes and dislikes as to scenery, fishing, etc. Your food cost should run you, roughly, about seventy-five cents per day, if you do all your own cooking and therefore purchase "raw materials" only.

MURDO GIBSON.

Trips Afield with Boys

(Continued from page 44)

place over the coals, and keep it boiling for some time. The grease and ashes will form lye and thoroughly clean the pan.

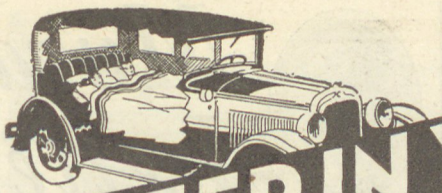
The wood is white, soft grained and when dry is easily whittled into shavings, and kindles quickly. It will not burn long, nor make so good a bed of coals as some of the hard woods. Green willow branches burn readily when placed on coals and have an agreeable odor. The roots are soft and porous, when thoroughly dried are splendid material for making fire by friction.

The small twigs woven loosely together make a comfortable and easily constructed bed. The white inner bark which may be taken in long strips makes an excellent substitute for twine.

If, in your trips afield you find a little stream cutting into a bank, go to a neighboring thicket with your jack knife, and cut a number of willow twigs, push them into the soil, and they will sprout and grow. The thick little roots will hold the soil, a thicket will spring up from which you may later gather materials for some of the uses suggested. The branches will bend over the stream from the leaves of which insects will fall into the water. You will find fish lying in wait in their shade. Some of my best sport has been under willow hung banks.

Judge Wood will conduct two thirty-day camping and packhorse trips in Idaho next summer, each with a group of ten boys. One trip will be in July and one in August. It is impossible to imagine a more healthful, enjoyable, or instructive experience for any outdoor loving boy.

Information on the trips may be obtained from Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Iowa, or care of Outdoor America.



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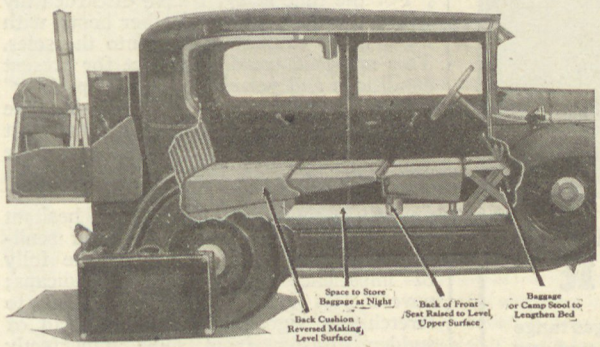
For long trips, for week-end jaunts —fishing and hunting—extra room at the summer cottage or camp—a cozy place to stretch out at a picnic —rest for one while another is driving—*these are just a few ways that you can enjoy a*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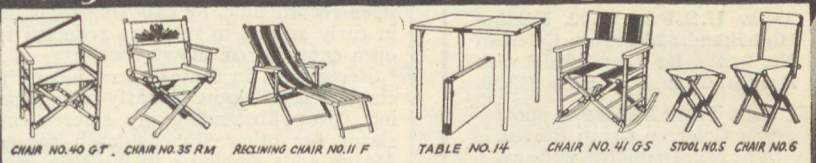
Comfort and Convenience for Camp and Home



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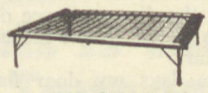
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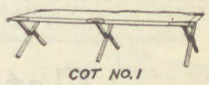
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Bean's Camp Mattress

Single $3.95 Postpaid

Made of strong 6 ounce forest green duck, blocked into 36 sections as shown, so that it is impossible for filler to bunch up. Filled with mohair shearings that will not mat down same as cotton and other similar fillers.

Size, Single Mattress 28"x75", weight 7 lbs. Price $3.95. Double Mattress 48"x75". Price $7.50 postpaid.

Both Mattresses packed in Waterproof Duffle Bag. Write for New Spring Catalog.

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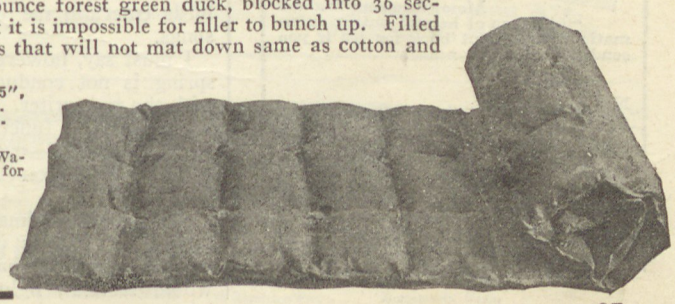

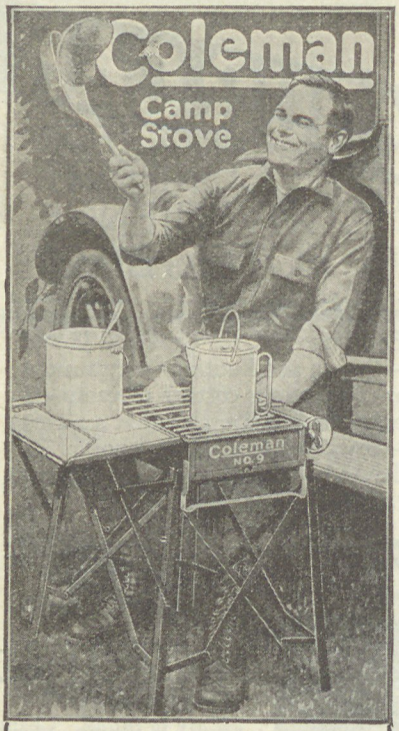

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Murdo Gibson's Letter from the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods,
March 12, 1930.

DEAR Waltonians:

Another incredibly short winter is waning. Already, on steep, south-facing slopes, large patches of bare ground are visible and on more level areas, the scant foot of remaining snow is so well crusted it will withstand the weight of a heavy man. The high banking, that served so well to protect my cloth house from floor draughts, has melted away but the underlying strata of non-soluble materials is still frozen and airtight.

For the time being, I have discarded my rubber pacs in favor of leather boots, with log-driver's caulks screwed into the soles. This non-skid tread is perfect for present conditions and permits me to "step along" on the snow-free ice with something like my old-time assurance. Believe me, that is a great satisfaction. At no other time and under no other local conditions, is a brisk confident pace feasible for me. Ordinarily, I must proceed with the hesitant caution appropriate to dim-sighted senility. Naturally, I have learned the folly of impatience with physical handicaps; nevertheless it is a bursting relief to stretch out vigorously, without dread of sudden disaster from some imperfectly visioned obstacle. And it is good to feel once more, that a statute mile of good trail has no other significance than twelve or thirteen minutes of elapsed time.

When one walks over spring ice, one's exposed skin soon acquires an exceptionally deep tan,—unattainable at other seasons. During the Klondike boom, residents of Pacific coast towns could infallibly identify, by their leathery complexions, those Alaskans who had walked out from Dawson, between the end of winter and the opening of Yukon navigation. Waltonians who cannot afford the expense of a fashionable, "Florida tan," can achieve it, in record time, by exposing their hides, in early spring, to sun rays reflected from open expanses of snow or ice.

Repeatedly, in these letters, have I proclaimed my delight in early-spring camping. Notwithstanding my sincere enthusiasm for other seasons, each recurring March adds emphasis to my firm conviction that the period between our first consistent thaws and the disappearance of ice from Lake of the Woods is the most joyous of my calendar.

Throughout the days my door flap is kept open and on both sides of it my bird and squirrel friends frisk and flutter continuously in clamorous competition for whatever food is available. During the brief intervals, when their hunger is appeased and their acquisitive instincts languish from lack of visible plunder, the birds entertain me with springtime love-songs.

I must say, however, that the advent of spring is not conducive to serious work with the typewriter. When one's imagination refuses to function, as ordered, writing of any kind—even "Letters from the Wilderness" becomes difficult, if not impossible.

Generally my imagination is fairly active, but like its possessor, it is easily deflected from a charted course. Rather would it float, lightly, aimlessly, like a butterfly, veered by every vagrant breeze, scent, color and unexplained sound, or else, like a soaring eagle, spiral skyward, far beyond the outermost limits of practical utility, to a region so high and nebulous it baffles human comprehension.

From now, until cold weather again forces me to close the tent front and thereby exclude from casual glances whatever occurs outside, my thought hatchery is not likely to operate either steadily or efficiently. It performs best when I am unaware of extraneous happenings; therefore, while seeing, hearing, feeling and doing the numerous interesting things associated with spring sunshine in a forest camp, I find sustained connected thought anything but easy. (Oh: for the early training that enables newspaper men and women to concentrate upon their work at any time or place, and to disregard, or become oblivious to, surrounding turmoil.)

Often, when stuck for a suitable phrase to express a precise meaning, I take up some other work, hoping the change will jolt my train of thought out of its circular rut. But it seldom does. Even such purely mechanical tasks as sawing wood, scraping kinnikinick, mixing sourdough batter, raking chips from the dooryard, etc., etc., demand enough of my senses to interfere with workmanlike thinking.

Tempting distractions are nearly always present. Only at bedtime or, else, when inclement weather keeps my pets away, can I confine my thinking apparatus to a predetermined subject. Even then I must close my eyes and, when I do that, there is a strong probability that sleep, with undisciplined dreams, will dispel all chance for obtaining the coveted idea. Had I a windowless, sound-proof workroom, furnished with nothing but a dictionary, straight-backed chair and a lapboard, *perhaps* I could produce a fair day's stint in a reasonable length of time. But I doubt it. Old dogs do not easily learn new tricks. Were it not for the fact that an occasional idea comes to me, of its own accord—and fairly well developed—the useable discharge from my mental reservoir would dwindle more often to an imperceptible trickle.

That, of course, would mean nothing to the world. Many of my thoughts on life, civilized society, duty, etc., are unsuited for publication in journals of general circulation. Conventionally minded persons, younger, unscarred and unscared, seething with ambition, whose reserves of energy are undepleted by gruelling and oft-repeated endurance tests can hardly be expected to admire one who deliberately avoids the struggle for place and power, and who believes that the so-called benefits of modern civilization are generally purchased at preposterously exorbitant prices. As Browning, the poet, expressed it: "Baubles we buy with a whole soul's tasking."

Here in the forest I have found peace without boredom, work without drudgery, pleasures without penalties, optimism without self-delusion, and an active, sustained happiness that proves, to me, at least, the profound wisdom of living the sort of life, for which my training, temperament and inclination best fits me.

I Never Get Lost

(Continued from page 21)

would have come to bodily harm. I have felt the panic of the woods myself and know the terror of it; while old woodsmen have told me of similar experiences.

When the camp of cabin is lost what should a man do? The most important thing is that he make up his mind that it is the camp and not himself (there is sound psychological reason for this), and that nothing in the woods can or will harm him. The one thing to guard against is becoming panic stricken. Men in a panic run until exhaustion overcomes them. Sometimes they break a leg, getting tangled in roots. They lose their judgment and push out on thin ice that is dangerous. They got their eyes gouged out, charging through the brush. The lost man who keeps his head is safe.

However, some people have no business in the woods. They sense neither location nor directions, going always the wrong way. Under no circumstances would I go out with such as they unless they had bells tied around their necks and were hobbled.

Having told you how my son lost himself, it is only fair that I explain about the time I lost him, about which there are many versions floating around, to my own general humiliation. I left him on a runway while I scouted a better deer country, telling him to STICK. After ambling through the brush thirty minutes, I had no idea where I had left him. It was rather an embarrassing situation—one that would be hard to explain to any boy's mother, but fortunately some country folks were able to tell me where he was.

My immediate family always gets a kick out of the fact that I get lost whenever I go to the city, saying I should hire a guide the same as city folks do, when they come into the wilds.

Last year I drove through St. Paul and Minneapolis, having an adventure more thrilling than any I ever had in the woods. As I missed the main drag I got through St. Paul nicely. Then I ambled into a busy section of Minneapolis. For me it was all a buzz of excitement—unusual noises, autos going every which way, street cars, crazy folks running back and forth like a disturbed nest of ants, and rude, vociferous policemen, who, not realizing my importance, were willing to affront me at every crossing. It was no place for a timid man from the bush.

I almost ran over a blind man; the car stalled in front of a street car; I ran past one on the corner; I attempted a left turn, which caused the traffic officer to pour terrific abuse on me.

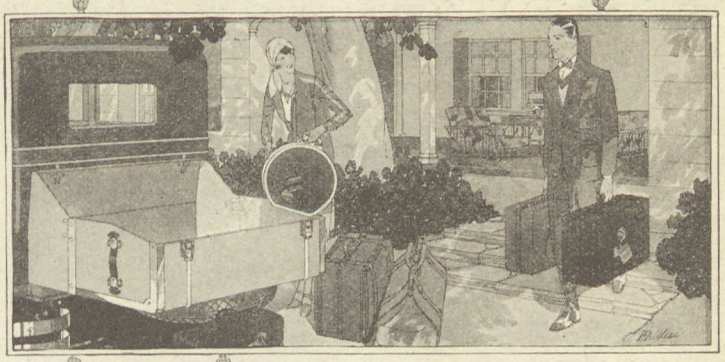
I had to do something, so I swung to the right, darting from one street and agony to another. Finally I asked my boy, "Where are we?"

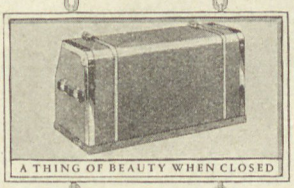
He replied, "Dad, I think we are back in St. Paul." He was right.

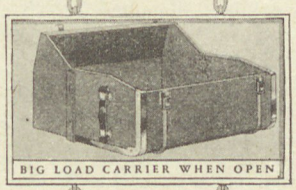
Once I lost my wife in the city. I left her in a residence district, and also her address with her. When you comb a city for your wife it is no small job. It makes a backwoods hick pull his chin whiskers hard.

The effects of these trips to the city make me have a great deal more patience with city tenderfeet.

I do not know what to suggest to make a city safe for brush wolves, but I have always thought that all hunters, berry pickers and fishermen should be compelled to carry a hunter's horn. With a horn, almost any lost man, if he toots with proper spirit, could be located by his friends.







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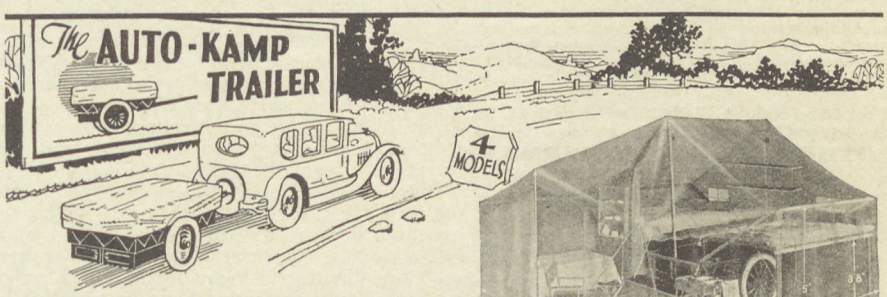

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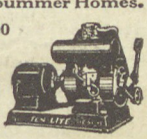

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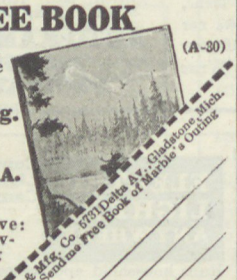

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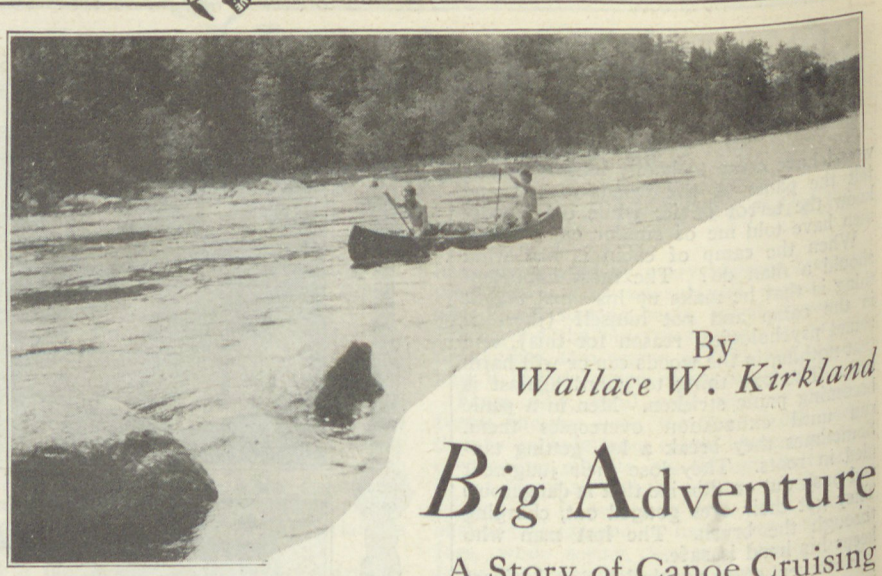

By *Wallace W. Kirkland*

Big Adventure

A Story of Canoe Cruising

SOME one has said that the canoe may well be considered the "distinctive symbol of our American outdoor freedom." With food and shelter and a canoe a man may lose himself in the woods and be entirely independent of civilization. No longer do hotels, gasoline stations, steel rails and paved roads control his movements. Shores of a lake, or banks of a river do not constitute a barrier. Furnishing his own motive power he is able to change his camp at will. With the coming of night he converts, as though by the touch of a fairy wand, a bit of the wilderness into a cheery home site. Here with abundance of fuel he prepares his evening meal, perhaps of fish, pulled struggling from the clear cold water about him. The energy expended during the day is replenished as he sleeps dreamlessly on a bed of balsam boughs, deep, fragrant and soft. On the morrow he launches his canoe, and pushes away for another day of adventure and new experiences.

There is never monotony nor routine in canoe cruising. Each bend of the river, or point jutting out into the lake, is often just a barrier separating the paddler from some unexpected thrill. It may conceal a stretch of swift water, where his heart will skip a beat as the canoe is gripped by the rushing current and becomes a thing alive. Again the point may be hiding the huge wide-spread antlers of a moose, which, because of the silence of the canoe, the cruiser is able to stalk. Instead of a moose, he may surprise his smaller and more timid cousin the deer, who, after giving him a startled look, bounds lightly over the intervening brush, and with a farewell wave of his white tail, plunges into the dark forest. If he is very fortunate the barrier may conceal the slinking form of a timber wolf, lapping up the cool water with his long, red, perspiring tongue. Or the hair on the paddler's head may rise, as his canoe darts around a bend, and surprises a great shaggy bear, at his watchful, waiting game of fishing.

There are a great many degrees of canoe cruises. They may last a week, or all summer. One may establish a base camp on some attractive inland lake, and with this as headquarters make trips of short duration into the surrounding country. Or a route may be selected, some chain of lakes or rivers, and this followed for a number of days, camping on a new site each night.

Overnight from Chicago are thousands of square miles of a wild free wilderness which lends itself admirably to canoe cruising. Here are thousands of lakes and rivers, stretching away northward through a country uninhabited except by wild animals. Through them one may travel by paddle and portage for days, weeks or months, ever finding new country to explore.

You may own your own canoe and equipment and have them shipped up, or you may rent both canoes and equipment at your starting point. Your group may consist of experienced paddlers, who delight in doing their own paddling and portaging; or you may hire a guide, for each member of your party, who will relieve you of all work.

While the birch bark canoe is very light and can be easily portaged, it takes the patience of an Indian to travel in one. Each jar against a rock, or careless landing necessitates an immediate job of repairing. In shallow rocky rivers one would spend far more time repairing his canoe than he would paddling it. A canvas covered canoe will stand a lot of rough usage without leaking, and if the canvas is accidentally torn, it can be repaired with canoe glue.

For two men on a two weeks' trip, where there are many portages, and most of the travel is upon small lakes and rivers, a sixteen foot canoe is large enough. On longer trips, and where there is a great deal of lake work, a seventeen foot is advisable.

In a region where one depends upon his canoe for safety, and where it is his only means of transportation out of the woods, the canoe takes on a greater importance than it does in a summer resort, where it is used merely as a pleasure craft. In the woods a man guards his canoe as he does his own person. Landings are carefully made, rocks and submerged stumps avoided. A canoe is never left partly in and partly out of the water. It is always pulled up on shore away from the waves. At night it is turned over and securely fastened to a rock or tree, to prevent a sudden gust of wind, or a midnight storm, blowing it away and leaving its owners stranded upon the shore.

Be sure you take an extra paddle along on your trip. They sometimes break. Have this paddle available, on top of your load, so that it may be quickly reached should your other break in a rapids, or while crossing a windy lake.

A proper tent for canoe cruising combines the following: It is water-proof and insect-proof, has a ground cloth sewed in, is roomy and of light material for portaging. It can easily be put up with poles cut in the woods.

"Around a bend you may surprise a shaggy bear—"

All canoe cruising equipment should be packed in water-proof bags. The pack-sack which combines the shoulder straps with the tump-line is the most comfortable kind for portaging. Get them big enough and be sure they are of water-proof material. Each member of the party should have a pack-sack in which he carries his blankets, extra clothing, and personal belongings. The food should be packed in small water-proof bags and these in turn packed in round duffel bags.

Keep everything ship shape at all times. Avoid having a lot of loose articles cluttering up your canoe, and encumbering your hands on the portages.

In selecting your clothing be prepared for both extremes in weather. There are some very hot days in the north country in July and August, and sometimes some very cold ones. A number of years ago while on a canoe cruise in the Lake of the Woods country we had heavy frost the twenty-sixth of August.

Long loose trousers are preferable to those of the breeches variety. They permit greater freedom of the legs and are easy to put on and take off. These trousers will also keep the sharp bills of the mosquitoes a safe distance away from the blood supply in your legs, and on very cold nights they may be inveigled into doing service as extra pajamas.

The proper boots are important. Oil tanned leather, ten inches high, are the most practical. If they are lower than this you will too often go over the tops, and if they are higher, they will impede the action of your leg muscles. Get them large enough to allow for heavy socks. A can of leather dressing keeps them soft and pliable. Never place your boots too near a fire to dry. They are made of skin and will burn the way the skin on your hand does.

Wool socks changed daily will keep your feet in good condition. Careful washing will keep the wool soft and fluffy. You will do a lot of your camping on your feet and should insure their comfort.

Take a heavy woolen shirt besides some cotton ones, and a heavy suit of underwear as well as your regular summer weight. For an outside garment a woolen stag shirt is best. It is closely woven and will keep out the wind and turn a light rain. Instead of a slicker get a two-piece rain-suit. This doesn't blow open and get your knees wet.

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"The knives experienced guides and sportsmen recommend"

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Blades are *hand forged* from highest grade *Swedish steel*, one piece from point to top of handle. They will stand up under service and punishment ruinous to the average knife.

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Handles of brightly colored galalith shaped to fit the hand are practical and fine appearing.

Shape of blade is result of centuries of hunting experience in a country whose people have long been noted for superiority in sports and in outdoor life.

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Sheaths are pressed from fine grade leather, perfectly seamed, with new silver metal caps and tips.

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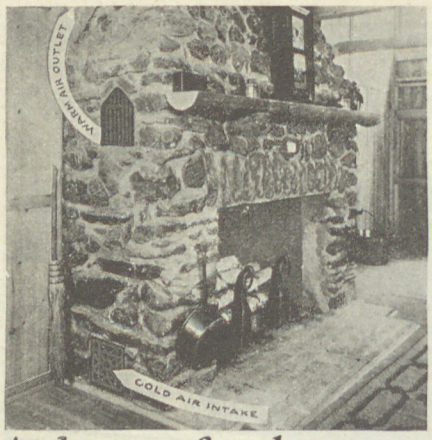

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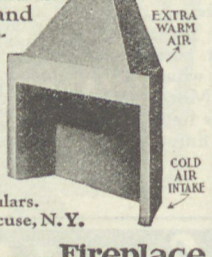

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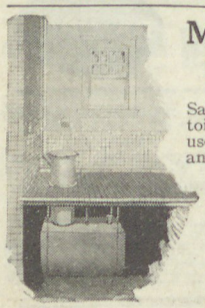

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A three-quarter length air mattress will add comfort to your bough bed. The equivalent of three army blankets is sufficient for summer camping.

Each member of your party should have upon his person at all times, a good knife, a water-proof match box, a map of the region he is travelling in and a reliable compass.

The food list of the canoe cruiser should eliminate as many canned goods as possible. Cans, besides being heavy, have an "uncanny" habit of digging into your back on the portages. There are a number of brands of dehydrated foods which are excellent. Personally I have not found any dehydrated potatoes to date which will take the place of regular ones. There is something that dehydrating does to potatoes which changes their flavor. This does not seem to be true of other vegetables such as cabbages, carrots and onions. Powdered milk will pack more easily than canned. Be sure you take along an adequate supply of sugar. One craves much more sweet stuff in the woods than he does outside.

Bread will not keep fresh for many days in a food bag. A fine substitute is bannock. This is quickly baked in a reflector baker which folds flat and can be carried in the pack sack. You can make dozens of different forms of bannock, by adding corn meal, oat meal, whole wheat flour, bran, dried fruits, etc. But strictly speaking the moment you add raisins or other such ingredients to a bannock you should change its name to a cake.

For green stuff take along a head of cabbage. Lettuce will wilt, but a solid head of cabbage will hold its own in a food bag, and furnish fresh green leaves for salads days after you have been in the woods.

"The birch bark canoe is light and easily portaged."

The Superior-Quetico, Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, region is perhaps the most ideal country for canoe cruising vacations. On a three months' cruise last summer we covered over seven hundred miles and made one hundred and thirty portages. We saw one hundred and five deer, fifty-four moose, two bears, one beaver and a wolf. We caught scores of fish both with a fly rod and by bait casting, ninety bass, dozens of lake trout, wall-eyed pike, and two muskies. Innumerable great northern pike were caught and released.

June and September are the best fishing months, and the latter part of July and the month of August the best for cruising.

Down the Au Sable in Skiffs

(Continued from page 20)

haunted camp site, with embers that were recent, but with legends of logging days that were ghostly as told by our Grayling guides.

Twist! Wind! Curve after curve! And no oncoming traffic to watch on this water highway! Though around each bend may be a surprise of evergreen landscape, a cloistered thicket where only our kingfisher friend seems alive, there are no SLOW signs for our chauffeurs to obey! Here sandbanks harbor sand martins and bank swallows. Here blackbirds hold convention. There our kingfisher chooses the tip of a Norway pine for his steeple to climb. On each side elms, tamaracks, maples and poplars catch the afternoon sunlight and point in water-shadows to the leaping trout. And at this last sign of river life, the prows of three of our skiffs produce casting rods. What feasts for the camera, too! I couldn't work fast enough—for I was the camera fiend of this party,—slightly mad, the others thought, in my frenzy to get into my dark box the record of the scenic wonder of this voyage.

As we reached the ten mile point, we were conscious of a stronger current, and a great widening of the river, the increased current due to sharp drops in the river bottom. And with this increase in speed, our skippers found it easier at times to use the pole than the paddle, sweeping us around a bend guarded by a single stately white birch, like a ghost with pointing finger. "Ghost" is used with discretion, for I was so conscious throughout this trip of the crew of legendary spirit-heroes who were of our crew though not visible, that even a birch looked eerie. Were those our paddle ripples I heard, or were they echoes of Indian paddles around an historic bend? Were those glimpses of city refugees finding rest in summer homes along the banks, or were they Jesuit missionaries, making their way to Indian villages or white settlements? Were those modern fishermen in their boats along the shore, or were they French explorers? In the enveloping quiet, so unimaginably far from traffic-burdened streets, I felt nearer to these historic souls of the early Michigan wilderness than I did to my office desk and my harrying competitors.

That others had loved the stream, too, was evidenced by the picturesque cottages that now and then showed a bit of roof or veranda through the trees. But most romantic evidence held us in the inscription on a high bridge of logs at about the half mile mark, which read: "This bridge erected by Frank S. Bell in memory of James Brown Bell, who loved and fished this stream, 1924."

Soon after we passed the bridge, the river widened to 180 feet, a noble expanse, broken only by a large island where a muskrat dove under the water and a blue-jay dipped and swooped. And as we floated from this island to the next one, some miles farther on, our skippers told us that these were not natural islands, but had been caused by log jams, long ago, in the days of big timber and log rolling.

Logs had lodged on the sand, and around them eddies had started, which washed the sand thickly about the logs, and gave foothold for Balm of Gilead to sprout. And thus, an island! So—even the islands were ghosts of Michigan's historic past!

Dead silence as we float and think—in an atmosphere that is softer than silence, in a realm of thought that is quieter than the present, quiet only as the past is quiet. The dam and pond of the Izaak Walton League, the Night Hawk Club, Knight's Log Cabin Club, another rustic bridge, boathouses, pavilions, the outposts of summer homes, the Recreation Club, the Rainbow Club, Wakeley's bridge,—these landmarks obtrude themselves upon us only incidentally, so picturesquely a part of the river banks that they cannot break the calm that has now descended upon us, passengers and skippers alike.

But my camera clicks feverishly as a flock of ducks crosses our path, a porcupine climbs a bank on the left, and I sight a deer drinking at the brink on my right. They are part of the whole panorama of the Au Sable. They—and the two lovers floating idly in a green canoe, and the yellow lily pads, and the merganser duck with her eight ducklings swimming cautiously upstream.

And then, we had arrived at the confluence of our main Au Sable with South Branch, where the surface is calm as an inland lake, and the poetry of the river seemed to reach a climax in pause of rhythm. And, resting on their paddles, our guides who had lived in Grayling since the time of the early lumber camps, told us of old Chief Shoppenagon, of the Chippewas, whose love of the Au Sable has become a part of its living legend. For he would not leave its bending course, its wild-life inhabited shores, its mystic charm of birch and cedar, even when his tribe moved on. Between the two, he chose the river! And lived along it as a guide until he died in comparatively recent years.

Perhaps the old Chippewa had discovered even then, what Mr. Van de Water holds is true today, that: "Hills may exalt the spirit; forests awe and pacify the heart; ponds and lakes breathe serenity. Rivers alone become intimate with men. . . . . Rivers have character and the ability to reciprocate affection."

Six o'clock! On a high bank ahead appeared the Sunrise Club, our destination. We leave the Au Sable skiffs, and the dreaming river itself, to our kingfisher guide and seven deer who have stopped at their riverside drinking to look on us with pity.

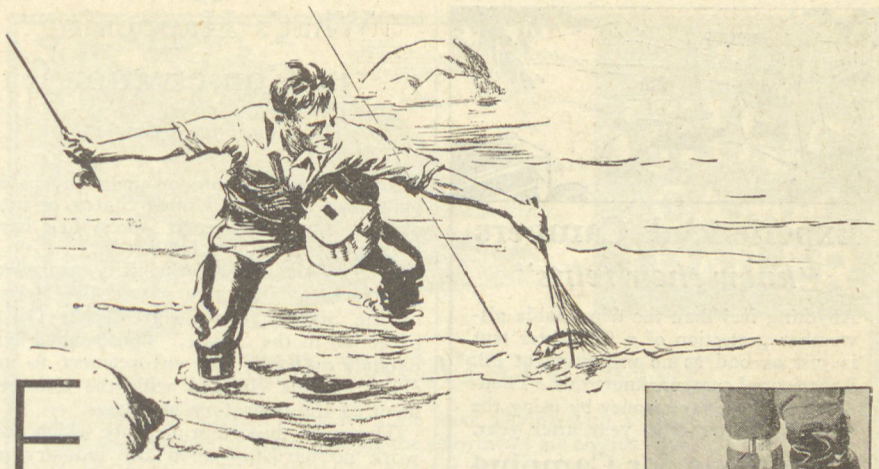
THE TRAILMAKER

By ANNA THOMPSON WINECOFF

I RISE at dawn in the cool, sweet mist
And follow the trails afar,
I heed the call of the last frontier—
I follow the mariner's star.

I JOY in the stones that bruise my feet
In my search for an alien trail;—
The tocsin call of a wild, free life,
For a sea with a single sail.

I FOLLOW the spoor of the restless wild,
The far-flung haunts of men:
I live, I love, but I find content
At the ends of the world again!



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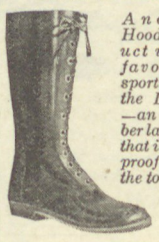
Ask your sporting goods dealer to show you a pair of Hood Ike Walton Sporting Boots.

Hood Deerfoot



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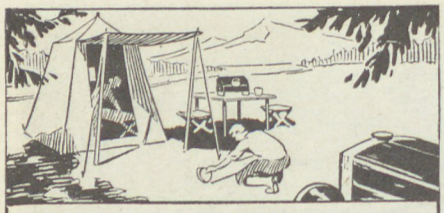

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What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 47)

means or manner into or upon any navigable waters of the United States, or into or upon any of the Great Lakes, their harbors and connecting channels."

Congressman Hudson's bill is somewhat similar to a bill which passed the House of the Sixty-eighth Congress, but failed of action in the Senate. The pending bill extends authority for enforcement to include officials charged with the enforcement of the migratory bird laws.

This is an important measure which will work no hardship upon any industry or community, and will avoid the destruction of fish life, oysters, clams, shrimp, and all birds which frequent navigable waters.

Methods have been found for preventing oil wastage, and there is no longer any reason for permitting it either in coastal or inland waters. It is hoped Congress will pass this measure without delay.

Wild Ducks Saved

WILD ducks in large numbers which failed to heed the warnings of King Winter, or which were unable to migrate southward, due to their inability to fly long distances, faced starvation at several points throughout the northern half of the country during January and February. In many localities sportsmen came forward and contributed feed to help carry the birds through the severe months.

Do you want this?—

Or this? Wild ducks being fed on Illinois River this past winter.

In the Illinois River Bottoms federal officers reported upwards of 10,000 stranded ducks early in February. The matter was brought to the attention of the Izaak Walton League, and arrangements were made to have the birds fed until such time as they could care for themselves. Federal Game Protector Roahen had charge of this feeding work, as a result of which upwards of five thousand ducks which would have starved were brought through in good condition and are now on their northern nesting grounds producing flocks of young. Every pair saved means from eight to fifteen young ducks next fall.

Below are reproductions of two photos taken by Mr. Roahen to prove what can be done by organized effort. Saving the breeders and enforcing the law rigidly is far more important than imposing more and more restrictions upon honest sportsmen.

Fine of $2,700 Collected

SPEAKING of law enforcement, the present session of Congress is appropriating more money for federal game protectors, but the states must all make an honest effort to do their part. Last year some hunters in Missouri paid fines of $500 each for killing ducks from a motorboat, and two men in the District of Columbia paid fines of $300 each, but the largest fine ever collected under the migratory bird law was a penalty of $2,700, collected in January at Portland, Maine, from a resident of Boston. He and his employes killed ninety eider ducks, on which the season is closed, and were assessed a penalty of $30 for each duck by Federal Judge Peters. We need a few more Federal Judges like this to help stop the game hogs!

Conservation Question Box

English Sparrows

The English sparrows drive the bluebirds and martens away from bird houses. They would drive out the wrens, too, if the holes in the wren boxes were not too small for them. What is the best way to get rid of these pests?—E. R., Massachusetts.

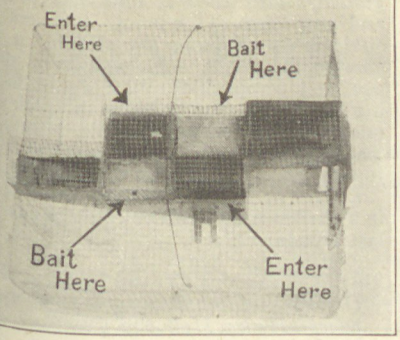
The English sparrow has driven many of our most delightful birds away from human habitation, and unless reduced in number they will take possession of everything. As a youngster I killed these birds in enormous numbers with a shotgun by watching my chance to get them lined up on the edge of the barn roof. From twenty to thirty at a shot was not unusual. It was mighty effective, but rather hard on grandfather's galvanized rain spouting.

Encouraging youngsters to shoot sparrows is not wise, as they are likely to kill song sparrows, fox sparrows, and every other variety of these beneficial native birds. The better plan is to trap the pests.

The U. S. Biological Survey publishes a good bulletin, "The English Sparrow as a Pest," Farmer's Bulletin 493, which contains trapping advice as well as methods to outwit sparrows.

I am indebted to John McKay, an ardent Waltonian of Evanston, Illinois, for the double-acting, always-set sparrow trap shown in the cuts on the next page. Mr. McKay and his associates developed this trap after much experimenting, and it works! In fact, in one week they caught over 300 English sparrows with this trap. On one occasion thirty sparrows entered in that many minutes.

The trap is made of half-inch square mesh wire and galvanized iron. Any tinner can easily make it. The outside dimensions are two feet long, one foot high,



Top view of McKay sparrow trap.

and twenty inches wide. The trap is divided into two compartments, but arranged so the birds can easily pass around the end of the partition nearest the slide through which the birds are removed.

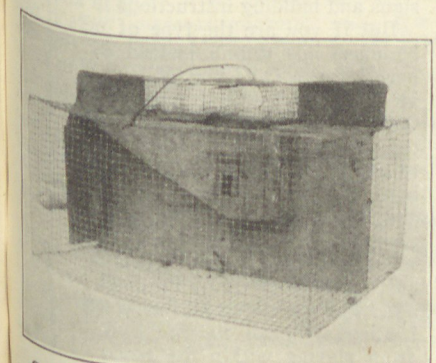
The only difficult part of this trap to make is the trapping mechanism, which is made in duplicate, one on each side lying in opposite directions, and operating in a covered trough so that the mechanism works freely at all times.

The little wire cage or treadle where the birds enter is made of the same wire as the trap. It is 2½ inches wide, 4 inches long, and 3 inches high, sides open. This little cage is fastened to one end of a light channel of galvanized iron about ⅜ inch wide with ⅜ inch legs and 16½ inches long. The balance pin is placed about 4 inches from the opposite end. The birds step into this cage in an effort to secure the bait placed on the metal covered portion of the opposite mechanism. At the short end of the treadle as much lead as necessary is used to counterbalance the channel and the little cage, thus holding the treadle in position. Don't use more lead than absolutely necessary to balance.

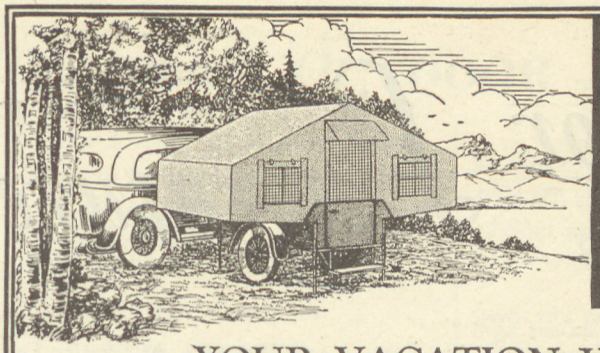
Feed your sparrows at the spot where you intend to trap them for several days. Then put your trap in place, preferably putting some light brush over it so arranged that it does not interfere with the operating mechanism.

As the sparrow steps onto the treadle down he goes, and immediately he observes the little hinged, slotted window on the side and escapes into the trap. The treadle immediately assumes the "set" position ready for the next bird. The little "escape window" is nothing but a piece of hinged galvanized iron about 2 inches wide and 2½ inches long, with either a large V or a slot about ¾ inch wide and 1¼ inches long which immediately drops back into position.

You must have patience until you catch the first sparrow, but after you have a decoy in your trap the rest is easy. Always try to keep one or two sparrows on hand for decoys.



Side view of McKay trap showing little trap door thru which birds pass into trap.



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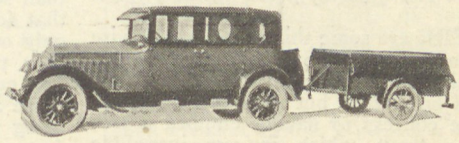

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed By
Thomas Ambrose

Assistant Reviewer
Ralph Cheyney

THE NATURE LOVER'S KNAPSACK, *An Anthology of Poems for Lovers of the Open Road, Edited by Edwin Osgood Grover—250 poems by 150 English and American poets—Photogravure frontispiece—gold stamped, 12 mo.—304 pages—Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y.—Green cloth, $2.50; green leather, $3.50.*

THE ANIMAL LOVER'S KNAPSACK, *An Anthology of Poems for Lovers of Our Animal Friends, Edited by Edwin Osgood Grover—234 poems by 153 English and American poets—Photogravure frontispiece—gold stamped, 12 mo.—308 pages—Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y.—Green cloth, $2.50; green leather, $3.50.*

THERE are some things for which wise men don't look. Such are trout in trees or praise for a poetry anthology on the part of an eligible but unrepresented poet. Yet we confess to having climbed a tree after a trout which in our incredible clumsiness we whipped out of a stream into the foliage which overhung it—and now we recommend, albeit but mildly, the two anthologies listed above.

The first knapsack holds poems which sing "the lure of the road" and the charm of "green things growing," make you feel "the kinship of trees" and hear "the call of the sea," stir you with "the winds of heaven" and the heritage of "the hillborn," rouse you with "traveller's joy," "echoes from Vagabondia" and "sky-born music," reveal to you the pageant of "the changing year" and companion you "at the end of the trail."

An anthology of nature poems which omits Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Lucia Trent, Glenn Ward Dresbach, Charles Erskine, Scott Wood, Louis Ginsberg, E. Merrill Root, Wilbert Snow, Robert Haven Schauffler, Robinson Jeffers and Nicholas Vachel Lindsay and yet finds room for seven offenses against poetry by the poet-aster, E. A. Guest, and nine by Sara Hamilton Birchall is, of course, a joke as a collection representing the best modern nature poetry. But considered as mostly pleasant though plodding verse about the outdoors interspersed with a few poems, the book is agreeable enough. It has the tang of the woods and salt smack of the sea.

The second knapsack was filled with much better taste. Although one is shocked not to find Ralph Hodgson's "The Bull," George Meredith's, "To a Skylark," Root's "The Cow" or any of James Stephen's poems, one is pleased by many of the tributes to dogs and horses, birds, butterflies and bees, cats and crows, "barnyard friends" and "little brothers of the ground." To dismiss it as chiefly *putting the DOG in DOGGEREL* would be clever but unjust. Coyote, cuckoo, chicken or caterpillar, no creature is too humble to win a poet's interest.

Through reading these poems, therefore, we broaden our sympathies—this is poetry's supreme gift, and there is no greater.

R. C.

FORESTS AND MANKIND, *by Charles Lathrop Pack and Tom Gill—Two dozen full page photographs and a profusion of sketches—Cloth, gold stamping—250 pages—The Macmillan Company, New York—1929—$3.00.*

THE wood from eighty acres of forest goes into the Sunday edition of one New York newspaper which in turn go into heads of wood. At least, so we feel when we read this illuminating book about man in relation to his silent partners, the trees.

We have denuded approximately one hundred million acres, a vast area larger than several big states combined, so badly that forests will have to be replanted, yet only one and one-half million acres have been replanted (almost 2 yards denuded for every inch replanted!). We waste twice as much wood as we use. We are using up our forests nearly five times as fast as nature is replacing them. Each year twelve million acres are ravaged by approximately twenty thousand forest fires. Three thousand human lives have been this nation's burnt offerings to the forest fire Moloch. We are rushing straight toward forest bankruptcy.

Yet we are waking up, here and there, now and then, even though our efforts may not be so very much more successful than trying to combat the flames of Hades with a few snowballs. The story of forestry is one of the bright sides of this engrossing book which belongs in every school library and public library. Nature lovers who give themselves the pleasure of reading it will rejoice in its avoidance of the error of not seeing the trees for the wood.

R. C.

ROCK GARDEN PRIMER, *by Archie Thornton—Illustrated with four color plates, 24 figures and 45 photographs—Cloth—132 pages—5"x7⅝"—A. T. DeLaMare Co., Inc.—1929—$2.15.*

"A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot," we are especially apt to echo the poet when we wander through the green peace of a rock garden along some drowsy pathway that curls lazily in the sun between basking mossy stones with a background of flaming Azalea flowers in Spring or Linden Viburnum berries in Fall with perhaps, if it be May, the pink cloud of a Japanese Cherry or the white cloud of a flowering Dogwood with the tip of each petal shrivelled as though touched by fire. Whether snowy Bloodroot or pale blue Anemone, Edelweiss with its star that looks for all the world as though it were made of felt or native Orchids, the flowers that carpet rock garden spots with beauty and color have a charm all their own.

Those who cherish this charm will delight in Archie Thornton's "Rock Garden Primer" with its exceedingly helpful diagrams and lovely pictures. The best of it is that with this book, a little ground and other "makings" and enough will-to-succeed, almost anyone can have a rock garden. This book is thorough, practical and very much to the point. It covers such subjects as choosing the site for a rock garden, the rocks, securing correct drainage, soil composition, methods of including running water, building the rock wall, purchase and propagation of plants, etc. The descriptive lists in themselves would justify your buying this book.

Lovers of gardens remember that it was in a garden the Nazarene chose to pass His last free hours.

R. C.

THE WIND IN THE CEDARS, *by Glenn Ward Dresbach—Cloth stamped with gold—106 pages—Henry Holt and Company, New York—1930—$2.00.*

UNEXCELLED among nature's living lyricists, Glenn Ward Dresbach masters undertones that give his work sweep of significance and powerful appeal. He is a hunter, outdoorsman. Open his books and you enter the open. But he is as much more than a nature poet as life is more than nature. The uncrowned but beloved poet laureate of the entire Southwest, his songs sing themselves into the hearts of gypsy folk and outdoor enthusiasts throughout the nation.

With him you see a fawn nuzzling with wonderment his first snow, bats skitter "whose cries are thorn-points thrust in twilight air," a stag bound through "antlered forests of your dreams," a duck circling over its shot mate, a drake with a broken wing watch its comrades fly off, another (or perhaps the same) with its wing mended fly to freedom leaving the boy who had rescued it "standing with tears in his eyes." You realize with him that each of us is forever "the captured and the cage." Yet he revives as a poet best can vision of "the glory that outlives the time or place."

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS AND ENGINES, *by Bradford Burnham, with 27 black-and-white illustrations from photographs, 23 diagrams and designs, useful tables, racing rules and records—Cloth—182 pages—Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York—1930—$3.50.*

HERE it is, the book that has been wanted and wanting for so long on the bookshelves of boaters: an authoritative guide to every phase of outboard motor boating.

The instructions on how to build a pram type outboard, a fast little speedster, an outboard hydroplane, a baby stepper, a fast outboard motored boat, an outboard motored runabout, etc., should make many lovers of boating who have a knack with a hammer and saw, write at once for this book. Charts, diagrams, photographs all combine to make the directions simple to understand and easy to follow. Eleven designs and building instructions in all!

But if you are the type of person who hammers his thumb instead of the nail, here are the facts you will want to know in buying a boat for outboard motoring. Once having secured the boat and installed the motor, there is much you need to know to get the most fun out of the sport—and here this information is presented clearly and enticingly. Whether racing or runabouting, here is the *HOW*.

"Water Thrills and Sports for Everyone," is the subtitle of the book—and it is apt. For the outboard has brought power boating with all its fun and its saving from slaving within the reach of almost every outdoor enthusiast.

R. C.

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By Paul Burress

Syncopating Outboard Motors

An Interview with Two of the Country's Leading Outboard Race Drivers.

IMPROVING the new outboard motors or perfuming roses seem impractical pastimes to the novice but an insight into the higher arts, especially that of creating more revolutions in an already perfect outboard motor, proves that excellence can be improved.

It didn't seem quite right to see a brand new motor uncrated, torn down, tinkered with and exception taken to the seemingly perfect condition of the unit as released by the manufacturer. In fact the motor was perfect from a general utility standpoint, but in this case it was not up to the requirements of Dick Upsall and J. K. Milliken, national outboard record holders, who were, literally, perfuming the rose. Adding to the beauty of this perfect specimen by increasing the number of motor revolutions per minute in order to nose out the competitor who, with the same model motor did not take the precautions of perfectly balancing every reciprocating part, freeing the bearings and polishing every point of frictional contact.

Their interest was intense. Dick, an engineer of no mean ability and Jay Milliken with financial ability to compete with Gar Wood in speedboat sport had been experimenting with outboard boats and motors for several seasons and whose growing interest in race competition had caused them to abandon most everything else that was not related to their House of Outboards. Possibly they are the progeny of competing sea kings who in medieval times staked all on the speed of their ships.

During the course of the refinishing operations, they constantly discussed positive and possible ways of improving their equipment. I never before realized that there could be so many questions raised in connection with an outboard motor. I stood in their Florida workshop, somewhat bewildered, realizing how little I knew about this game and cautiously venturing a question or a suggestion that might let me in on the conversation or at least help to preserve my exaggerated dignity. I was plenty outclassed, for these two aces, like all great masters, were completely absorbed in their art and all else didn't seem to matter. Evidently I was there to observe, for my questions signified elementary knowledge in the glare of their learned reasoning while they were absorbed in the game of hunting more revolutions in the brand new motor.

A watchmaker never exercised greater care in inspecting the complexities of a timepiece than these boys did in checking over the new motor. It was a case of hand-finishing the outboard, which work would be impossible for the manufacturer from a production standpoint and which would be impractical for all purposes except for racing where every last little revolution must be wrung from the already efficient little machine, in order to win a race.

After the motor was torn down and the parts carefully washed in gasoline, the piston and connecting rod assemblies were checked on balance scales for equal weight. This seemed reasonable for I knew that if one piston or rod was heavier than the opposing one, plenty of vibration would result. Every piston ring was checked for clearance and many were the gadgets like micrometers, dividers and feeler gauges measuring one one-thousandth of an inch, that were carefully used and re-used with the application of finishing tools before the parts were laid to one side as approved. Out came the journal bearings and cylinders for their share of attention. Here I witnessed some high power machine shop practice which was enacted in a real outboard machine shop, mounted on the chassis of a sixty-mile-an-hour truck. Lathe, drillpress, grinder, etc., all operated by a small two cycle gasoline engine were all mounted in this screened and curtained truck body. Dick gave the shop motor a kick and the belt driven shafts, pulleys and machines started to operate. In a few minutes the cylinders, bearings and other parts bore a mirror like lustre.

Intake and exhaust passages were relieved of all roughness and the crank-case given a coat of shellac or lacquer. I suppose this was done to diminish the friction of gasses against the apparently smooth surface of the inside of the crank-case. I thought this was going pretty far but evidently it was one of the major points in searching for revolutions or, "rudebags" as Jay termed them.

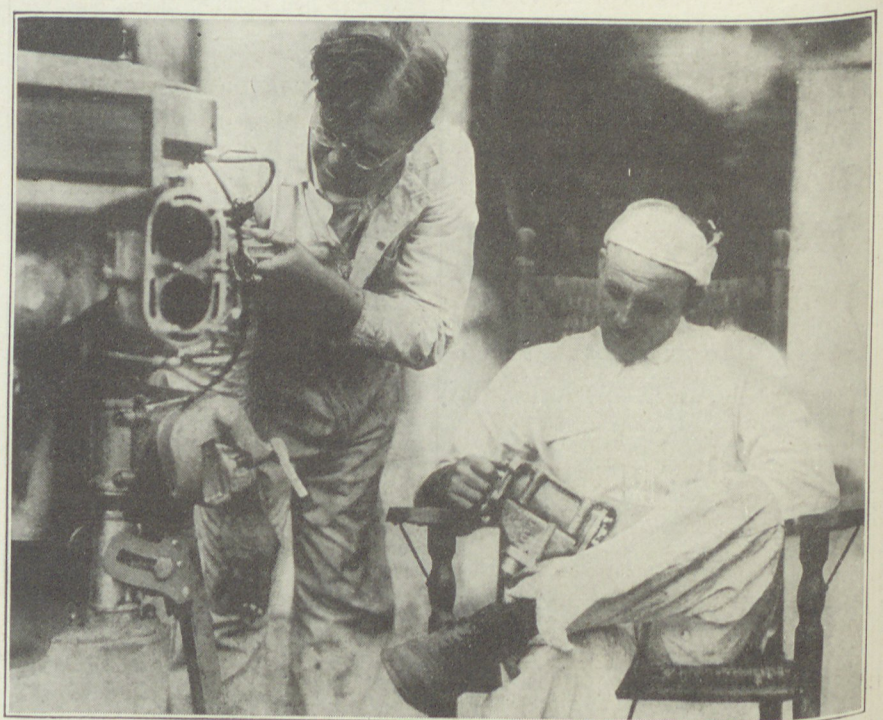
"Of course," Dick explained, relaxing from his fascinating labor, "we could make this motor really fast if permitted to make a few mechanical changes in it but the restrictions would not permit its use in certain races. We could put in lighter pistons, rods, etc., stream line the port webbs and do several more things to increase the speed, but it would then be classed as a non-stock motor and be barred from most events."

The warm March afternoon was having its effect on Jay too, for he finally turned from the conglomeration of motor parts and gave me a break with a little attention by directing a remark at Dick.

"Yes, it's lucky for both you and Malcomb Pope that you did not have a souped-up motor in the race here on Washington's birthday when he tried to run you off the course on the last lap, otherwise both of you would have been killed or drowned."

This bit of abstract outboard news from Jay smacked of near tragedy and he was encouraged to continue; however, he again started working as he explained.

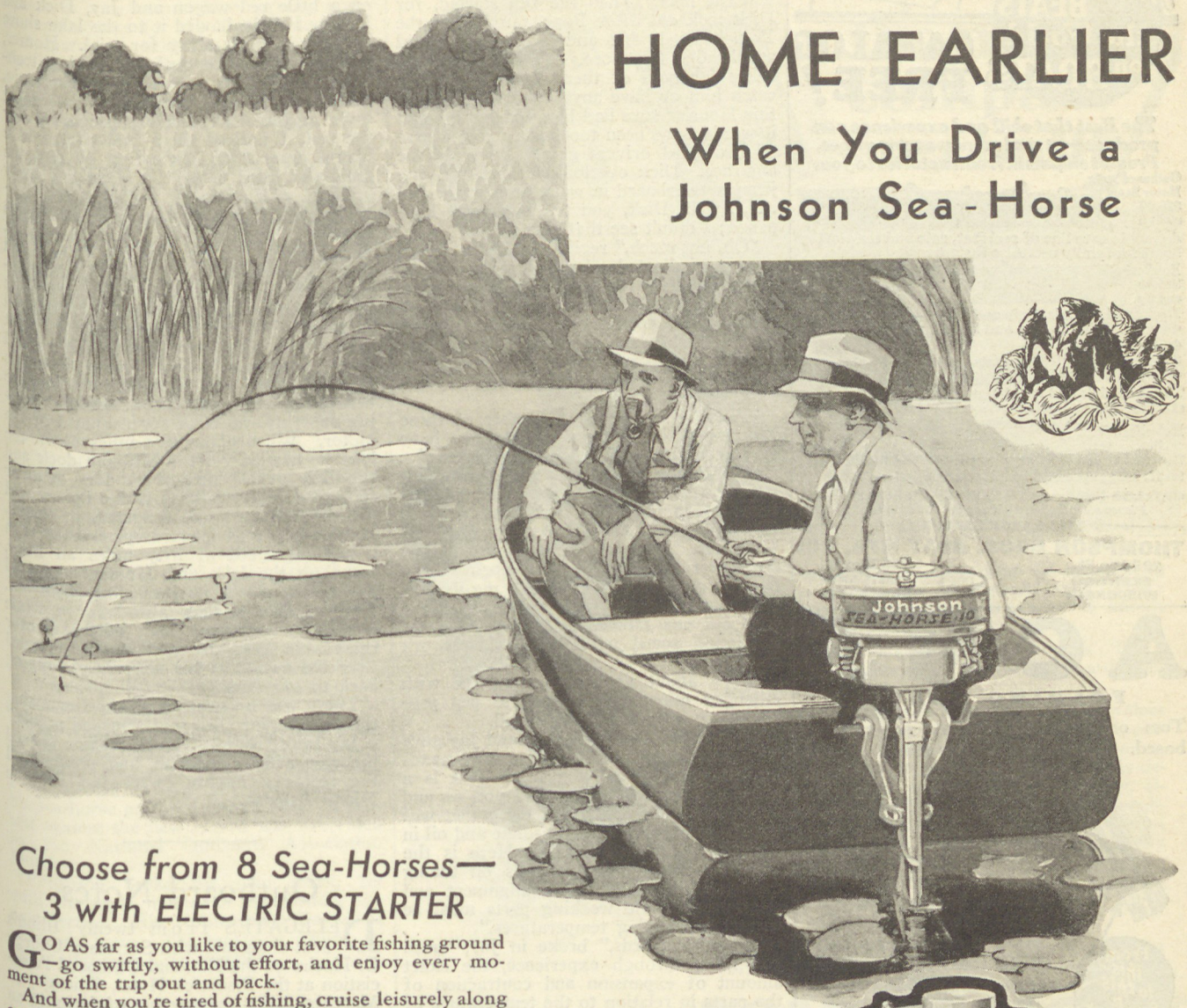
"You see it was the last lap of the last heat of the class D race," continued Jay. "My motor had gone dead and Dick was leading. After he had turned the last buoy, Malcomb Pope, who, I understand, disqualified himself from that event, had dropped out of the race and after laying for Dick, shot in ahead of him on the



A watchmaker never exercised greater care in inspecting the complexities of a timepiece than Jay and Dick did in checking over the new motor.

GO FARTHER—FISH LONGER—HOME EARLIER

When You Drive a Johnson Sea-Horse



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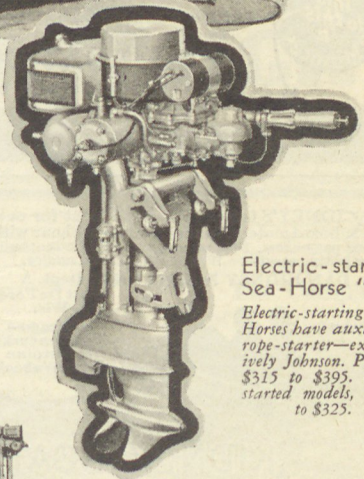
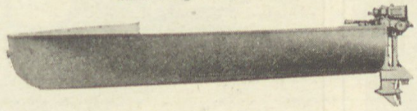


Electric-starting Sea-Horse "24"

Electric-starting Sea-Horses have auxiliary rope-starter—exclusively Johnson. Priced, $315 to $395. Rope-started models, $125 to $325.



14-ft. Utility A, Boat $165

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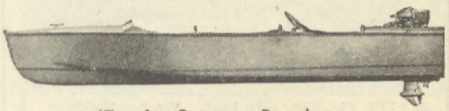

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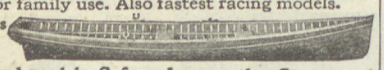

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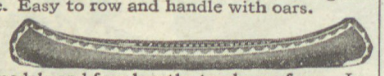

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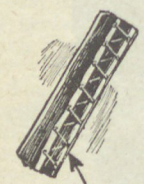

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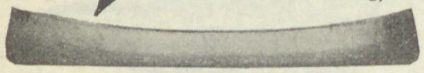

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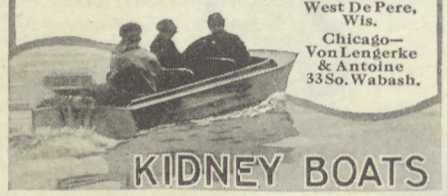

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stretch, maneuvering so as to run Dick clear off the course. However, Dick was able to swing back and cross the line to win the heat. Then the fun started, for Dick took out after Pope, ran him to the Poincianna bridge and then they turned and headed for shore. It's a mighty good thing for both of them that Dick didn't catch him or have anything to throw, for this Hoosier sure had blood in his eye and it would have been too bad or just a case of two good drivers going down for the big race. Dick overtook him near shore, jumped overboard in waist deep water and . . . . well, Dick, you tell him what happened; I didn't see that part of it."

"Oh, not much," replied Dick, whose expression indicated what might have happened. "Guess it was a case of misjudgment or poor sportsmanship, a kid trick that I never expect to experience again."

This concluded the tragic story and again they delved into the intricacies of remedying new outboard motors. I ventured another question.

"What is the greatest number of these little revolution gadgets you fellows have ever been able to add to a new motor?"

"Out of the box," answered Dick, meaning the efficiency of the motor as received from the factory, "the new D motors will turn up about 5,800 revs, some more and some less. After we get through working them over, they will usually improve from 800 to 1000 revolutions which means several more miles per hour speed. We have tried out new motors that developed their maximum speed without any hand-work on them."

"How about doping the gasoline with ether or other more powerful pep producing compounds?" I inquired.

To this question both Dick and Jay gave me admonishing glances and a reprimanding answer. "Now you know that is a passè kid trick that will give you no end of trouble. There isn't anything that will equal a mixture of good gasoline and oil in a perfectly aligned motor. Here is the whole story in a few words on tuning new racing motors. The alignment and clearances of the working parts must be correct at running temperatures."

"In other words," broke in Jay, "until you learn through experience, the exact amount of expansion and contraction of the parts in relation to the temperature of the motor, there will be trouble with leaky or burned bearings, scored cylinders and rod bearings. It is a ticklish proposition and requires careful running and frequent inspection until the motor operates smoothly at maximum speed."

Finally the motor was assembled, placed on a little red wagon and Jay, Dick and Homer Knight hauled it to the lake shore a hundred yards away for trial. Homer, second to none in outboard racing technique and a member of this racing trio, had been busying himself with the racing hulls at the dock. While preparing for the test, I noticed their fuel contained a liberal amount of lubricating oil and the tank was filled to give a greater gravity pressure of fuel to the carburetor.

Contrary to my experience in starting a motor that had just been assembled, Homer gave the cord a few yanks and away he went down the lake, climbing towards the bow to prevent the boat from trying to do a back flip-flop until it started to plane. He first gave the motor about ten seconds wide open throttle and slowed down, repeating this at longer intervals until he would run for a minute or more before adjusting the carburetor and feeling the temperature of several parts of the motor. When about two miles down the lake he headed for the Milliken dock and the high pitched buzz of his four cylinder motor became a falsetto whine that would put the best mosquito songsters to shame. A high powered inboard speed boat with a reputed speed of fifty miles an hour, came up the lake and Homer, to avoid her swells, started to race along with her. He was able to keep ahead for a while but the monotonous hum of his motor ceased, his speed slackened and he bounced over the swells of his adversary, limping back to our dock.

There was no guess work in diagnosing the trouble, for Dick said, "burned points."

Jay said, "Righto." And Homer proved the case after inspection, and pronounced the motor a mighty sweet job for the Miami Regatta.

Outboard Notes

DELEGATES from twenty Illinois boat clubs met with Secretary George O. Hoehn of the National Outboard Association at the Bismarck Hotel, Chicago, on March 2nd, for the purpose of forming an Illinois Boating Association and a state racing circuit. Their plans called for a division of the state into three racing circuits, similar to the way in which Wiscon-

Mother ship to part of the outboard fleet and some of the drivers who participated in the Washington's Birthday Regatta, held at Palm Beach.

sin and California are divided, a representative from each division will take part in state meets during the summer months. Each division will be governed by an executive vice commodore serving under the commodore for the State Association. The marathon held last 4th of July at Peoria, Illinois, which was such a popular event, will not be repeated this year, but there is a strong possibility of a marathon being run from Peoria to Chicago.

* * *

Arizona—one of the dryest states in the Union, at least as far as water facilities are concerned—is going in for outboard racing. Stewart Mountain dam, the latest water users project now nearing completion, will offer Arizona motor boat fans an ideal racing course within easy reach of Mesa and Phoenix, the cities principally interested in racing outboards and other small craft.

* * *

Members of the various outboard clubs in the Pacific Northwest are looking forward to the formation of a Northwest Outboard Association which will form a racing circuit and schedule a list of races for the coming boating season. Members of the Tacoma Outboard Association, Seattle Outboard Club, the Spokane Outboard Club, the Bellingham Outboard Club, the Vancouver Outboard Club and at least ten other clubs of the district met in Seattle to perfect the plans for the new association which will become the Northwest Division of the National Outboard Association. Interest in racing small boats in the Northwest has been exceptionally keen during the past two years.

* * *

The outboard speed goal of fifty miles an hour was neared by H. G. Ferguson on December 4th, 1929, when he established a new record of 49.48 miles an hour with his sea-horse powered Comet boat. A protest against the new record was overruled by the National Outboard Association March 1.

Ferguson broke his own mark, set with the same motor, in establishing the new record. His former time was 49.34 miles an hour. The motor is owned by Dr. Baughman, Los Angeles.

* * *

Three outboard motored skiffs were included in President Hoover's fishing fleet at Long Key, Florida. The skiffs were to be used for bonefish and tarpon fishing, however, the President remained with the larger cabin cruiser boats in fishing for sailfish in the Gulf Stream. The skiffs were used as tenders for the larger boats and by the fishing guides in procuring live mullet with which the presidential party trolled for sailfish.

* * *

A new yacht club has been organized at Muskegon, Michigan. Members and officers of the new Muskegon Lake Yacht Club have done well in improving the natural boating advantages offered by

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Any small-boat user will be interested in the complete story of the Fold-Light.

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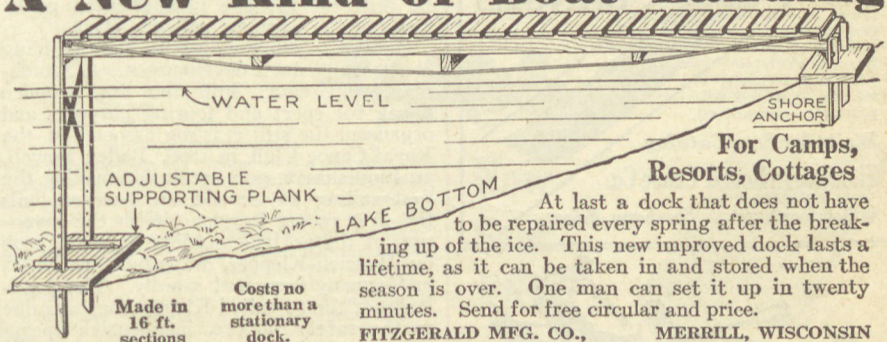

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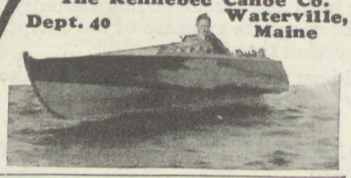

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Muskegon lake which is connected with Lake Michigan through a deep inlet and represents not only one of the best harbors on the Great Lakes but is now rich with every facility to make the visiting water tourist comfortable. Officers and directors of the new club are: L. O. Gordon, President; L. G. Close, Treasurer; L. H. Powery, Secretary; George Hume, E. G. Carter and George C. Kimball, Governors; Dr. Spoor, Rear Commodore; Charles Johnson, Vice Commodore. Mr. Oakley Bramble has been appointed Editor of the Muskegon Yacht Club News.

Watersport and the Kayak

By KARL HOFINGER

AS a tiny little part of the earth we will lose our physical and intellectual power by losing our contact with nature. In colonial stages with people forced to out-of-door work, the need for "back to nature" problems was unimportant. The necessity for health movements, body culture and sport is more urgent in industrially developed countries and their centers.

With the northern modern countries, Scandinavia, England, Holland and Germany leading, the watersport activities are becoming more and more popular in the United States.

The tendency is to find recreation and health away from the roads of business on the dust-free waterways. Water and sun giving nature its eternal youth, are an ideal means for a renewal of youthful body and mind. The Indians used the canoe as a help in hunting and transportation. Great care was taken of the selection of material which was at their disposal and less importance was put on the seaworthiness of their craft.

To make his living the Esquimo was dependent entirely upon his boat. From sealskin and wooden parts washed ashore, he made his kayak. He got his childhood training as waterman, on the open ocean. The skill with which these men handle their long, narrow boats and their experience in boat construction is remarkable and well known.

The Indian canoe as well as the kayak is practical for its purposes. If these craft are to be used for modern watersports and touring, the construction must be different for the inexperienced public and not the experts, will use them.

Similar to other industries, boat building has had an historic development. A Scotchman, McGregor, built the first wooden kayak for sport and touring purposes and organized the still existing association, the Royal Canoe Club, in 1866. Baden Powell, an Englishman, gets credit for making the first sailing kayak and the Swedes built the first racing kayaks. With the invention of the portable folding kayak in 1900 by Henrich-Klepper, watersport activities in Germany increased rapidly. The popularity of the so-called Klepperboat was due to the safety factors, inexpensive operation or elimination of transportation and storage costs.

In the kayak boats the point of gravitation is below the surface of the water, making capsizing almost impossible. In the kayak type boats the paddler has to sit in the middle of a cockpit frame which borders the cabin-deck and which can be closed water-tight by a cover. A wave-breaker assists in protecting against any penetrating water.

The demand for the kayak type folding boat has made it necessary for the manufacturers to test by theory and practice

The double blade paddle and sail rigging offer a wide field for watersport in this light kayak craft.

to determine safe, practical specifications. An inch or two in the beam or length of a boat or the difference in seating the paddler, even the length of the double blade paddles gave different results affecting its usefulness. Therefore, there are two classes of kayaks, those used for touring, sailing and exploring and those used for racing.

Many improvements have been made since the early models. A special skin added immensely to the usefulness of this modern boat. The skin consists of three, five or seven plies of rubber and canvas which are pressed together by a new process that gives great wear-resisting qualities.

We judge a modern kayak as to length, beam, height and air capacity; stability of construction; resisting power of the material; beauty of line; stability of boat in quiet and rough waters; flexibility under normal load and the time necessary to assemble a boat. In case of a folding boat, the weight, size of parcels when folded and transportation possibilities are important features.

The good modern folding kayaks combine all of these features, some more and some less, depending upon the make, size and price. Only a good sized touring boat should be recommended to the public for the sake of safety and convenience. A length of at least sixteen feet is necessary for paddling and sailing on large bodies of water. On this size a three-foot beam is safer than two and one-half feet. To bring cheap boats on the market, some craft were built only 9, 10 and 12 feet long. If not extremely wide and clumsy, they were unsafe for the novice or inexperienced paddler and uncomfortable for the experienced.

The judging of boats and their safety factors should be placed in the hands of an impartial organization devoted to watersports, such as the American Canoe Association or some similar organization which can make rules and conduct races according to water conditions and the age and experience of the contestants. In European countries, especially Germany, water-touring is very popular. One of the largest organizations regulates the sport internationally, has special waterpolice, requests numbers on small crafts of non-organized paddlers and works with the government to benefit the sport.

Thousands of sportsmen abroad make their weekend trips with the folding boats on their backs, going to the source of the river by train or bus and returning home paddling through unknown regions and shooting rapids at fifteen to twenty miles an hour over the mountain streams.

All signs point toward a rapid development of healthy camp life and out-of-door activities in America. She possesses everything to lead in watersports and water-touring.

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"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."
"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."
"Er...that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."

...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words,* which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words.*

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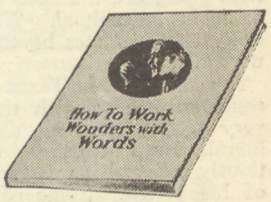

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor Outdoor America*

PERHAPS, after all, the young dog, whether foxhound, beagle, pointer, spaniel or any of the other popular retrieving breeds, differs not so much from a young boy in the treatment it ought to receive. Young dogs and boys are inseparable. In my opinion there never will be much to the boy who does not like dogs, granted he has the chance to know them. Therefore I beg human interest for the puppy instead of neglect.

A puppy, like a boy, craves human association and the amount you give it is later reflected in disposition, and disposition amounts to a lot, whether the animal is destined for a shooting dog or field trial career. The fellow who says he hates to mess around with puppies usually hates to mess around with children, and a man that hates children, though he be as rich as Croesus, in the estimate of his fellow human beings is a cold-blooded freak, without the characteristics which belong to the human race.

And this much may be said for puppies, to the man who has no accommodations for them, nor opportunities to raise them properly: turn them over to some one else who is equipped right and likes to raise and give them their deserved care. He can then say to himself conscientiously that he has done his part. But association with puppies is a big part in their development, and particularly so in the development of the man who is handling them, whether he is in the amateur state or thoroughly perched on a high pinnacle of professionalism.

Every sporting dog owner will admit that he gets more pleasure out of hunting over a dog that he has himself bred and raised than any other sort. And the same thing applies to his field trial competitor. The kick coming to him from being with a dog of his own breeding and raising surpasses every time that of a bought dog. We must not, however, neglect to discover faults and admit them to ourselves, though often we become so wrapped up in a dog, though we are ever so experienced, in connection with that particular dog our judgment is warped. And this fault is frequently cultivated by too close association, to the point that we do not go into sufficiently intimate criticism of our own material. A few winnings and beautiful going are the necessary attributes of faith in an animal. Nevertheless, they carry us sometimes beyond the bounds of what actually exists.

A recent visit in Texas recalled my personal experience with the setter Caesar, very prominent in his day. His handler literally lived with that dog. He conscientiously believed it was the greatest animal of his period. Some of the press, too, conscientiously believed likewise. Strangely, I was commissioned to look the dog over by a client who had thought of buying him and another who was thinking of breeding several matrons to him. Not even his handler nor anyone else was to know that my mission on two occasions was to look the dog over and report.

He was a striking going dog in every way, seemingly with everything required to perpetuate greatness and attract judges. But I was rather an obdurate judge. I could not feel him, though I had him under the closest observation. The first time down he passed a bunch of honeysuckle, low growing around short ragweed, without giving it the least thought, instead heading directly for some very bare parts. The second occasion he swerved three times from low growing dewberry in which the lespedeza was pretty heavily grown up. He did it cutely without the handler or the press noticing it.

I made my report just as the dog had impressed me and giving full credit to his speed, style and range. I made a note on the report that, from things I had observed, he would never produce many great youngsters.

Not long ago I was shown the report I wrote, and later I talked with the two men whom I had advised against breeding their matrons to this dog. They laughed at my accuracy and confessed they had bred to him without getting a single more than ordinary youngster from it. I thought all this was past history until, during the latter part of January at Wichita Falls, Texas, "Doc" Landon of the old Oil Belt field trial crowd, told me how he had been deluded into breeding a bitch, that had always produced good youngsters, in fact, several winners, to that same dog and had never obtained a youngster worthy of its keep.

Close association with your youngsters may produce a tendency to overestimate every dog you own, but, when it develops you in the right trend, though loving your own to the utmost, your judgment will not be warped and ultimately you will be the last one to decide whether you have a real prospect or not.

All of the above is somewhat out of the program of the title of this article, but it was inserted solely in the way of advice, so that from the beginning you will know the most obvious entanglements to avoid.

When you have good quarters for your youngsters, ones that can be kept clean and in which they are not cramped for room, half the battle is over, for such things go to make rugged youngsters, provided you give them the right food and right away make your first invasion against that arch invader of the intestinal tract of young dogs, worms of various sorts. While this has been repeated quite often, to worm your dogs at least twice a year, it is permissible that I warn you again, especially if the worming will make some one remember who has been putting the matter off.

Feeding of youngsters requires sensible thought and provisions for obtaining what they require, if you haven't it already. With the very young fellows, just after worming, I feed four or five times daily, a small amount at a time, guarding against distending the stomachs out of proportion by watching them eat, and then removing all food from the food troughs. Meat does not cause worms, as some think. A little will not hurt youngsters; on the contrary, it will do them good. The same, too, may be said of buttermilk. It is excellent; its general beneficial effects can not be too highly extolled.

During the early days of youngsters, the different individual tastes for food can be studied. Every dog owner will discover other foods than those usually recommended upon which his precious family will thrive, though perhaps they have never received mention from writers on canine subjects. Furthermore, many conditions will face him of which the best intentioned adviser has no knowledge; also, the pups themselves will indicate when their meals are to be reduced to a two-a-day system, or the one-a-day system, which the writer does not favor for hard working dogs.

Although spoken of previously, it is well to mention, too, that few owners separate the bullies from the meeker ones,

Comanche Frank Roy 63164. A perfect specimen of the wide going pointer.

who have no tendency to fight or retaliate toward their brothers or sisters when attacked. Healthy pups are like boys, fighting is play for them; still, they reach the point where they overdo it and cause some of the litter to be affected with timidity. Very often irreparable injuries are due to the attacks of bullies.

Too many pups in a kennel yard at the same time is a thing not to be countenanced at any time, any more than the crowding together of too many human beings in small living quarters. Lots of room pays for itself in healthy pups. Until you can take them out for exercise in spacious quarters, they will get on their own accord all they will need. If your arrangements are convenient to feed each puppy separately, so much the better. Youngsters, when fed alone, are not so inclined to bolt their food as when they all dine in the same trough and exert their utmost to gobble up as fast as possible more than is their needed share.

Play with the youngsters all you wish, if you do not go to the extreme of making them overdo it until they are mechanical. Right then exists a splendid opportunity to bestow on them a name, and they will learn it quickly. They like to be petted and made much of. Such expressions of fondness on the part of an owner create confidence in him and instil the commencement of a lasting devotion. Let the name you give the pup be a short one, though his registration name is ever so long.

Although everyone is influenced by their personal ideas, it is optional with the master to teach words of command to puppies at a very early age and require some sort of obedience, if it is not overdone to the point that the animals become cringing and do it partly through fear. Therefore, everybody in this matter must suit himself according to his own predilections and convictions. This brings me, however, to insert a bit of the personal, since at this moment I have actual field training in mind.

During a period when I handled hundreds of dogs of various breeds and temperaments, I never experienced any more trouble in breaking, training or handling—whichever you care to call it—a green, kennel-raised puppy that had never been taught a single lesson or word of command before coming to me, than I did with those whose masters had done the job thoroughly or too thoroughly. This applied particularly to the time when I started them in the field. Of course, from their own experience everybody has his likes. They are not to be criticized for that. But even today, I would rather work for shooting purposes a pup that had had no instructions bestowed on it and did not know a command, than I would a letter-perfect one in obedience.

The ramifications of possibilities entering into this are so many at the instant they defy reasonable explanation that would cover every case. If I have a pet abhorrence it is to handle a youngster that has been taught before it has ever been in the field to point pigeons, chickens, sparrows or an old wing of a game bird. Every year I see dozens and dozens of dogs whose possibilities of great pointing and bird handling instincts have been ruined by conscientious masters who thought they were doing the right thing when they taught staunch pointing, having, they imagined, discovered something marvellous in the animal when it pointed at the age of several months, to sight or scent, a pigeon, sparrow, chicken or even a game bird. Annually, overwhelming evidence corroborates this in the appearance afield of dogs that have been made painfully overcautious on footscent and have never been able to develop desirable bodyscenting mastery on this account.

If a young handler were to ask me on what points he should devote his energies most, though some will differ from me, I would say giving his youngsters short exercises afield on game or in places that would likely harbor game in order to develop the hunting instinct to the dominating point and then to get his shooting or field trial dogs accustomed to poultry and livestock so that they will not bother geese, ducks, pigs, calves, sheep nor run horses and cows. When he accomplishes this he will have achieved worthwhile work. I did not mention anything about chasing mules, for they can take care of themselves! A young dog in the field is always in danger of them until he learns to show aloofness every time he is in their presence.

Constant association with livestock is the best barrier against future trouble. A dog that is raised with poultry under the guarding eyes of a master seldom carries with him the killing tendencies into later years. Nevertheless, there are obstinate, perverse cases where the killing habit is of an aggravated kind incited by high-strung nerves that break at certain moments. This is exceedingly hard to cure.

If men were all constructed temperamentally in the same manner and had the same objective ahead for bird dogs, which of course they haven't, I would advise them to teach every command used in field work in the kennel yard, save the much abused one of "steady." More sloppy pointing dogs are made by its abuse than anything of which I can think. With an amateur it causes him to stop a dog to pointing before the pointing instinct has developed or the animal determines how Nature has created him to perform the act. On account of that much abused word, "Steady," we can trace two-thirds of the pottering dogs, as well as two-thirds of the dogs that are overcautious and never learn how to handle birds by coming into them with a dash and flashing style, at the same time making them lie to point perfectly.

Many a sincere owner, through the abuse of the command to "Steady," has made his dog overcautious on game and through it has fixed the despicable habit of false pointing forever in its career.

Taking advantage of puppy tendencies to retrieve with a ball or some other object in play will not come amiss later on. Puppies treated in this manner display their natural instincts to retrieve and with care can be made splendid finished products when they mature. If, when field performance time arrives, they fail to retrieve birds, then you can resort to teaching force retrieving.

One of the best insurances for puppy health is a clean kennel yard. If, every day, all stools and foul matter are removed, lots of puppy diseases will be avoided.

Whitewashing the kennels every week, inside and out, is of great help toward maintaining good health. The man who does this, as well as cleans his kennel yards daily, will be protected against vermin and lots of diseases. Moreover, when he gets into a routine of this sort, he will automatically develop a keen sense for detecting ailments quickly, and be able to handle them at the start, and this means much when sickness attacks your dogs.

Exercise is a patent sickness preventive. It only has bad effects when youngsters are made to do more than they are physically able to stand. Exercise levies a tribute in style, speed, dash and fire only when it is carried to the extreme and the real physical fatigue of the puppy is not considered and avoided.

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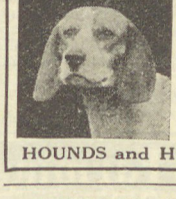

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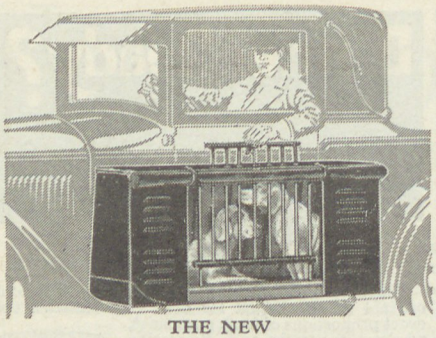

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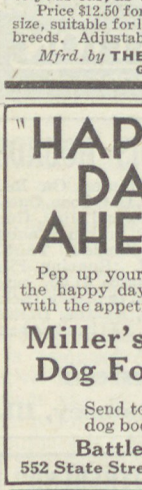

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Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

MANGE AGAIN

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Am writing you in the hope you can tell me what to do for a hound with the mange. I have a hound on which we have used several different remedies that seemed to help until the dog got to running hard. I would like to use something that I could put on without washing the dog if possible.

LESTER ARNOLD,
Batesville, Ark.

Dear Mr. Arnold:

Before you can expect to cure your dog of mange you must burn up all bedding and scald with lye every place where he has lain.

I can't see your objections to washing the dog. But if you insist that it is not convenient, make a dip as directed on a package of Lewis Lye. Keep all heating food away from the dog in such forms as cornmeal as long as you are working him.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WON'T RANGE FAR

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a dog that I use here on Chinese pheasants. He was two years old last fall when I first hunted with him. With no training whatsoever he developed into what we novices would call perfect, with one exception. He does not range enough. Of course that is much better than the other extreme, but I would like to know if it is possible to teach a dog of that age to range more.

HAL JOHNSON,
Joseph, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

As your dog is still very young, it is possible to teach it to range wider, particularly if it is endowed with any natural tendency to do it. During your off season, make no effort to restrict your dog at all when you are afield and try if possible to give it lots of opportunities from horseback. This will increase its range some, especially if you avoid bringing it back and forth unnecessarily.

Also you can drive your dog out by teaching it the instant he is turned loose to go from you, that each blast of the whistle means to go out wide, or the voice means to get away. You can begin this with the dog close, throwing him out from you or urging him away from you, and later on he will recognize this command at a distance, whether you use a blast of the whistle or the voice. Never allow the dog to come in to you without instantly urging him out. After you start afield let the dog learn to take a course and arrive back from where you started in a different direction always from where you put him afield. The extreme is done in field trial work when the dog learns never to come in to his handler through fear of the whip which is accentuated with each blast of the whistle.

Unless your dog has the natural going instinct you will find it pretty hard to make him a wide ranger.

OZARK RIPLEY.

BITES BIRDS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a fine pointer that has just this year acquired the habit of biting birds. As he has never done this before I would like to know what I could do to break the habit.

W. E. PEARL, JR.,
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Mr. Pearl:

Sometimes stepping on a dog's foot the instant he commences to mouth a bird cures the habit. Best thing is to get to him quickly and make him retrieve the bird while you have his ear between thumb and forefinger, and pressing hard as he starts mouthing it. With a force collar you can teach a dog to retrieve tenderly by punishing attempts to chew while you lead him with the bird in his mouth.

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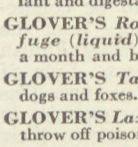

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JUST TIRED

Dear Ozark Ripley:
Will you please give me some advice about my rabbit hound bitch two years old, half fox and beagle. She hasn't any pep and when I take her out to exercise she walks about ten steps, lays down and pants and when another dog is trailing she tries her best to join in but seems to lack the strength or wind. She is not thin and looks in the best of shape. Now I hunted her last season and never had any trouble. I noticed the tired feeling about two months ago. I had her lined but she never had any pups and ever since that she has not acted right.

RICHARD F. ENGEL,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mr. Engel:
Apparently your dog is fed O. K., and that is no reason for her lack of disposition to hunt. If I were you I would place her on a farm for a month where she has opportunities to run rabbits daily. And if in that time she does not display any greater desire than at present I would trade her for a better prospect. Breeding should not have caused the sluggishness, unless you have discovered some other reason. I am sure it is best after a fair trial to dispose of her.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WILL SETTERS RETRIEVE?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I am contemplating buying a bird dog pup. As yet I have not decided just what kind of a dog I am going to buy, although I think it will be an English setter. Can this breed of dogs be used for retrieving ducks? Also advise me which breed of dogs will start to hunt the soonest. Pointer or setter? How old should a pup be before one attempts to start training him?

LOUIS H. SCHRADER,
Jackson, Mo.

Dear Mr. Schrader:
Setters can be trained to retrieve ducks, but usually they are not as satisfactory all around in this work as spaniels, Labradors and Chesapeakes. Neither a pointer nor a setter hunt sooner than the other. You can start yard training at a few months old. But do not insist on field training until you see that the dog can stand the necessary amount of going. It is impossible to advise at exactly what age it is best to start. Some dogs start earlier than others, but it is always well to take them afield after six months old for little jaunts so they will have early opportunities to develop their hunting instincts.

OZARK RIPLEY.

Beagles the Best

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I want some information regarding coon dogs. I am getting too old to follow an open trailing hound, so would like to have a still trailer.
Prefer the smallest kind I can get, but not to sacrifice quality for size. Would a cocker spaniel make a silent coon dog, and if any faults may be expected, what are they? Are they good tree barkers? I don't think the fox terrier would turn out to be much on trailing, but how about other terriers, like the rat terrier, etc.?

C. W. KRAL.
Montgomery, Minn.

Dear Mr. Kral:
It is only a matter of luck when you find any sort of spaniel or terrier that will work as you wish on covies, for it is not characteristic of the breeds. You won't find much trouble getting a slow, still trailing hound. Ofttimes we can find the sort you desire among beagles.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A CATTLE DOG

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a female German police pup and would like to know how to train it to be a good cattle dog. Do they make good cattle dogs? Does it harm their training to let children play with them much?

LOIS BOWEN,
Oelwein, Iowa.

Dear Miss Bowen:
Get the book, "Training the Police Dog," by Kollett. It will help you.
Personally, I have not had any experience in training dogs for cattle. Any farmer's boy can tell you a better way than I. Letting children play with the pup while young will not hurt it in any way.

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Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Three ads for price of two! The lowest rate per word per thousand circulation offered by any A. B. C. outdoor publication. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 25th of the second month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

549 W. RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Archery

TOOL for feathering arrows $1.50. Port Orford ¾s shafts points on nocks cut sanded, feathers included $1.50 doz. Flax bow string 25c. H. Wayte, 919 Hay's Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

YEW Bows—Hunting, flight and target arrows. Highest quality. Reasonable prices. Hobson, Lyons, Oregon. (3-6)

YEW Bows, $7.00 up. Yew billets, $2.50 up. Catalogue. Olympic Archery Shop, Port Angeles, Wash. (3-7)

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BOON to motorists—preserve and keep finish on top and body of your car looking new by using "Weatherguard." Gives beautiful lustrous polish, makes old finishes look like new. Fine for guns, rods, etc. ½ pound can "Weatherguard," ¼ pound can "Nickeline," highest grade metal polish, six yards polishing cloth, postpaid $1.00. Results guaranteed or money back. Perfect Products Laboratory, R. D. 77A, Atlantic Highlands, N. J. (3-7)

Bantams

BANTAMS, Pheasants, Peafowls. Catalog 2c. F. C. Wilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-7)

Binoculars, Telescopes and Compasses

NEW Aseros, Carl Zeiss variable-power telescope, magnification 4x20, mounting, tripod, leather case for glass, mounting, canvas for tripod, new Zeiss binocular eyepiece in case, three pair ocular lens, 2-objectives in focusing tube, Aseros cost $170, binocular outfit $216.00. Binocular can be used on any telescope. Sell for cash at discount. Dr. Frederick N. Solsem, Sacred Heart, Minn.

BINOCULARS, field glasses, telescopes. Slightly used $1.75 up; 8x prism binoculars $9. All makes, DuMaurier, Busch, Lemaire, Colmont, Megaphos, etc. 3 to 44 power. World's largest assortment. Catalog free. DuMaurier Importers, Dept. 105-A, Elmira, N. Y. (6-7)

Boats and Motors

THREE new 14 foot $50.00 Manitoba cedar hunting boats. Adapted to lakes and open water. Never uncrated. $75; or $27 each. Will send cuts. A. Clarine, Walker, Minn.

USED Johnson, Lockwood, Evinrude and Elto Outboard motors. Priced right. Write for further particulars. Spavinaw Sport Shop, Spavinaw, Okla. (3-6)

OUTBOARD motors overhauled, reconditioned; lowest prices. We buy, sell, trade; new, used. E. Byrnes Co., Dept. T, Robinson, Ill. (3-7)

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HENDERSON'S Compound, for boats, also log cabins. A perfect seal. Pints 80c, Quarts $1.50. Write for quantity prices. Weatherproof Calking Co., Minneapolis, Minn. (6-8)

Camps and Cottages

FOR Sale—Outing Camp. Large comfortable cottage on Elbow Lake, St. Louis Co., Minn. Log Cabin built for all season's use, large field-stone fire-place and cooking range, hardwood floors; cottage and large porch screened; ice-box. Will accommodate 8 people. Situated on the bank of beautiful Elbow Lake in birch and pine woods, 1,900 feet of beautiful shore line. Three boats and canoe, Johnson motor. Large boat-house and large wood shed separate. Fine black bass fishing on stocked lake—center of deer country. Reliable care-taker and guide in vicinity. Board may be obtained. Accessible by good road to County roads. Owner leaving state. Bargain at $2,500.00. Address Dr. W. R. Bagley, 510 Fidelity Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

FURNISHED Log Cabin. Reasonable rental for season. Superior National Forest on Minnesota's finest canoe route. Accommodate ten. C. Francis Colman Company, 614 Providence Bldg., Duluth, Minnesota.

FOR Rent: Fine cabins for 4 persons at Thunder Lake $5.00 a week. For sale, lake frontage $2.00 a foot. E. Franke, Manistique, Mich. (3-7)

Camps and Cottages—Continued

FOR Sale: Log Cottage, New, Furnished, 3 acres, beautiful lake, Northern Michigan. Write Beulah Robinson, Iron River, Michigan.

MAKE Grand View Resort on beautiful Lake Vermilion in the heart of the Arrow-head Country in Northern Minnesota your 1930 vacation land; where home-cooked meals of the very best food the market affords are served. Comfortable beds. Take a wilderness canoe trip into the heart of the Superior National Forest. An ideal place for Waltonians and their families. Boys' camp in connection. For further information write for free folder to Dr. Edmond H. Miller, proprietor, Tower, Minn., from June 1st to Dec. 1st or to 1001 S. 5th Ave., Maywood, Ill., from Dec. 1st to June 1st. 'Phone Maywood 156. (3-7)

Coins—Curios—Antiques

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27c. $½-size, 53c. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

OLD coins for sale. Selling price list free to collectors. Towns Davis, Box 1791, Huntington, West Virginia. (3-7)

INDIAN Relics, curios. Bargain prices, list free. The Exchange House, Blackwater, Va. (3-7)

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PHEASANT Eggs and Wild Duck Eggs. Orders now booked for spring and early summer delivery of the following varieties of pheasants: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver, all guaranteed to be from strong, pure bred, non-related stock. Wild Mallard and pure bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck responds to their soft, enticing call. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Established 1895. Wallace Evans Game Farm, Largest and most successful in the World. St. Charles, Ill. (2-6)

WILD Duck Eggs. Pure Wild Mallard eggs $3.50 per dozen; small dark English Caller eggs $2.00 per dozen. Subject to prior sale. Address Round Lake Lodge, Rockbridge, Ill. (2-6)

EXTRA fancy very small 1½ pound little grey English Caller Eggs $4 per 15, guaranteed hatchability. Ducklings 75c each. C. C. Long, Hamburg, Iowa. (3-6)

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NEW Corkwood Decoys, Flying Decoys, Grass Blinds, Grass Hunting Suits. C. W. Grubbs, Manufacturer, 1512 Crockett, Houston, Texas. (4-8)

GENUINE Purebred English Caller Ducks. Eggs for sale $2.50 doz. Cochran Game Farm, 317 W. 14th, Falls City, Nebr. (3-6)

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SMALL bodied, less than 2 pounds English Callers. Eggs, $2.00, 15. Springlake Farm, Bennington, Nebr. (3-7)

PURE Bred English Caller eggs, $5.00 per setting. Everett Quigley, Shelbina, Mo.

FREE Catalog about Decoy Mallard Ducklings. Mac's Duckery, Peoria, Illinois. (3-7)

SMALL type English Callers, $3.50 setting prepaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo. (3-7)

ENGLISH Call Eggs, 12 postpaid $2.25. Gale Ford, Wilton Jct., Iowa. (3-6)

Dogs

Airedales

AIREDALE Puppies. Reasonable, style, type and guts, from show and hunting parentage. Geo. Harker, San Fernando, Calif. (3-6)

CLASSY, pedigreed Airedale male puppies, $15. Prompt service, safe delivery guaranteed. Guy Dille, Ridgway, Ohio. (3-7)

Bull Dogs

FOR Sale: English Bull-Terrier Pups, young dogs and matrons. Eligible A. K. C. Priced reasonable. Perc Bunker, North Manchester, Indiana. (3-7)

Dogs—Continued

Chesapeakes

STRONG, healthy puppies at all times. Texas Chesapeake Kennel, H. C. English, Owner, Wichita Falls, Texas. (3-7)

Dalmatians

DALMATIANS. Guard home and automobile with a coach dog. Choice puppies for sale. Price reasonable. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-6)

COACH puppies at $25 and up. Beautiful black and white markings. Healthy. Eligible to registration. Mrs. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-7)

Great Danes

REGISTERABLE puppies. Prices reasonable. Tanana Great Dane Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colo. (3-6)

Hounds

FOR Sale: Registered English Bloodhound Pups. Pamphlet Training Bloodhounds 25c. Charles Reasbeck, Vankleek, Ontario, Canada. (3-5)

Miscellaneous Dogs

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

BEAGLES, Rabbit and Coon Hounds. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-5)

Newfoundlands

KOCH'S Kennels—Fort Recovery, Ohio, offer Newfoundland puppies, best bloodlines in America; large, black, English type. Also Landseers. (3-6)

Pointers and Setters

ENGLISH Setters for sale. Two litter mates, one male and one female whelped June, 1929. Sired by the wonderful Mr. Eugene M. Big, strong, healthy individuals. Beautiful specimens of hunters. Unspoiled and untrained. Just ready to go to work for someone. $50 each. Pleasant Acres Farm, Box 375, Waterloo, Iowa.

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THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

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IRISH Setters sired by Champions; exceptional Dams. Delaney and Wilson, Amherst, Wis.

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70 POLICE Puppies. Papers to register. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.50, Males $20.00. Bred Females $50.00. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-7)

Spaniels

BEAUTIFUL registered Springers. Avondale bloodlines. Guaranteed. Males $25.00, females $15.00. Proven bitch in whelp. H. Robertson, Olivia, Minn. (3-5)

Dogs—Continued

Spaniels—Continued

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER Spaniels, five month old puppies, liver and white, also one black and white bred female. Horsford, Avandale Inveresk blood lines. At Stud imported from Scotland Inveresk Chairman. Platte River Kennels, North Bend, Nebr. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniels, the best obtainable. Pups and mature stock. Bitches in whelp. Force retrievers either sex. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. State your wants. Kesterson's Kennels, Skamokawa, Washington. (3-6)

SPRINGER Pups. Exceptional litter from outstanding field workers, on pheasants and ducks. Bench show type from famous bloodlines. $15.00 and $25.00. Ted Johnson, Lyle, Minn.

ELIGIBLE English Springer Pups, 3 mo. by Harkins Duke. Colors, liver and white, black and white. Price $35.00 and $50.00. Dr. F. P. Burke, Madelia, Minn. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel Pups and Brood Bitches reasonably priced. Champion Sires. (It pays to pay for the pedigree.) Southwic Springer Kennels, Breckenridge, Texas. (3-6)

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies, best of bloodlines. Nicely marked. Liver and white. Prices right. Get photo. Fred Swanson, Stromsburg, Nebr. (3-7)

SELECT Springer Spaniel Pups, reasonable. Champion Sire. Brood Bitches. Southwick Kennels, Breckenridge, Texas. (3-7)

COCKER Spaniel Pups for Sale. All colors, sired by An Int. Ch. J. T. Snelson, Pendleton, Ore. (3-6)

HICLASS Black Cocker Spaniels, puppies. Obo breeding. Papers furnished. J. F. Meyer, Chadron, Nebr. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Year old females, nice ones. Price reasonable. Grant Nichols, Ellensburg, Wash. (3-6)

COCKER Spaniel puppies. Eligible. $10.00 up. Dr. Wooden, Waterloo, New York. (3-7)

ELIGIBLE Springer puppies also older females and matrons. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

SPRINGER Spaniels, first class every way. Dr. Thomas Magill, St. Joseph, Missouri. (3-7)

St. Bernards

ST. BERNARD Pups $25 to $50 with American Kennel papers. R. B. Colby, Loyal, Wis. (3-6)

Terriers

IRISH Terriers. Real Aristocrats, Grit, Intelligence, Pedigreed, Pals, Hunters or Guards. A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana. (4-5)

IRISH Terrier puppies and bitches $20.00 up. Bred bitches $25.00 up. Altura Kennels, Route 1, El Paso, Texas.

IRISH Terriers of excellent breeding. Goswyre, 5441 Hard Road, Columbus, Ohio.

Dog Collars and Equipment

SHOW dog collars and leads—red or green, ⅜ inch wide. Collars $2.00 per dozen. Leads $2.75. Orders sent on approval. Everything in dog furnishings. Send us your inquiries. Republic Leather Products Company, 5153 No. Clark St., Chicago. (9x29)

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REVILO Tetrachlorethylene, the safest and most effective anthelmintic known, for the removal of hook and roundworms in dogs and pups. Safe for puppies three weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo. Used and praised throughout the world by many of the largest kennels, noted trainers and breeders. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies $1.00 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 10, Quincy, Ill. (4x30)

RUNNING Fits remedy guaranteed, treatment enough three dogs $1.00. Has never failed. Sold 500 treatments one month. The best Canker, Black Tongue, Distemper, Mange, Worm Expeller remedies. Each $1.00. Results guaranteed or money back. Adams Supply Co., Ramsey, Ill. (4-8)

Dog Remedies and Supplies —Continued

WORMS in dogs and puppies are the cause of much distress, fits and many deaths. Tetrachlorethylene, the modern worm expeller, a safe treatment for pups and an effective one for grown dogs. Will positively stop fits when due to the heavy infestation of hook and round worms (Ascarids). In capsules of assorted sizes, easy to give, $1.00 postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 3-F, Quincy, Ill. (9x29)

MANGE: Our No. 23 cures the worst cases, $1.35. Testimonials free. Fit capsules, $1.25. Canker Solution, 80c. B. H. K. Laboratories, Leechburg, Pa. (2-5)

RUNNING Fits in dogs relieved in three doses. Large size, $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (6-10)

Training and Boarding Dogs

WANTED: Bird dogs for training, thirty-four years' experience in developing shooting dogs on quail, grouse and pheasant. Excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

PAUL OTTO, Levy, Ark., trainer of pointers, setters and retrievers. (3-7)

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GUNS of highest quality, made to order. Single, Double-Barrel and genuine Over and Under type field and trapguns. Magazine Rifles with Zeiss Telescope. Three-Barrel brush guns. Individual offer gladly. Catalogue free. Abesser & Merkel, Master Gun Makers, Suhl 15. (Germany) (6-6)

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ANTIQUE Firearms: The Dexter Antique Weapon Trade Journal illustrates over eighty Arms, and prices over 300. Send fifty cents in coin or stamps for your copy. F. Theodore Dexter, 910 Jefferson, Topeka, Kansas. (3-5)

SALE: Winchester 1886 45-90, $25.00; 38 S. & W. Safety Hammerless, $18.00. Modern and Obsolete Ammunition. Cartridges for collectors. Bullet Moulds & Loading Tools. List 10c. W. S. Lutz, Chestertown, Maryland.

EVERY club should have a Hubalek machine rest to test ammunition, rifles, pistols. New model just out, $25. A. Hubalek, 744 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR Sale—Smith Trapgun, Eagle grade; single 34 inch, perfect condition. Bargain. H. M. Baxter, Oberlin, Ohio.

FOR Sale—big bore crow guns, target rifles, pistols. List 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minnesota.

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WILD Celery Always Attracts Ducks and Fish. 300 sure-growing tubers—plants ¼ acre—$10; 600—$18.50; 1200—$35. Postpaid with instructions. For fresh or slightly salty waters containing shells. Catalog of 85 natural fish and game foods, free. Terrell's, 109 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (5-7)

MAMMOTH wild rice seed and hulled, from Land 'O Lakes. Aquatic plants and seeds. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota. (3-6)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

TACKLE Bargains: 25c Trout Dry Flies, eyed or to gut, assortment of 24, $2.00. 50c Tapered Trout Leader, 7½ ft., 3 for $1.00. 10c Trout Flies, assortment of 40, $2.00. 25c Bass Flies, assortment of 8, $1.00. $1.00 Casting Plugs, standard makes, 3 for $1.35. $2.30 Black Oreno Silk Casting Line, 24 lb., 50 yards, $1.50. $25.00 Pflueger Supreme Reel, $17.95. Satisfaction or money back. Fisherman's Supply Co., Jefferson & Olive, Saint Louis. (6-10)

FLY Fishing for Trout. Mark Catlin, veteran trout fisherman, gives you 136 pages of lifetime tested secrets on fly fishing. Tells how to get the big ones. Tips galore. Fly tying, etc. $1.50 post paid. Badger Printing Co., Dept. A, Appleton, Wisconsin. (3-7)

Fishing Tackle and Bait —Continued

"BEST Yet" Catfish bait, a little better than the best, for throw lines and pole fishing. A liver bait and stays on the hook. One jar 60 cents, two jars $1.00 prepaid. Hughes Bait Co., Niobrara, Nebraska. (3-7)

FINE Fishing Tackle: $25.00 tournament bait rods, $15.00; $30.00 fly-rods, $25.00, while they last. Hair trout and bass flies and lures. Satisfaction guaranteed. List ready. Hoag Tackle 5310 Templeton St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FISHING Lines. Casting and trolling. Direct to consumer, at reduced prices. Send for sample cards. See what we got. Silkline Co., Department K, Pekin, Ill. (4-6)

HEINZELMANN'S Famous Hackle Flies. Long streamer tail feathers. No pork bait needed. 3 for $1. Heinzelmann Mfg. Co., 313 E. 12th, Kansas City, Mo. (3-7)

SINKER Molds for making your own. All popular sizes, easy to operate, lasts a lifetime, $1.00. Eight sizes. Salt Water Molds. Write Dolph Mfg. Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (6-10)

SOUR Clams, Best Catfish Bait, 2 pounds postpaid $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for Carp, 2 pounds postpaid $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

SUMMER Resort Owners. Live mud minnows. I have plenty to supply your need. Write for prices. Louis Busa, R. 3, Box 45, Stevens Point, Wis. (3-7)

ARROW-MATIC Cat Fish Bait, ready for use, large can $1.00, two cans $1.50, post paid. Season's supply Carp Lure 50c. Dealers and Jobbers write for prices. Savage Chemical Supply, Box 1386, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. (3-7)

Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

NORTHERN Grown Red Cedar Trees and Seedlings. Hardy varieties. Also pine and spruce, low prices. 10c each and up. Guaranteed to grow. Fred Lewis, Creighton, So. Dak. (3-6)

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WE Buy, sell, trade guns, rifles, revolvers, cameras, binoculars, fishing tackle, musical instruments, outboard motors, boats, canoes, motion picture machines, etc. Colt's D. A. 45 revolver, $12.50; Heddon's 3AB reel, reg. $10.50 new, $4.25; Flato Boat cost $65.00 new, $35.00. Wanger's, 522 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fur Farming

Beaver

A FEW choice live beaver at $30.00 a piece, with instructions regarding their propagation. Black Beaver Propagation Co., Virginia, Minn. (3-6)

Foxes

SILVER Foxes, low prices, year ranching free. Increase guaranteed; easy terms, facts free. DeValon Fox Farms, Golden, Colorado. (3-7)

BLUE Foxes: Tame, prolific, acclimated. Dawson Fox & Fur Farm, Paxton, Montana. (3-6)

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MINK Food—Blue Ribbon (Fur Improver) Mink Food. Better than the best. Send 25c for feeding sample, $9.50 per 100 lbs. Blue Ribbon Animal Food Co., 336 E. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

MINK, early raised. Very profitable, dark color, pen raised. Super-Alaskan strain. Also high quality bred females, Mink. Booklet free. Herculean Fur Farms, Forest Lake, Minn. (2x30)

MINK low price. Satisfaction or your money back. Union Fur Farm & Associates, Wadena. (6-5) Minnesota.

Fur Farming—Continued

Mink—Continued

MINK: Raise fine, dark mink, domesticated. 10 years. Indian Bay Minkery, R. 5, Oshkosh, Wis. (3-7)

MINK of quality. Priced right. Bred Females, $100.00. Greenacres Fur Farm, Sioux Falls, So. Dak. (9x29)

500 BRED females, dark quality. Clear Lake Farms, Waseca, Minnesota. (3-5)

Miscellaneous Fur Farming

BEST Chinchilla Breeding Stock Raised in America. Standard does, registered, bred to prizewinning bucks or giants or open, $12.00. Registered bucks $10.00. Eight to twelve months old. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check with order. Progressive Occupations Co., Northfield, Minn. (3-6)

CHINCHILLAS, White New Zealands, Silver Marten Fur Rabbits, Muskrats, Minks, Silver Fox. Tell us how you are situated and we will show you how to make big profits. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-5)

WRITE for free literature on Reliance quality Muskrats, Raccoon, Silver Badger, Black Opossum, etc. Reliance Fur Farms, Box 2345A, Denver, Colorado. (6-7)

FOR Sale: Mink, Raccoon, Skunk, Beaver, Red Fox, Silver Fox and Silver Badger. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-5)

PEDIGREED Chinchillas. Doe $7.00, Buck $5.00, trio $15.00. P. W. Snow, Independence, Iowa.

SILVER Badger, Mink, Marten, Coon, Fox, Chinchilla—Silver Fox Rabbits. Brogden Fur Farms, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-7)

2,000 ANIMALS, Rabbits, Cavies, Pigeons, Pheasants. Booklet 4c. Summit Rabbitry, Bernharts, Pa. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Fine registered Karakul fur sheep. Hendricks Fur Farms, Route No. 1, Flint, Mich. (3-7)

SILVER Foxes, Mink—Will sell a limited number of 1929 mated silvers of fine quality. Priced reasonable, cash or terms. C. E. Maeser, 3714 Morgan Ave., No., Minneapolis, Minn.

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MUSKRATS: Before buying, write for our proposition on pen raised stock. Large discount on orders booked now for marsh raised muskrats, spring delivery. Write for literature and trial offer on our live catch trap. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minn. (3-5)

LIVE Muskrats—Black or Brown. Prompt delivery. Order now to avoid being disappointed. We are experienced and reliable. Write for terms and prices. Large contracts and foreign orders solicited. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. J-5, Chester, Pa.

BOOKING orders, spring delivery. Literature for stamp. LaBar Muskrat Farm, Austin, Minnesota. (3-5)

DARK Northern Muskrats for sale. $5.00 per pair for Spring delivery. German Lake Fur Farm, Waterville, Minnesota. (3-6)

MUSKRATS — large, dark. Spring delivery. Prices reasonable. Cedar Valley Fur Farms, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-5)

Rabbits

OLD established breeders of high-grade rabbits, New Zealand Whites and Reds, Silver Black Fox, Chinchillas. Send for literature. You will like our stock and our reasonable prices. Hawkeye Fur Farm, Dept. 60, 921 North 34th St., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (3-7)

FINE income from Rabbits under our contract. Build your own big business. Free particulars. Anabaugh Fur Farms, Box 3, Waterloo, Nebr. (2-5)

RAISE high-grade Chinchilla Rabbits for us. We supply the stock and give you a Buy Back Contract. Write for full information. McKeon Fur Farm, Pipestone, Minn.

Fur Farming—Continued

Rabbits—Continued

SILVER Black Fox Rabbits, can make you money. Buy the book "Leisure Hours," it tells all about them. Postpaid one dollar. Rendliw Fur Farms, Superior, Wis. (3-7)

UNUSUAL proposition on finest registered prize-winning strain chinchillas will interest you. Get facts. Imperial Crest Fur Farms, Warren, Arkansas.

CHINCHILLAS, heavyweights, standards. Guaranteed; good; pedigreed, cheap. Frank Joswick, Montello, Wis. (3-5)

RABBITS: One half price. 2c stamp for catalog. Blue Ribbon Fur Farm, 3618 Wabash Ave., Terre Haute, Indiana.

Game, Birds and Animals

DEER, Antelope, Elk, Buffalo, Game Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

WILD Ducks, Peafowl, Cranes, Swans, Geese, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

GAME Birds, Ornamental Birds, Cage Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

RARE Pheasants, Beautiful Birds, All Varieties, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

PRAIRIE Chicken, Chukor Partridge, Grouse, Quail. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

BOB Whites, Mountain, Blue, Gambles Quail. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

WILD Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Swans, Pheasants. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

SILVER Foxes, Mink, Muskrats, Beaver, Otter. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

PARTRIDGES, Quail, Grouse, Pheasants, Wild Turkeys. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

CAGE Birds, Paroquettes, Parrots, Macaws, Songsters. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

PHEASANTS, Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Reeves, Mongolian, Amherst, Versicolor, Melanotus, Swinhoe Manchurian. Eggs, chix, stock. America's finest bred production stock. Large fertile eggs from strong non-related birds. Price list free or send 10c for instructive, descriptive catalog containing much valuable information. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Ia. (1x30)

20,000 PHEASANT eggs all varieties. Mammoth Bronze Turkey, Yokohoma, Phoenix Fowl, Turken, Araucanas the wonder blue egg fowl. Sewickley Valley Pheasant Farm, Herminie, Pa. (3-5)

BOOKING orders for quail and pheasant eggs. Mrs. George Briggs, Protection, Kansas.

DEER for sale, prices on application. City Park Board, Chickasha, Okla. (2-6)

FERRETS, Ratters, Hunters, Breeders $6.00. Bred females $7.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

HATCHING Eggs: All varieties Pheasants. Call Ducks, Quail, Silkies. Ed Voller, Brown's Mills, New Jersey. (3-6)

SHETLAND Ponies. Brood Mares, good using ponies, attractive prices. Dells Stock Farm, Deer Creek, Illinois. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Quail, Doves and Rare Pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, Cal. (6-8)

Help Wanted, Instructions

WANTED Immediately, men—women, 18-55, qualify at once for permanent government positions, $105-$250 month; experience unnecessary, vacations with full pay; write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo., today. (8x29)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; watchfobs, $1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, $5.00. Beaded hatbands, headbands, necklaces, $3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, $2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

Indian Goods—Continued

INDIAN Relics, Coins, Curios. Beadwork. Catalogue Free. Vernon Lemley, Osborne, Kansas. (3-5)

Miscellaneous

TRAPPERS: You play a sure losing game when you use old style traps. The makers themselves tell you those traps won't hold caught animals unless the animals can be drowned. "Gibbs" makes the only practical and adaptable traps made, that prevent "wrong-offs." Double jaws, frame jaws, triple clutch jaws, high grips, giants, won't any of them do it. "Gibbs" guarantees that his traps will. "Gibbs" Two Trigger Traps 60c each, $6.50 per doz. "Gibbs" No. 0 Single Grip Traps, 2 for 25c, $1.25 per doz. No. 1—25c each, $2.50 per doz. No. 1½—30c each, $3.00 doz. No. 2—40c each, $4.50 doz. No. 3—65c each, $7.35 doz. No. 4—80c each, $9.00 doz. No. 1 Live Trap—$5.00 each, $54.00 doz. Trap Tags—12c doz. Transportation paid. No. 1 Trapping Capsules — 75c doz. Transportation collect. "Gibbs" Traps Pay You to Use Them. You Pay to Use Others. Coil springs break less than leaf springs, too. Send for free catalogue. If your dealer doesn't have our traps, send to us for them. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. F-5, Chester, Penna.

AGENTS, Canvassers, Salesmen, Merchants, etc., who are seeking direct contact with manufacturers for live propositions; 100% satisfaction guaranteed; send me 25c (coin or stamps) for one pound of direct contact literature of over 200 unexcelled offers. Edward Armour, 136T East 28th St., New York City. (4-5)

HUNTING Horns—Genuine Texas Steer Blow Horns. Hand Made by Experts. Beautifully toned, Polished, 12 inch horn $2.00, 14 inch horn $2.50, 16 inch horn $3.00, 18 inch horn $4.00, 20 inch horn $5.00. Horns in rough any size $2.50. All horns guaranteed ten days' trial. Adams Supply Co., Ramsey, Illinois. (4-8)

BY using "Superior" guaranteed wetproof and preservative for leather footwear, you wear a pair of invisible rubbers. Once tried always used. Prepaid 50c half pint. Swan Brothers, Corry, Pa. (3-6)

TOBACCO Habit overcome or no pay. 500,000 used Superba to help stop Cigarettes, Cigars, Chewing, Pipe, Snuff. Treatment sent on trial. Costs $2.00 if successful. Superba Co., L88, Baltimore, Md. (1x30)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-7)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 4535 Hampton Rd., La Canada, Calif.

AUTOMOBILE and motorboat cigar lighter and trouble lamp, sticks on smooth surfaces. Post paid 75c. Case Mchy. Co., Chemical Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. (3-6)

SALESMEN: Merchants are eager for our five-cent Numbered Ball Gum Vendors. Selling outfit free. Money advanced. Write today. Sanders Mfg. Co., Nashville, Tenn. (3-6)

VIOLIN Wood, select curly maple, cut on the quarter, thoroughly seasoned. Backs $2.50. Top wood, 35 years' seasoning $2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thos. Broderick, Moravia, N. Y. (3-6)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if you are not satisfied. T. D. Robinson, Box 68L, Elgin, Texas. (3-7)

Outdoor Playgrounds

FAIRVIEW Ranch, Augusta, Montana. See the scenic Rockies by pack train. Scenic and fishing trips. Elk, Deer, Bear hunting. Everything furnished except bedding and personal equipment. Book now for your summer's vacation. For rates and information write John F. Arps, Guide and Outfitter, Member Izaak Walton League. (2-5)

Outdoor Playgrounds—Continued

MUSKY Point Lodge, Mercer, Wis., T. J. Collins, Prop., located in the big North woods on Lake of the Falls and Turtle River. Access to numerous other lakes and famous Turtle River Flowage. Excellent food and accommodations. Write for particulars. (3-7)

YESCHEK'S Crawling Stone Lodge—In the Flambeau Indian Reservation on the Flambeau Chain of Lakes. The largest and busiest resort in upper Wisconsin. Every variety of amusement for old and young. Mr. Wm. Yeschek, Lac du Flambeau, Wis. (3-7)

VISIT Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minn. See the Superior National Forest. Real Vacation Land, fishing, boating, swimming, hiking. Write for literature. L. W. Hackbarth, 7554 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Pheasants

PHEASANT eggs from open penned birds. Guaranteed ninety percent fertile, with instructions for hatching and rearing. Also pheasants for breeding and stocking your covers. September and October delivery. Supply limited. Order early. Derby Game Farm, Inc., Pittstown, New Jersey. (3-5)

EGGS for sale from healthy unrelated stock. Ringneck eggs $25.00 per hundred; per dozen $3.00; Golden $6.50; Silver $6.50; Amherst $10.00; Reeves $12.00; Versicolor $12.00. Day old Ringneck chicks at 75 cts. each in lots of 50 and over. Pine Pheasant and Poultry Farm, East Moriches, Long Island, N. Y. (3-6)

GOLDEN Pheasant Eggs, $6.00 per dozen. Ringneck $3.00 per dozen, $20.00 per hundred. Spring and fall delivery of stock reasonable. John Reamer, R. 4, Butler, Penna.

NOW booking orders for limited number ringneck pheasant eggs from outside wintered stock. Special rates to Izaak Walton Chapters. Izaak Walton League, New Holstein, Wis. (3-7)

RINGNECK, Pheasant eggs from strong non-related stock, $3.00 per dozen. Rates on 100 lots or more. Feakes Pheasantry, Grand Junction, Iowa. (3-7)

ENGLISH Ringneck and Mongolian Pheasants. Both birds and eggs for sale. Beecher Rayl, Kempton, Ind.

FOR Sale: Fine Northern Raised Golden and Amherst Pheasants. C. E. Carlson, Ashland, Wis. (3-5)

MONGOLIAN Ringneck Pheasant Eggs from non-related selected stock $3.50 per dozen. Glenn Norman, Nevada, Mo. (3-5)

PHEASANT Eggs; nine varieties. Send for price-list. Hollyhock Pheasantry, New Bremen, Ohio. (3-7)

PHEASANTS, Golden and Amherst, also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (4-5)

PHEASANT-EGGS, many varieties. Pricelist furnished. Skokie Valley Game Farm, Box B, Zion, Illinois. (3-5)

QUALITY Brand, Ringneck Pheasants, stock and eggs in season. V. J. Hemmert, Route 10, Seattle, Washington. (2-5)

ENGLISH Ringneck Pheasant Eggs, Spring delivery. Harold Pugh, Pataskala, Ohio. (3-7)

RINGNECK Pheasant Eggs, $2.50 for 12. Postpaid. W. Lemburg, Boelus, Nebr.

PHEASANT eggs and chicks, reasonable. L. Nauenburg, Spalding, Nebr.

Photography—Cameras—Pictures

MAKE money in Photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography, Dept. 1299, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-11)

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CIRCULARS, Stationery, Cuts made from photograph. Free Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-7)

100 BUSINESS cards, $1.00; 250, $2.00. Good stock. Fine work. Union label. Write copy plainly. S. C. Longwell, Fresno, California. (3-6)

Raw Furs—Tanned

BEAUTIFUL scarfs from your Coyote or Foxskins. Tanning and making $7.00. Strange's Taxidermy, Clarkston, Wash. (3-5)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

PRIVATE Hunting and Fishing Lake for sale: 160 acres one hundred miles north of Minneapolis and one mile from Mille Lacs Lake and Highway Eighteen. Tract just contains beautiful private lake and is fenced with a steel fence. Guaranteed the best combination bass and duck lake in the entire state. H. H. Thurston, 2907 Dean Boulevard, Minneapolis. (2-6)

120 ACRES—2,225 ft. Teal Lake, Wisc. Cabins, ice house, boats, all virgin timber. 108 acres, Michigan muskrat farm, 40 acres tillable, 20 acres woods, 48 acres marsh. Creek with dam. Natural feed. J. D. Schell, Commerce Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich. (3-5)

FOR Sale:—520 acres of land in Oneida County, located on County Highway N. Three lakes located on land; part of property only few rods from Manson Lake. Cities of Rhinelander and Tomahawk ½ hour drive. Ideal for private estate, summer resort, or fur farms. There is a fine colony of beavers in property, also many rats. Write Wisconsin Lakes Lands, P. O. Box 195, Wausau, Wis. (3-7)

7125 ACRES—in Sangre de Cristo Mountains, Colfax County, New Mexico. Large lake, two trout streams. Abundance of deer, turkey and water fowl. Grass and flowers luxuriant. Traversed by State Highway. Ideal for Dude Ranch. Timber enough to pay for ranch. Sacrificing for quick sale. Maurice Mikesell, Springer, N. M.

FOR Sale to close an estate. Lake front acreage in Three Lakes and Eagle Chain region of Wisconsin. Suitable for clubs, summer camps, cottage sites, etc. Good fishing. Apply Underwood, Room 1957, 231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. (6-10)

A RARE opportunity for hunting, trapping and fishing in Northern Wisconsin, 80 acres cheap. For particulars write Willis G. Sanford, 39 Demaree Bldg., Mattoon, Ill. (3-5)

CHOICE Lake Shore Lots on Mantrap Lake, Itasca Park Region, Minnesota, $5.00 down, $5.00 monthly. Guy Chinn, 1534 Searle, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-6)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 256 Grossman Bldg., Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-5)

SELLING: Property containing "Colony Beaver," Muskrats, also other game. Ideal mixed, farming proposition. "Postmaster," Nesterville, Ont. (3-5)

SEVENTEEN hundred dollars buys almost half mile frontage on lake in Northern Wisconsin. Fine building sites. Musky, Pike, Bass. F. S. Mortimer, Bloomington, Ill. (3-7)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

EXCLUSIVE trapping territory offered on large Wyoming ranch. Write, George Snodgrass, Midwest, Wyoming.

SELLING—Ten acres with improvements on Cass Lake, Minnesota. Golf, fishing, hunting. Leland Stanford, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. (3-7)

BARGAIN! 20 acres; Ozarks; $100.00. $5.00 monthly. Alfred Fisher, Hannibal, Missouri. (8-12)

40 ACRE lake for sale. Dewey Baruth, Alexandria, Nebr.

FOR Sale—Small resort, Northern Minn. Ideal location. (Address Outdoor America.) (3-6)

Stamp Collecting

15,000 STAMPS low price, approvals 1c up. Dandy packet 2c to approval requests. Harvey Teeple, Decatur, Indiana. (3-6)

300 DIFFERENT stamps, 20 cents; 600, 50 cents; 1,100, $1.00; 2,000, $3. Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, New York. (5-8)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

Taxidermy

INSECT to Elephant—equipped for anything, ship your trophies. Mounted game heads, fur rugs, birds, animals, fish, horns, skins, for sale. Tanning, ladies' furs. All supplies for taxidermist trade, glass eyes, tools, scalps, etc. M. J. Hofmann, 989 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (6-9)

TAXIDERMIST, Mounting fish, game-heads, birds, animals, tanning, rugs, ladies furs made. J. L. Larson, Iola, Wis. (6-7)

FOR Sale: Prime Cougar Hides. Suitable for Taxidermist work. Brook Haynes, Salkum, Wash.

Tobacco

BETTER Tobacco! Golden yellow smoking, five pounds $1.00. Rich red chewing, five pounds $1.50. Clark's River Plantation, 43, Hazel, Kentucky. (4-8)

Wanted

WANTED: Position as headkeeper on game estate. Life experience planning and directing farms and clubs where thousands of pheasants and ducks have been raised. A-1 references. Apply 6332 Harper Ave., Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

WANTED—Deer tails, red and grey squirrel tails. Write us. The W. J. Jamison Company, 739 South California Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 107. (7-7)

WANTED—Pair of peafowl or eggs. Give prices. L. A. Varty, Apple River, Ill. (3-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

FLY Fisherman's Cork Hat Band for Flies; holds fifty flies. Postpaid $1.00. W. R. Scudder, 519 So. Muskogee Ave., Okmulgee, Okla. (3-6)

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